PLAYBOY

COLLECTOR'S EDITION

JANUARY 2000 • www.playboy.com

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Playbill

THE MILLENNIUM at last—or is it? Depends on how you want to divvy up the calendar. In physics, the act of observation and measurement is at the root of Heisenberg's uncertainty principle. In philosophy, it's the old if-a-tree-falls-in-the-woods saw. So to hell with millennial bashing—December 31, 1999 sounds like a party to us. For this issue we've pulled out all the stops: a mix of great writers, an assemblage of beautiful women and a new look for a new era. It starts with electric cover artwork by **Peter Max** and continues throughout the magazine's pages and headlines.

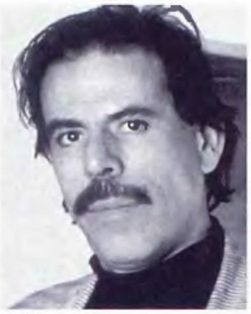
To paraphrase the guy who foots the party bills around here, PLAYBOY is a Rorschach test. There are a million explanations for its success, but we prefer the simplest: PLAYBOY is the best peek inside a man's head circa 2000 C.E. Now more than ever, the world is starting to resemble **Hugh Hefner's** utopian vision.

During the past two years, amazing things have happened to the man behind this particular inkblot. He took a leap, left the Mansion and landed in a pile of headlines. Talk about timing. *Sex and the City* was heating up TV, a rash of British magazines claimed that they were doing things Hef's way (not a chance!) and Bob Dole was campaigning as vice president of Viagra. Now Hef talks about the cultural landscape that he helped transform in the most expressive forum in journalism: the *Playboy Interview*. Hefologist **Bill Zehme,** who just published his Andy Kaufman bio, *Lost in the Funhouse*, asked the questions. Hef calls the Mansion "the best party in town," an opinion shared by George Clooney (and you'll never guess what Dylan had to say). There's also the date with Gloria Steinem that never was and, at last, his private thoughts on Dorothy Stratten.

To see how far things have come, we're offering a tour back in time. The trip is called *1950: When Nothing Was the Same*. Your guide is **David Halberstam,** and there is none better. In his hands Pleasantville springs to life. Think big (cars, companies and geographic distances). To further relish the best of the past 50 years, turn to *Centerfolds of the Century*, a pictorial history with a written appreciation by **D. Keith Mano.** Then, while Hef was busy with the interview and choosing the top 100 Playmates (OK, he was actually busy with Brande, Sandy and Mandy), West Coast Photo Editor **Marilyn Grabowski** and Contributing Photographer **Arny Freytag** turned to **Verne Troyer,** Mini-Me in *The Spy Who Shagged Me*. In *Mini-Hef* Troyer steps up as a body double (or is it body half?) for a celebratory Mansion pictorial.

According to Moore's Law, computers double in power every 18 months. To see where technology will take us, refer to *The Future*, a virtual symposium with a slew of brainiacs, moderated by **David Sheff.** These people are so good, they can tell you what you're going to have for dinner. If a world without money, government or spectator sports leaves you in future shock, take a breather with **Ray Bradbury.** In *Cities on the Moon*, our most emotional futurist applauds the triumph of ideas over machines. Give Bradbury a number two pencil and he'll outdo any webmaster in the universe. (We gave **Donato Giancola** a box of paints and he did the illustration.)

Any way you slice it, you're still going to have to work. That means slave dogs everywhere will still be snickering at the cartoons of **Scott Adams** (creator of *Dilbert*) or his descendants. *The Office of the Future* is Adams' vision of the next generation of cube farms. Cubicles will shrink dramatically and sex will replace coffee as a management tool. Yes, boss! For more sex we turned to **Al Franken.** The machines in his article *Porn-O-Rama!* will make you yearn for a virtu-screw (**Arnold Roth's** artwork helps, too). Perhaps the defining conflict of the American century is the battle for racial equality. There can be no smug self-congratulations on progress as long as there are atrocities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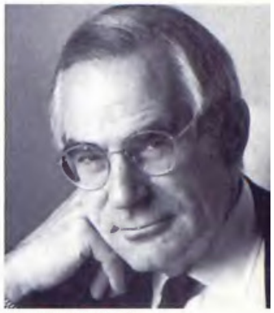
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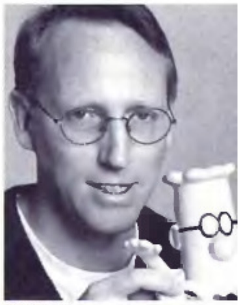
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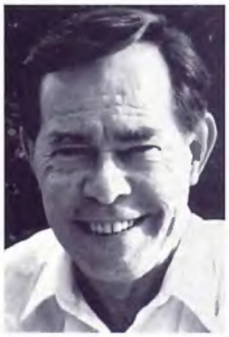
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PLAYBOY 2000
PLAYMATE 2000 CREW

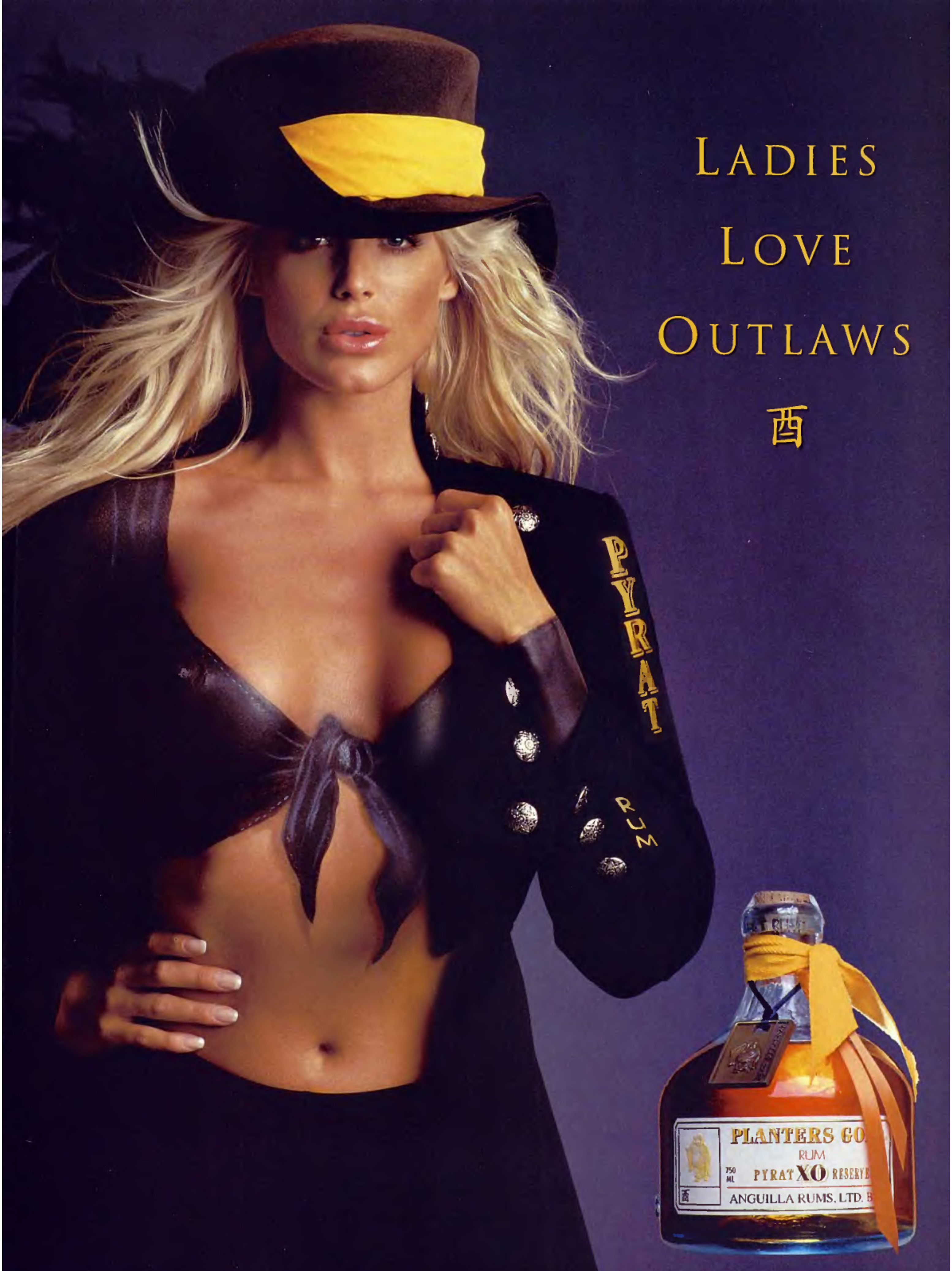
such as the dragging death in Jasper, Texas. *Justice in the 21st Century*, an article by eloquent lawyer **Johnnie Cochran,** is a template for hope. The other treacherous crevasse involves—duh!—the distaff side. Men and women have been at it for so long, it's a wonder we've hit a population of 6 billion. But something is happening, dear, and **John Gray** knows what it is. In *Will Women Change?* Gray (his *Men Are From Mars, Women Are From Venus* is one of the biggest-selling books of the Nineties) tracks gender roles into the next century. Hint: Drop the tool belt and TV remote, and get ready to romance. (The illustration is by **Janet Woolley.**)

When it comes to the guy-girl thing, no one writes better than **David Mamet,** damn it. This month's short story *One or Two Steps Behind* is an affecting look at the short life and lingering memories of an affair. The artwork is by **Olivia De Berardinis.** Our next story, *Smut Talk* by **Larry Niven,** may be set in freezing Siberia, but the language is hot. **James Warhola** did the illustration. Like most imaginative fiction, *The Millennium Express*, by the other science fiction grand master in this issue, **Robert Silverberg,** is as much about the present as the future. In it, clones turn violent to free the world from the burden of history (**Stephen Hickman** did the art).

Here's a safe prediction: **Rupert Everett** will soon star onscreen with Madonna in *The Next Best Thing*. Everett's been on a roll since his star turned in *My Best Friend's Wedding*. In a saucy *20 Questions* by **David Rensin,** Everett says the word gay sucks and is equally frank when dishing both royalty and men's fashions.

If a stranger offered to quadruple your money, you'd think he was a few fries short of a Happy Meal. Then you'd want in. **Harry S. Dent Jr.** has amassed data to support his prediction that the Dow will hit 41,000 by 2008. Thanks to the boomers, shag equals swag. Here's to sustaining the bull market! To put it all in perspective, we asked two generations of **Buckleys,** father **William F.** and son **Christopher,** to ponder the meaning of morality in two essays, *The Future of Vice* and *The Future of Virtue*. Meanwhile, ethnic cleansing, civil gore and rogue nuclear powers have provided a grim dose of reality. In *Global Shock*, **James Hoge,** editor of *Foreign Affairs*, points to postcolonial tension as the reason for current turmoil.

Time for a millennial suite of spreads that will confound and amaze. *Lists of the Century* is a distillation of trends, treats and triumphs of the past 100 years. It'll go down like fine cognac. Its two companion projects are even headier. *That Was the Century That Was* by **Robert S. Wieder** skewers the farce of progress and never drops a rhyme. *Unheralded Innovations of the 20th Century* by **Bob Sloan** takes the simple, manly recliner—among other doodads—and puts it in the pantheon of modern wonders. Go back further to *Playboy 1000*, a collaboration between Wieder and Assistant Managing Editor **John Rezek,** and you'll trip over your chain mail laughing. Then fast-forward, if you will, to luxury living, millennium-style. **Syd Mead,** who helped design the film *Blade Runner* and did features for us on futuristic land yachts, cars and electronics, created an astonishing PLAYBOY pad of tomorrow. Naturally, it's in space. Down to earth, that annual heartwarming feature *The Year in Sex* brings you up to date on Pam Anderson's reunion with Tommy Lee, among other flings, while the *Eleventh-Hour Santa* offers reprieves to lazy sods who haven't finished gift shopping. We also have ingredients for a perfect triple play. Mix up the Millennium A-Go-Go from *Midnight Special*, a drink feature by **John Mariani.** Then turn to the *Playmate Review* and prepare to vote (remember: Nudity is in the eye of the beholder). Now you're ready to break a dastardly cryptogram we call *The Playboy Puzzle Challenge*. It was designed by **Jonathan Schmalzbach,** the most puzzling guy we know. Crack it and you could win a 100-year subscription ("I bequeath my PLAYBOYS to . . ."). OK, we know—we've teased you too long. For more than a year we've been hyping the Playmate 2000 Search Bus and its crew, and yes, we have a winner. If you want to find out who it is, don't just sit there—start turning pages! *Tempus fugit*, you know.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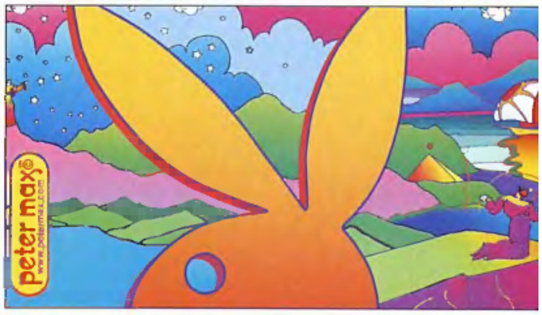
It's been 35 years since Peter Max first designed for PLAYBOY. And, as Hef himself might say, what goes around comes around. "The Sixties were all about new ideas and aspirations," says PLAYBOY Art Director Tom Staebler. "We wanted to capture that same excitement for the millennium." PLAYBOY and Peter Max and the Bunny—may they prosper for another 100 years.



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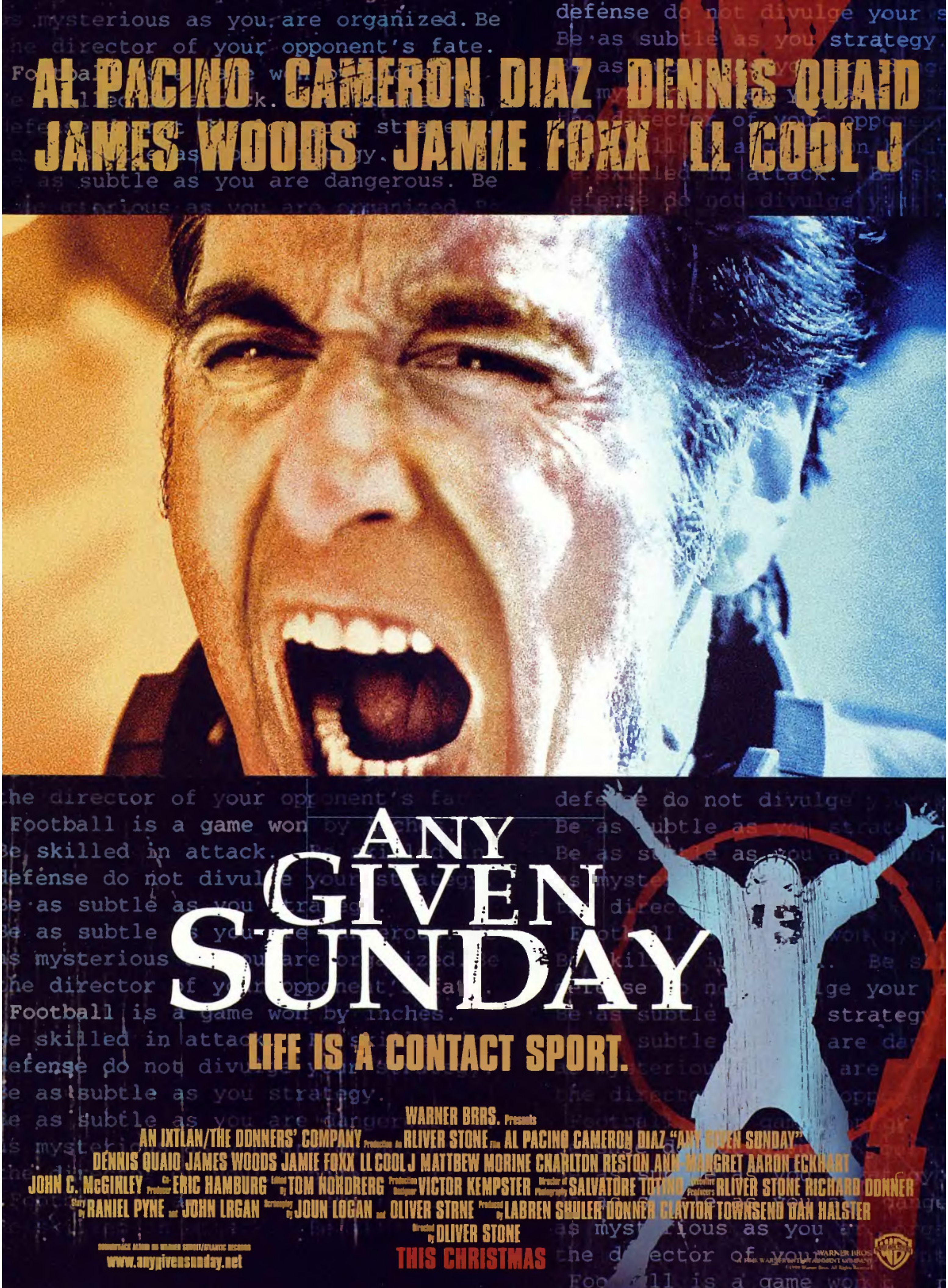

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THE WORLD OF PLAYBOY

hef sightings, mansion frolics and nightlife notes

PARTY BABES AND WINDOW DRESSING

The Midsummer Night's Dream Party (left and above) attracted guests in lingerie—and less. Hef and the girls (above) have Miss May 1998 Deanna Brooks surrounded. Steve Martin (above right) gives pretty-in-pink Lisa Dergan a squeeze. WB Network comic Jamie Foxx (left) is pleased to discover that Lauren Hays (one of the hosts of Playboy TV's *Naughty Amateur Home Videos*) had her lingerie painted on. How much is that Bunny costume in Bergdorf's window (right)? At a Sotheby's fashion auction the outfit sold for $7500.

BERGDORF GOODMAN

HITTING TWO OUT OF THE PARK

When Hef and friends joined Chicago Cubs home run king Sammy Sosa at a party in his honor at Atlantic in Los Angeles, Brande Roderick and Mandy Bentley wanted to hear all about his stats—on the field, of course.

ANNA AND THE KING

Hef and two of his princesses, Jessica Paisley and Brande Roderick, ran into Anna Nicole Smith. The former Guess girl and 1993 Playmate of the Year is slated for a $500 million inheritance.

MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM *Party*

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Hef's annual Midsummer Night's Dream party was as enchanting, comedic and romantic as Shakespeare's play. Although partygoers were decked out in their coolest sleepwear, they had anything but sleep on their minds. (1) Revelers in middip. (2) It's all about the lingerie for Brande Roderick, Mandy Bentley and Jessica Paisley. (3) Comedian Judy Tenuta proves that a funny leopard never changes her spots. (4) Verne "Mini-Me" Troyer meets the Dahm triplets. (5) Who's the fairiest of them all? (6) Sporting his trademark baseball cap, Leonardo DiCaprio gets the lowdown from Mini-Me. (7) Vincent Young, Gene Simmons and Shannon Tweed. (8) Who is that masked lady? (9) A Morrell twin takes a licking to Drew Carey. (10) Brande and Hef heat up the dance floor. (11) Jaime Bergman and her boyfriend, director Michael Bay. (12) Devin De Vasquez and Hef. (13) Tori Spelling fascinates a fan. (14) Heather Kozar and Los Angeles Laker John Salley.

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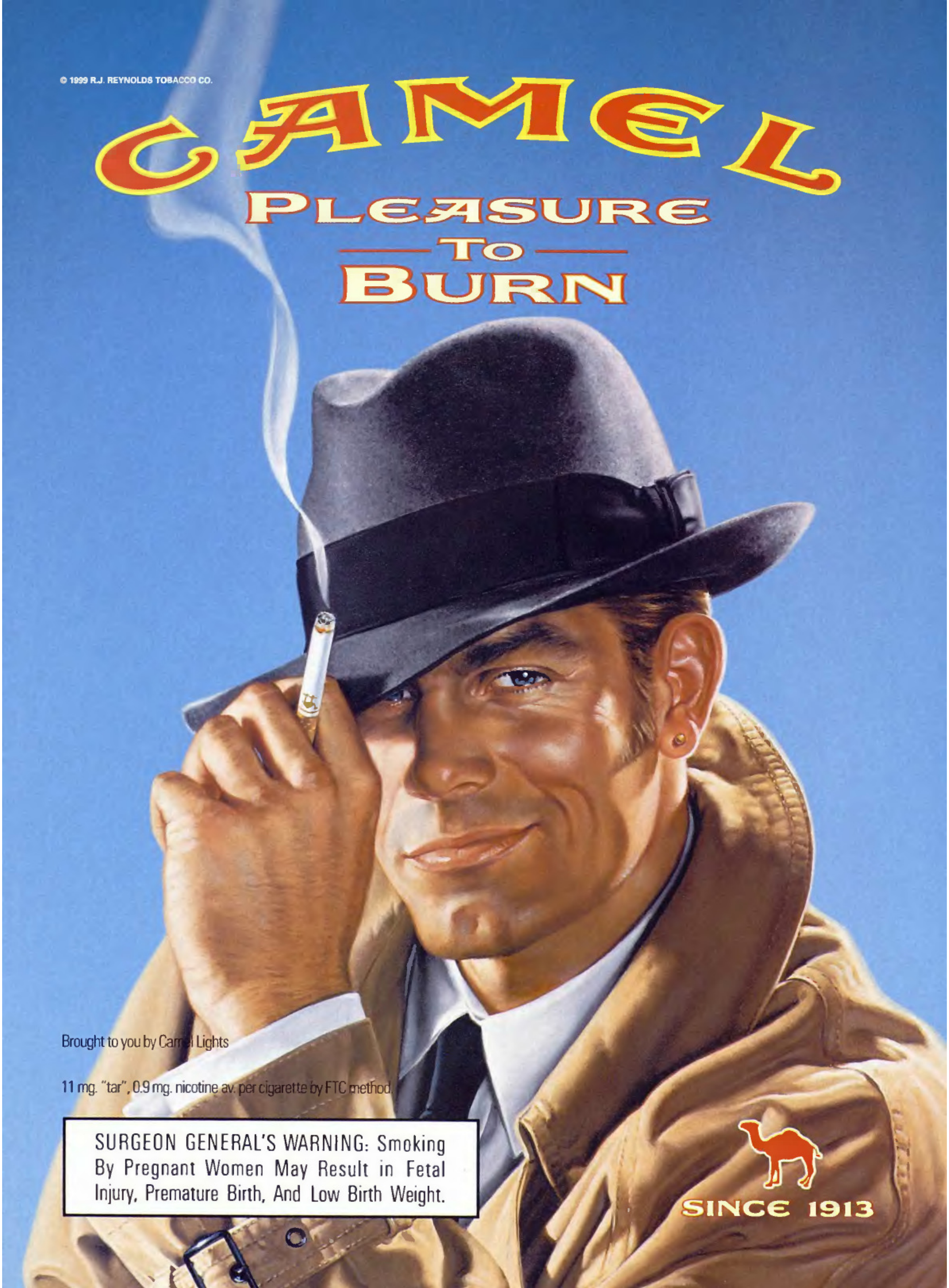
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Dear Playboy

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THE REAL AMERICAN BEAUTY

My brother and I were fortunate to see Kevin Spacey (*Playboy Interview*, October) twice in *The Iceman Cometh*. While we wish we could have met him in person, his superb performance as Hickey and your interview will keep him in our hearts forever.

Hillary and Stephen Abrahams
Chicago, Illinois

Thanks for interviewing my favorite actor. I can't get enough of Kevin Spacey and the offbeat characters he portrays. I'm glad he hasn't taken the mainstream route. And I'm especially happy those hacks at *Esquire* didn't destroy his courage.

Elisabeth Andrews
Evanston, Illinois

Spacey is one of the most truthful actors in Hollywood. I'm thrilled he's getting the recognition he deserves. Kevin's success gives hope to struggling actors, including me.

Ginger Tipton
Glen Burnie, Maryland

It's a good thing Spacey didn't let past experience with journalists deter him from granting you the interview. I'd like to thank PLAYBOY for bringing him to us—just as he is.

Janice Hill
Evanston, Illinois

LOCO-MOTION

Congratulations to Katie Roiphe for her article on the oppressive atmosphere at universities across the country (*Going Loco*, October). Administrators should butt out of college students' lives, and parents need to understand that their children are experimenting much like they did when they were in school. As an undergraduate, I wandered down the road of excess and indulged in my fair share of revelry, but in the process I stumbled upon the palace of wisdom. William Blake could not have hit the mark more squarely.

Ian MacGregor
Carrboro, North Carolina

A year ago I dropped out of college and told my family that the university didn't offer a program in film. But the real reason was that I couldn't stand going to school. When I read Roiphe's article, I assured myself that I had done the right thing. In my first two quarters of college I never felt welcome because the school didn't treat its students like adults.

Todd Rabanus
Cincinnati, Ohio

ONLY IN PLAYBOY

Thank you for "Generation Vexed" (*Men*, October). I'm the mother of four sons who will all have to deal with the issues in this column. Asa Baber's advice is excellent and delivered in a place where my boys will see it.

Karen Sword
Toronto, Ontario

A FRIEND FOREVER

I'm 39 years old and happily married, but when my husband asked me if there was anyone on television that I would leave him for, my answer was Matthew Perry (October). I love his sense of humor. He is and will always be my favorite friend—imaginary or not.

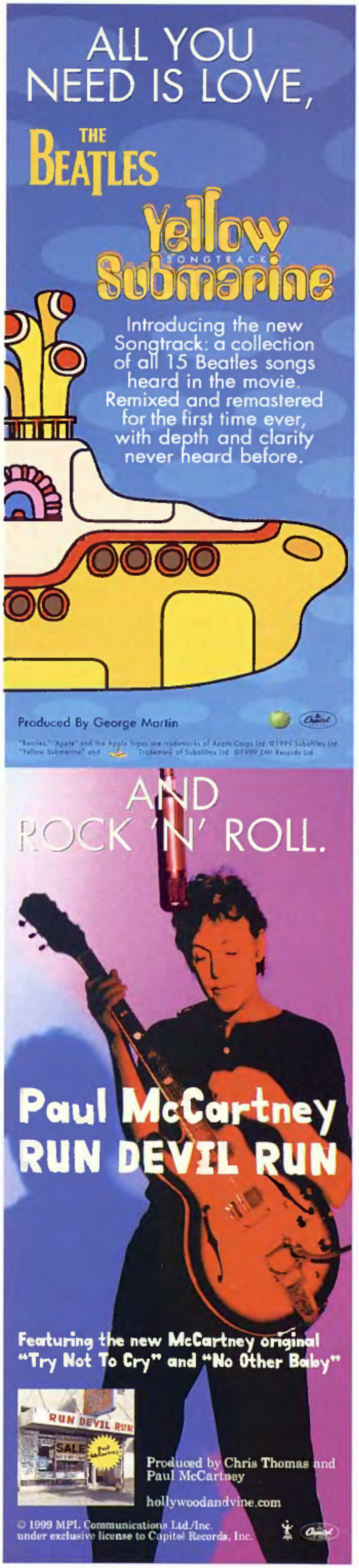
Mona Lee Soderberg
Fort Wayne, Indiana

PREVIEW REVIEW

I value and look forward to *Playboy's Pigskin Preview* (October) every year. Please note, however, that last season the Seminoles didn't lose to Virginia; they lost to N.C. State.

Jeff Dodson
Portsmouth, Virginia

Your preview is usually a good predictor of the upcoming football season, but



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Produced by Chris Thomas and Paul McCartney

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this time I was disappointed in some of the picks. Why was Air Force chosen as number 11? Air Force would be waxed by every team ranked 12 through 20 except for Colorado and Kansas State. And why was Miami ranked 20? They're coming back from being on probation and keep getting better each season.

Mark Brown
Louisville, Kentucky

I'm 49 and have been reading PLAYBOY since my bar mitzvah. *Mazel tov* on your fine *Pigskin Preview*.

Alan Gittelson
South Miami, Florida

GOOD MORGAN, AMERICA

I thoroughly enjoyed your *20 Questions* with Joe Morgan (October). To paraphrase Jerome Kern's remark about Irving Berlin's place in American music: Joe Morgan has no place in baseball; he is baseball.

Clarance Evan Dale Santos
Adelanto, California

BROWN OUT

I'd like to respond to the Dan Quayle quote in October's *Raw Data*. "Murphy Brown is gone, and I'm still here." I wonder if Dan has stopped to consider that this is because Murphy had the good grace to know when to quit?

Steve Salamon
Cleveland, Georgia

Apparently Quayle had second thoughts.

THESE GALS ARE PAC-ING

Your *Girls of the Pac Ten* pictorial (October) created quite a predicament for me. I've narrowed my choices for favorite down to the Sarahs—Prince, Pickard and Webster. From there, it's impossible to decide.

Leonard Robinson
Hoboken, New Jersey

Being an ACC man, I thumbed through the *Girls of the Pac Ten* pictorial, all the while boasting that they couldn't hold a candle to the girls of the ACC—until I came across University of Washington's Gina Jesse. Gina has convinced me to go for my master's degree out West. Go Huskies!

Matt Ellenburg
Germantown, Maryland

You have certainly outdone yourselves with the Pac Ten pictorial. There are so many beautiful faces and gorgeous bodies that I couldn't keep track. But it's the three Washington State beauties who have inspired me to consider reenrolling in college.

Thomas Ripka
Melrose, Minnesota

One look at Jaime Stevens in the *Girls of the Pac Ten* pictorial and I immediately filled out my subscription renewal form and ran to the mailbox. Please make her a Centerfold.

David Hamilton
Edmond, Oklahoma

I currently attend Delaware State University, but every time I look at Oregon's Jaime Stevens, I hear a little voice that says, "Go west, young man."

Christoph Roy
Dover, Delaware

Thanks for this year's excellent coed pictorial. My vote for Playmate goes to Brooke Williams, who redefines alto madness. She's in a clef all by herself.

Bob Schroeder
Trenton, New Jersey

ONWARD, CHRISTIAN

I had looked forward to the October issue for months, and it was definitely worth the wait. News of the Claudia Christian pictorial (*I, Claudia*) had been buzzing around the Internet for months.

Thanks to Stephen Wayda for the fabulous photos. I only wish there were more of them. Perhaps there's an additional picture you might publish for us fans.

Harry Beams
Springfield, Illinois

Three cheers for *Babylon 5*'s Claudia Christian. It's great to see an actress who hasn't fallen for the "bigger is better" myth.

Eric Martin
Salina, Kansas

Claudia is the hottest thing since man discovered fire.

Neal Frederick
Muskegon Heights, Michigan

Way to go, PLAYBOY. The Claudia Christian photos continue one of your best traditions—featuring pictorials of the sexiest women in the world. I've been a fan of Claudia since I discovered the *Babylon 5* reruns on TNT.

Gary Stewart
Galion, Ohio

Your Claudia Christian layout has left me breathless, but please complete my fantasy: Open the nearest jump gate and blast me into space with the hottest woman in the galaxy.

Greg Rogers
Ottawa, Ontario

ICELAND DICK

Your October *After Hours* item "Art Dick," about the Icelandic Phallological Museum, mentions that there will be a human penis on display (an 83-year-old man will donate his after death). The volunteer doctors hope to get to him on donation day to preserve the organ before shrinkage occurs. As a nursing assistant who has given personal care to many geriatric men, I say, sorry, but they'll be too late. The human penis shrinks with age. The Icelandic museum will need a donation from a young man.

Rob Boyte
Miami, Florida

JUMPING JODI

Jesus, Mary and Joseph! Jodi Ann Paterson (*Busy Beaver*, October) is the girl next door every man dreams about.

Larry Holland
Oregon, Illinois

Finally, a beautiful brunette Playmate who is proud of her natural body.

Dale Kiesling
Biloxi, Mississippi

GRADING ON THE CURVES

Your October issue deserves an A. Your outstanding Claudia Christian pictorial, the exotic Miss October Jodi Ann Paterson, and the Pac Ten's finest—topped off by supersexy Jennifer Rovero—all make the grade. PLAYBOY should get extra credit for Tiffany Taylor's appearance in *What Sort of Man Reads Playboy?*

Stephen Lee Roldan
Aiea, Hawaii

A DATE TO REMEMBER

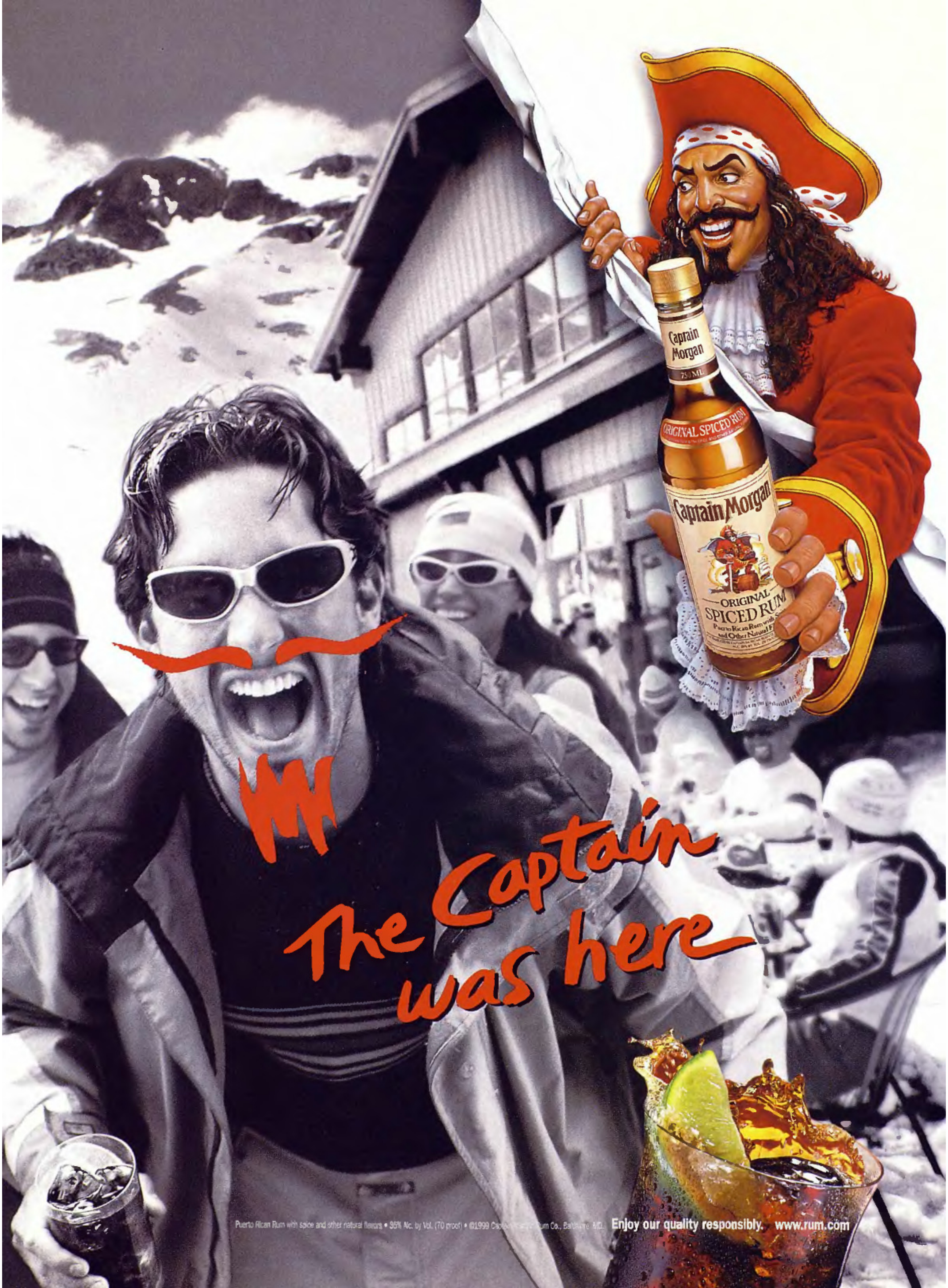
Edward Lazellari's *The Date* (October) is one of the best stories I've read. The characters explode from the pages, and the story gave me a good chuckle. What more can you ask for?

Michael Braham
Florence, Arizona

NOT FOR MEN ONLY

Your cover reads "PLAYBOY, Entertainment for Men," but if that were true, I wouldn't have to fight my wife for the magazine every month.

Scott Abell
Louisville, Kentucky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PLAYBOY after hours

A GUY'S GUIDE TO WHAT'S HIP AND WHAT'S HAPPENING

YOU'RE GETTING LONG, VERY, VERY LONG

Lovely Laurie Gregg Straub says she had such success enlarging breasts with hypnotherapy that she decided to go for the whole nine yards. Her Manhattan company, Mindquest, has designed a program for penis enlargement. Described as all-natural and nonsurgical, her Think Big proposal caught the eye of one of our junior editors—who was no doubt angling to become a senior editor with Straub's help. During visits she had him imagine a whirlpool swirling around his groin, then asked if he felt a tingling sensation (duh). As homework, she had him listen to a set of tapes while visualizing his impending growth. He won't say whether the plan has worked, but he's limped his way back to her office six times in the past two weeks.

TERN HER UP, TERN HER DOWN

The staff at England's Gloucestershire Airport had tried to keep bothersome birds off their runways. Broadcast recordings of bird distress calls brought unsatisfactory results. But when someone threw on a Tina Turner record, the birds vacated the area. Local rumors have reported a new Audubon Society member named Ike.

ASSTROLOGY

Takes one to know one. Leave it to Jackie Stallone, Sly's attentive mom, to make phrenology (the study of skull shape) look downright orthodox. Jackie, long a proponent for the astrological arts, now beats the drum for rumpology. "The buttocks represent areas of your personality," she insists. "The crack of your behind corresponds to the division of the two hemispheres of the brain." Clearly, our plumber is a genius.

GENIUS IN A BOTTLE

Glaceau has entered the bottled water market with a difference. They've taken the next logical step and believe they can improve on nature with their Smart Water. They make it by vapor-distilling water from the glacial aquifers of Litchfield County, Connecticut and blending in electrolytes such as calcium, magnesium and potassium. The result is remarkably

WHERE CELEBRITIES PUT THEIR FOLDING MONEY

Los Angeles A-listers who aren't ready to call it a night when the bars shut down at one A.M. flock to Crazy Girls, a strip joint–nightclub hybrid that's as noteworthy for its pool tables as it is for its genetically blessed topless entertainers. As the performers writhe, wriggle and work the north pole better than Santa—and you're busy slipping 20-spots into their G-strings—don't be surprised if you rub elbows with Julia Roberts, Goldie Hawn, Oscar De La Hoya, Liam Neeson, Marilyn Manson or Courtney Love. They're just a few of the boldfaced names who have dropped by to check out the West Coast's prime eye candy. The La Brea Avenue hot spot is also great for special occasions. Just ask Leonardo DiCaprio, who celebrated his birthday there, or Angie Everhart, who arrived with friends for her bachelorette bash.

pure water that enhances and accelerates hydration (making you look and feel better) and, in addition, makes you feel more energetic and generally more alert. We've been guzzling Smart Water for a month now and it's all true. Others have noticed a difference, as well. Now we have a reason to hurriedly excuse ourselves when meetings start to get really boring.

RAW DATA

SIGNIFICA, INSIGNIFICA, STATS AND FACTS

QUOTE

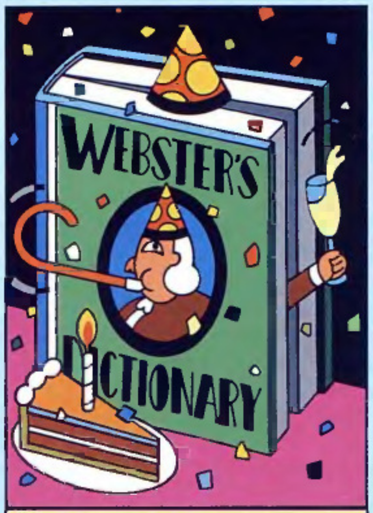
"A governor is like a little president, a little, tiny president."—GOVERNOR GRAY DAVIS, DESCRIBING HIS JOB TO SCHOOL STUDENTS IN CALIFORNIA

NO ROOM AT THE DESERT INN

Number of partygoers expected to visit Las Vegas for New Year's Eve: 750,000. Number of hotel rooms in Vegas: 120,000.

NET LAG

Percentage of white U.S. households that use the Internet: 32. Percentage of Hispanic households who have access to the Internet: 13. Percentage of black households so equipped: 12.



STEVE TURK

FACT OF THE MONTH

According to *20th Century Words* (Oxford University), the total number of words in the English language has expanded by 25 percent during the past century.

NOT-SO-RAPID TRANSIT

Number of stops a New York subway train made last year with a dead man on board before anyone reported him: 20.

MAYBE IT'S THE ALIMONY

Percentage of divorced men who say they're happier unmarried: 58. Percentage of divorced women: 85.

ALL-AMERICAN CITY

At 3000-plus listings, the most common last name in the Los Angeles telephone directory: Kim.

MONICA VS. MICROSOFT

Percentage of American kids aged 9 to 14 who'd like to be Bill Gates rather than Bill Clinton: 67.

CHOKE ON THIS

Estimated number of peanut butter and jelly sandwiches the average American youth has eaten by high school graduation: 1500.

MOONLIGHTING

Amount earned by Senator Fred Thompson in 1998 in residuals from his roles in various movies: $29,286. Amount earned by Senator Orrin Hatch from the two CDs of "patriotic and inspirational music" he composed: $15,160. Amount Senator Daniel Moynihan earned from his four scholarly books on social and political issues: $546.

COIN TOSS

According to American Ash Recycling, value of loose change that the residents of York County, Pennsylvania threw out with the garbage in one year: $43,000.

SPEECH PATHOLOGY

Attendance at a speech given to the National Press Club by author Tom Clancy: 71. Number of people at the speech given by Miss America Nicole Johnson: 77. At the speech given by Jesse Ventura: 381.

NO WAY BAY

Number of nine San Francisco Bay area counties in which the teen birth rate declined in most recent reported figures: 8. County with largest drop: Napa, 22.7 percent.

THE LAST LAUGH

Top speed of a Nascar Winston Cup car: 200 mph. Top speed of an Indy Racing League car: 235 mph. Of an NHRA Funny Car: 324 mph.

DAY TIMES

According to *Faster: The Acceleration of Just About Everything*, by James Gleick, number of hours per day we typically spend watching television: 3. Amount of minutes per day spent reading magazines and newspapers: 41. Amount of minutes spent looking for lost objects: 16. Number of minutes spent having sex or filling out government forms (tie): 4.

—ROBERT S. WIEDER

BARBIE GIVES THE FINGER

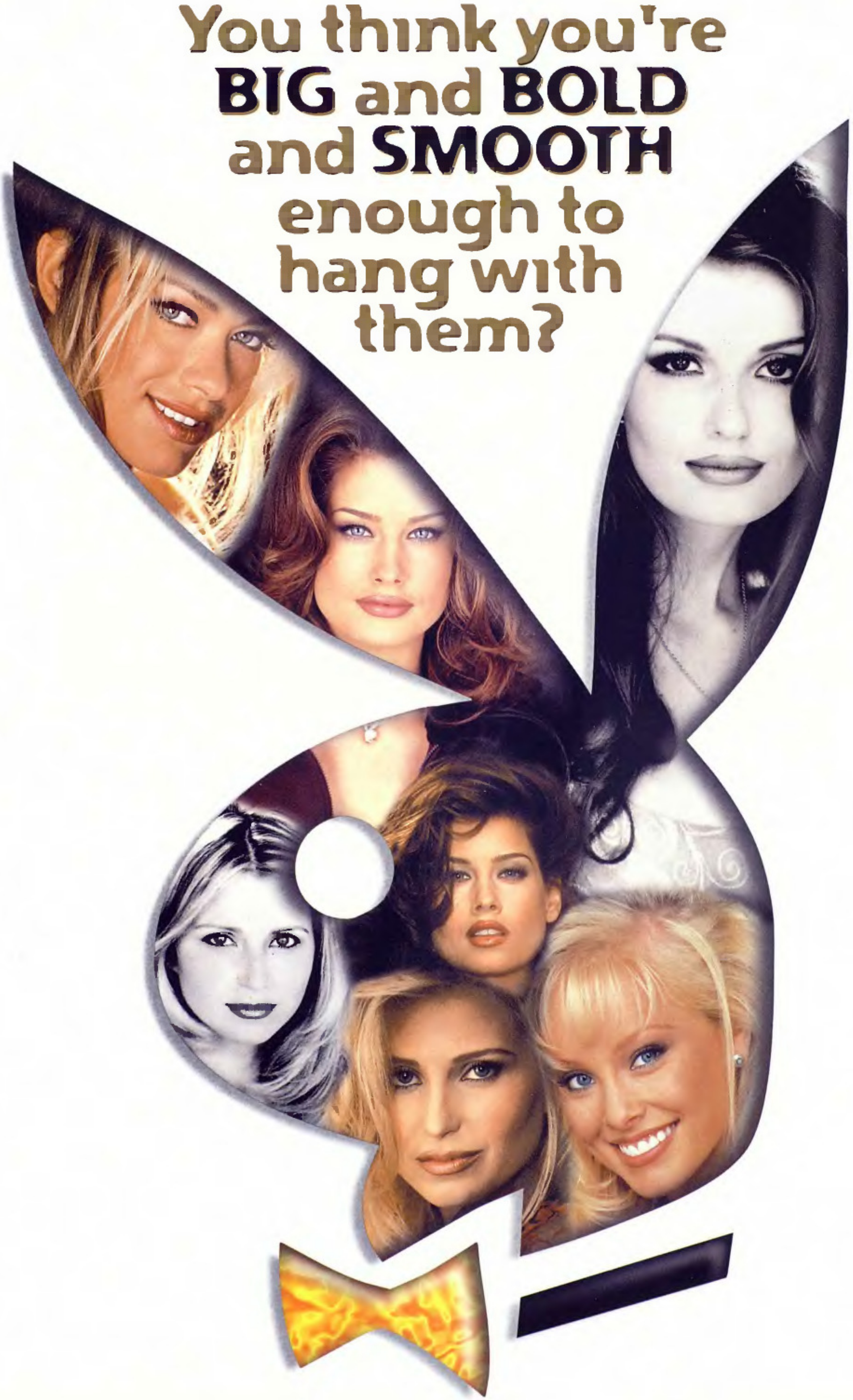
The lab wizards who produce prosthetic devices for amputees at the Duke University Medical Center report that they've come up with new knuckle joints for artificial fingers that are more realistic and functional and easier to bend. What are these medical miracles? Recycled knee joints from your basic Barbie Doll. As Ken will attest, they never suffer rug burns, either.

SEIN AND SIGNIFIER

Now that Jerry Seinfeld has dropped off everyone's radar screen, we can finally view his show with some perspective. And what perspective! William Irwin has just compiled the anthology *Seinfeld and Philosophy: A Book About Everything and Nothing* (Open Court). Included are 14 essays from gainfully employed academics (some apparently desperate for

NICE HAT!

We receive a lot of strange pictures in the mail—and our friends in the adult film biz are responsible for most of them. Oddly, though, we never see the slides published anywhere, so we decided to share the good stuff. We conducted a caption contest in the office for this shot, and are proud to present the losing entry: "Fiddlesticks! I'll have to go back for my glasses."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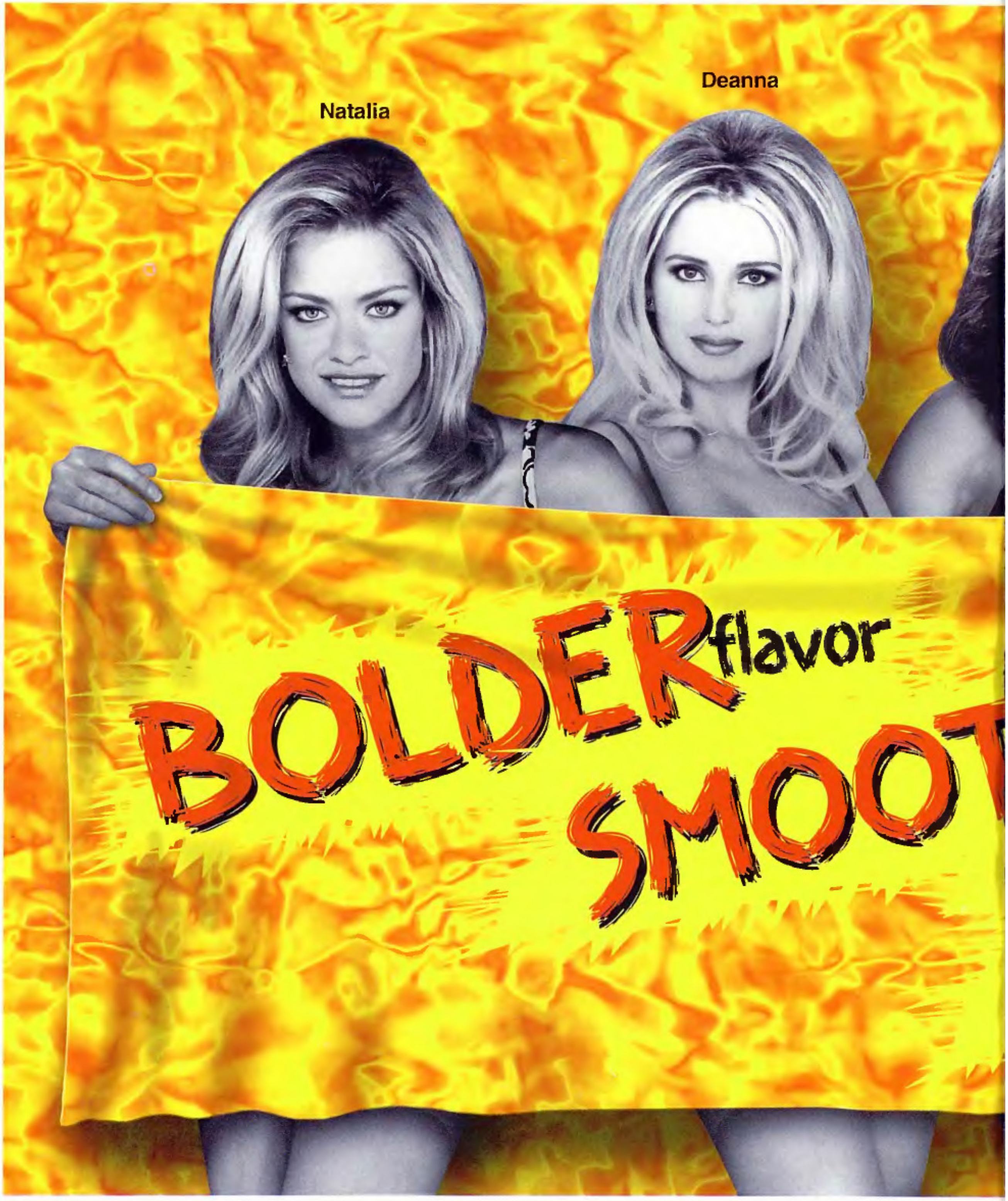
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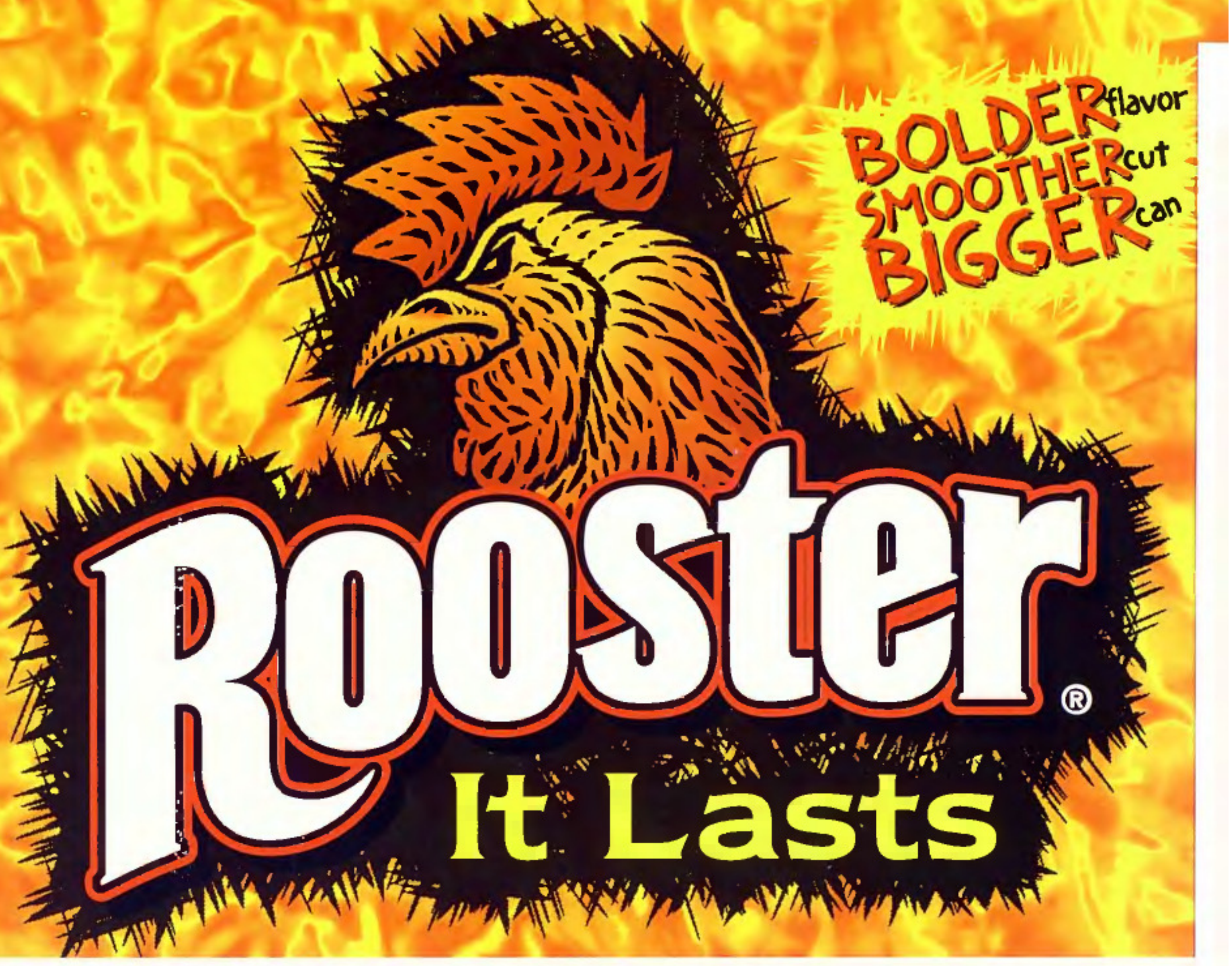
PARTY, PARTY, PARTY



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4. One (1) grand prize winner will receive a trip for four to the 22nd Annual Playboy Jazz Festival in Los Angeles, including round trip coach airfare, ground transportation to and from the airport, two nights first class accommodations at the Wyndham Bel Age hotel, round trip limousine service from the hotel to the Playboy Mansion gates, Playmate tour of the mansion grounds, Friday night pa at the mansion, box seats at the 22nd Annual Playboy Jazz Festival and $5,000 spending money (approximate retail value (ARV) $8,750). There will be two hundred (200) first prize winners who each receive a hardcover book titled, "Inside the Playboy Mansion" (ARV $50 each), Playboy "Covers" camp shirt (ARV $55 each) and a one-year subscription to Playboy Magazine (ARV $29.97 each). There will be 2,000 second prize winners who will each receive a one-year subscription to Playboy Magazine (ARV $29.97 each). Custom Data Systems, Inc., an independent judging organization, will select winners in a random drawing on May 15, 2000. By entering the sweepstakes, all entrants agree to be bound by these official rules and the decision of the judges, which are
5. No substitution of prize by winners permitted. USTSM reserves the right to substitute a prize of equal value. All federal, state and local taxes apply and are the sole responsibility of the winner(s)
6. The total number of entries received determines odds of winning. Winners will be notified by mail and will be required to sign an Affidavit of Eligibility and to release in writing ***USTSM, Playboy, parents, affiliates, employees and agents*** from any liability related to or arising out of this promotion or the prize awarded. All information requested must be returned in two weeks or prize(s) may be forfeited. By accepting prize, winner consents to use of his/her name and likeness for promotional purposes without further compensation.
7. For the name of the winner(s), send a self-addressed, stamped, number 10 envelope to: The Ultimate Playboy Weekend Sweepstakes from Rooster, Suite 96000, 251 Main Street, Stamford, CT 06901-2928. **Offer expires April 30, 2000. Offer not available to minors.**

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THREESOMES

Are there more threesomes now, or are we just hearing about them more? It's hard to tell, but here are some points we'd like to make about the multiple relationship.

Definition:

No matter what anybody says, a threesome is two girls and a guy.

Cinematic Threesomes:

David Hemmings and the two groupies in *Blow-Up*.
Oskar Werner, Henri Serre and Jeanne Moreau in *Jules et Jim*.
Fred Ward, Uma Thurman, Maria de Medeiros in *Henry and June*.

Literary Threesomes:

Henry Miller, June Mansfield and Anaïs Nin
Neal Cassady, Carolyn Cassady and Jack Kerouac
The entire Bloomsbury Group

Threesomes That Work:

The Three Stooges
The Appellate Court
Peter, Paul and Mary

Top Four Drawbacks to Threesomes:

(4) The person who always has to turn on the video camera eventually begins to resent it.
(3) The one who studied tantric sex is terrible at explaining things.
(2) There's always someone who's bossy about what to try next.
(1) If you do it right, everyone has to sleep on the wet spot.

tenure) on such issues as "Kramer and Kierkegaard: Stages on Life's Way," "Plato or Nietzsche? Time, Essence and Eternal Recurrence in *Seinfeld*" and "The Costanza Maneuver: Is It Rational for George to 'Do the Opposite'?" To give you a sense of the discussion, let us quote from "Wittgenstein and Seinfeld on the Commonplace" by Kelly Dean Jolley: "*Philosophical Investigations* and Seinfeld each cultivate freedom from a certain illusion. To do this, each becomes a pseudomorph of the source of the illusion from which it frees: *Philosophical Investigations* is a pseudomorph of the finished essay; Seinfeld of the developed plot." That's a model of clarity compared with what follows. We should further note that Jolley teaches philosophy at Auburn University and that his biographical blurb states, "Warning: Kelly's articles seem better or worse depending on the lighting."

TIT FOR TAT

After Jesse Ventura said he wanted to be reincarnated as a 38DD bra, the *Washington Feminist Faxnet*, a newsletter of the Center for the Advancement of Public Policy, urged women to send him their underwear.

WE KID YOU NOT

At the History of Contraception Museum in Don Mills, Ontario you'll learn that the earliest written prescription for a contraceptive tampon is in an Egyptian medical tract from 1550 B.C.—and that the active ingredient, acacia, is still recognized as a spermicide today. (We assume it worked better than the traditional means of recourse: crocodile dung.) You'll also learn that early North American settlerettes sometimes drank an alcoholic potion made with beaver balls. Dam!

PITCH AND PUTT

Northern Illinois University has upped the ante for business schools by offering a new course called Business Golf 101. The one-day seminar teaches students the art of clinching a deal on the green. A professor outlines the Business Golf strategy, which is to treat a round of golf like "a four-hour sales call." Notes from the seminar read as follows: Use the first six holes to get to know the client personally, and the next six to size up his business. The last six holes are when you make the pitch. The deal should be closed on the 19th hole, over drinks. The only thing the course doesn't teach you is how to play the game.

101 USES FOR VIAGRA DEPT.

An Israeli scientist has determined that Viagra perks up plants. Research conducted by Yaacov Leshem, a plant physiologist at Bar-Ilan University in Ramat Gan, reveals that the life span of plants can be doubled when a few milligrams of Viagra are added to their water. The exact mechanism involves the plant hormone ethylene, but the benefit seems the same whether you're a man or a mango. "It helps prevent aging and helps them stay erect. Plants aren't all that different from people," says Leshem. And yes, if you eat a Viagra-laced cucumber it will affect your cucumber as well.

BABE OF THE MONTH

Laetitia Casta

Legend has it that Laetitia Casta was discovered as a teen on a Corsican beach. Since then she's been modeling for Guess and Galliano and made a splash as the voluptuous nude on the cover of *Rolling Stone* (a nod to the nude Marilyn Monroe of our first issue). But we've chosen her as our Babe of the Month for other good reasons, many of which are included in a new collection of 200 photographs from Viking Studio called *Laetitia Casta*. In an unrelated but startling development, her image was selected to be Marianne—the female embodiment of the French Republic. *Vive la Casta!*

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www.playstation.com

CTR
CRASH TEAM RACING

Once he gets behind the wheel, things get ugly.

R&B

ON **Mary** (MCA), the latest effort from queen of hip-hop soul Mary J. Blige, the emphasis is on soul and not hip-hop. There are some samples among these 14 cuts, but the power in this collection comes from nuanced vocals. Always a distinctive stylist, Blige does her best singing on *Mary*. *Beautiful Ones* and *Memories* suggest a new maturity that allows her to sing alongside Aretha Franklin on *Don't Waste Your Time* and K-Ci on *Not Lookin'* with equal skill. *The Love I Never Had* is a big, lushly produced track by Jimmy Jam and Terry Lewis. Songwriter du jour Diane Warren chimes in with a pop ballad called *Give Me You*, which features Eric Clapton on a guitar solo. But the album's emotional core is *No Happy Holidays*, a melancholy Blige-penned tale about poverty and pain. This is a true soul record for the 21st century.

—NELSON GEORGE

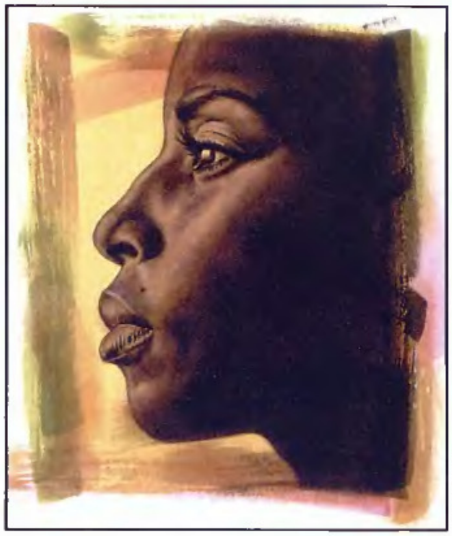
REGGAE

Chant Down Babylon (Island) is more than a superb series of duets featuring Bob Marley and today's hottest hip-hop acts. This album of remixed Marley classics is a musical miracle that enhances every participating artist, including Lauryn Hill and Busta Rhymes. Marley's son Stephen does the impossible—slipping hip-hop beats and loops under his father's vocals that stay true to the original vibe while brilliantly updating the music. Marley's approach to dealing with violence and oppression in Jamaica 25 years ago challenges and uplifts Erykah Badu, Guru, the Roots, Chuck D and MC Lyte, among others. This record has such social, spiritual and musical energy that you'll never listen to Marley or hip-hop with the same ear again.

—VIC GARBARINI

ROCK

To hear some people talk, we all should have outgrown heavy metal by now. The great thing about metal is that about once a year, it kicks all such thinking square in the ass. This year's boot belongs to Dave Mustaine's Megadeth, for its ferocious **Risk** (Capitol). I like it for the reasons a critic would: The songs are better written and the singing is a lot more coherent than most earlier Megadeth discs. On *Breadline*, Mustaine creates a sympathetic portrait of the white-collar unemployed: "He's dancin' on the breadline," he sings. "Watch him dance!" Of course, these sort of men don't dance at all, but they might if they heard Megadeth's new drummer, Jimmy DeGrasso, rattle his cage on stuff like *Prince of Darkness* and *Crush 'Em*.



ALAN WITSCHONKE

A soulful *Mary*.

Blige obliges, all the Bach you'll need, and Stephen Marley chants down Babylon.

On **Let the Chicks Fall Where They May** (Hightone), the Sprague Brothers come on like a great lost West Texas rock band. This is among the best retro-rock in recent memory, and just to show you they know their stuff, it's dedicated to Mom. The best song is *Battle of the Bands*, about the teen combo showdown of your dreams—or nightmares. —DAVE MARSH

Type O Negative views life as a brief, excruciating and meaningless island in an ocean of oblivion. If their vision were any bleaker, they'd drop their instruments and swallow Zoloft. They appear to have concluded that music makes life more bearable and is worth pursuing long enough to produce **World Coming Down** (Roadrunner), an album of guitar riffs so bent and distorted that your knees wobble. Yes, fans of early Black Sabbath, this is the shit. *Everyone I Love Is Dead*—now there's a love song worthy of the new millennium. For eight songs it's nihilism, nihilism and more nihilism, then they surprise you with a Beatles medley. Well, a good joke lasts till the end.

If you feel like killing yourself after Type O Negative, you may find reason to live in the ferociously invigorating **Defy Everything** (Slipdisc/Mercury) by N17. They bellow for personal and political liberation, denounce violence and are guaranteed to turn your listening environment into the ultimate mosh pit. Their album is also way above average in production values, arrangements and general musicality for this genre.

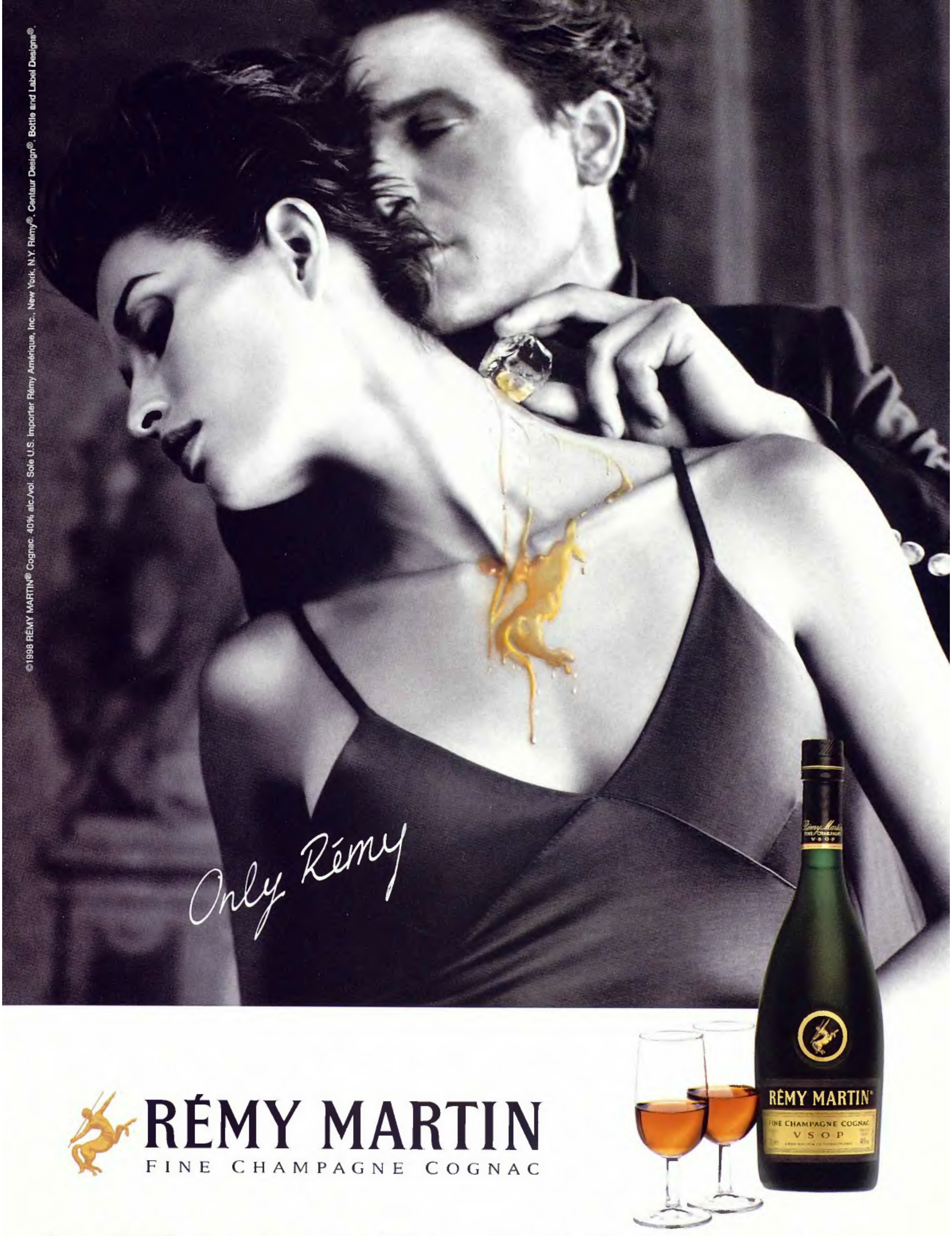
—CHARLES M. YOUNG

The Clash's punk rebel legend has been both an inspiration and a warning to Nineties bands. Their fervor could be galvanizing, but they also had a tendency toward self-mythology. In the end, they thought they could save the world, yet they couldn't save their band. Almost two decades after their breakup, their first live album, **From Here to Eternity: The Clash Live** (Epic), has finally arrived. The 17 tracks cover most of their classics, from *Complete Control* to *London Calling* to *Straight to Hell*. The sound is richer and packs more punch than most of their studio work. But experiencing a Clash concert firsthand was a transformational event. These tracks recorded between 1978 and 1982 are strong but hardly transcendent. —VIC GARBARINI

POP

There has never been anything like Weimar Germany's Comedian Harmonists. This Berlin-based sextet—five singers and a pianist—got together in 1927 with the idea of emulating the preeminent American vocal group of the time, the Revellers, whom they quickly surpassed. Before the three Jewish members went into exile in 1935, the group was the toast of Europe, synthesizing barbershop with the fanatical accuracy of lieder singing, sprucing up classically schooled harmonies with African American swing. A version of Duke Ellington's *Creole Love Call* in which the voices take the instrumental parts is a star attraction on **The Comedian Harmonists** (Hannibal), their first U.S. collection. Seven decades later, these 14 tracks—which include such American standards as *Tea for Two* and *Night and Day* as well as German songs that fit right in—may seem overly decorous. But listen and you'll find out why they were comedians as well as harmonists—on one tune, they gargle in tune and time. They valued beauty, but they were never reverent about it. No wonder Goebbels couldn't abide them.

Stephin Merritt, who performs under the name Magnetic Fields (among others), almost always writes in the first person and never about himself. That makes his deep, inexpressive voice the perfect vehicle for his endless store of catchy tunes and silly rhymes—"flesh" and "Ganesh," say, or "gently" and "Bentley." On **69 Love Songs** (Merge, Box 1235, Chapel Hill, NC 27514), Merritt outdoes himself on three CDs. You can buy the discs separately, but since the real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fast tracks

SEXUAL HEALING DEPARTMENT: The Durex Condom Ultimate Feeling contest reported that 80 percent of the 2000 men and women who entered said that **Marvin Gaye's** music is still the top choice when doing it. Does **Barry White** know?

REELING AND ROCKING: A new documentary made for British TV investigates the death of **Michael Hutchence.** Called *In Excess*, the movie relies on critical evidence available to both the police and the coroner that could have led to a verdict other than suicide. At some point, expect it to be released in the States. . . . **Whitney Houston** is producing a Disney movie called *The Princess Diaries*, based on a book by the same name. . . . It now looks as if Warner Bros. has found someone to play **Bob Marley** on the screen—his son **Rohan** (**Lauryn Hill's** companion). Hill has expressed interest in playing Bob's wife, **Rita.** . . . **Jared Harris** will play **John Lennon** to **Aidan Quinn's Paul McCartney** in the VH-1 movie *Two of Us*, about a fictional visit McCartney paid to Lennon after the Beatles broke up. . . . **Method Man** and **Redman** have sold a movie called *How High* in which they will star. It's about two guys who become so smart after smoking pot that they get into Harvard.

NEWSBREAKS: And speaking of pot: A musical opened in Los Angeles called *Reefer Madness*, based on the campy 1936 film of the same name. **Kevin Murphy** and **Dan Studney,** who created it, hope to see it staged in New York and London and then make its way to the movies. . . . **Cynthia Lennon** (John's first wife, **Julian's** mother) has 11 ink sketches on display at the Beatles Story Museum in Liverpool. Cynthia met John when they were both in art school. The drawings depict the early years of their relationship, including Julian's birth. . . . In other Lennon news, John's lyric sheet for *I Am the Walrus* sold at Christie's for $129,000. . . . **Ricky Martin's** tour, sponsored by Ford, will make Ricky and the car company partners in 60 commercials. If that isn't enough, look for Ricky sheets, athletic clothes, school supplies and anything else young women want. . . . **Mike Ness** plans to release a CD of covers—songs by **Dylan, Carl Perkins, George Jones** and **Johnny Cash,** among others. . . . The **Spice Girls** are already working on this summer's tour dates, including a show they plan for Cardiff, Wales, in a stadium that holds 72,500. . . . How'd he do that: **Notorious B.I.G.'s** third CD, *Born Again*, is out any day. . . . **Mary J. Blige** and **Tony Bennett** are among those who received Heroes Awards from the New York chapter of the Recording Academy at a VIP dinner. . . . If you're in Birmingham, Alabama, stop by **Eddie Kendricks** Memorial Park and hum a few bars of *Just My Imagination*. . . . See *Mamma Mia*, the musical with **Abba** songs, in London next summer. . . . **Madonna** has an entry in the new edition of the *Oxford Dictionary of Quotations*. But then, so do the Spice Girls. . . . And, lastly, one of the more unusual pieces of **Elvis Presley** memorabilia auctioned off this past October in Las Vegas was an audiotape of the line "Elvis has left the building." The phrase was first uttered December 15, 1956, after Elvis' last appearance on the *Louisiana Hayride* radio show. The tape has been in the possession of the family of the show's producer. Elvis was just one of half a dozen acts on the show that night. When he left the stage after his encore, the fans went wild. Since there were still other acts on the bill, the show's announcer went on the microphone in an attempt to quiet the audience—and history was made. —BARBARA NELLIS

ROCK METER

	Christgau	Garbarini	George	Marsh	Young
Mary J. Blige *Mary*	8	7	8	8	7
The Comedian Harmonists	8	8	7	8	7
Bob Marley *Chant Down Babylon*	7	9	5	7	8
Megadeth *Risk*	5	6	6	8	7
Type O Negative *Defy Everything*	6	6	6	4	8

pleasure of this tour de force is reveling in its excess, I say spring for the box. You'll be laughing, and humming, for weeks. —ROBERT CHRISTGAU

COUNTRY

The Dixie Chicks have a habit of tattooing baby chick footprints on their feet every time they have a number one hit. Judging from the ready-for-radio anthems on **Fly** (Sony), the trio of Natalie Maines, Martie Seidel and Emily Robison will soon be covered in skin art from head to toe. The Chicks make their mark through sassy lead singer Maines, whose big delivery is reminiscent of a Stone Poneys–era Linda Ronstadt, especially on the Irish jig *Ready to Run*. The only downer on *Fly* is *Goodbye Earl*, a Dennis Linde composition about two friends who murder an abusive ex-husband. Otherwise, the Chicks click.

—DAVE HOEKSTRA

CLASSICAL

We saw lots of grandiose boxed sets in the Nineties. Duke Ellington, Arthur Rubinstein and Hank Snow, for example, were honored with exhaustively complete collections. Now, as we enter a new millennium, we have the boxed set of them all: Teldec's 153-CD ***Bach 2000,*** the complete works of Johann Sebastian Bach as performed by the likes of Nikolaus Harnoncourt, Gustav Leonhardt and Il Giardino Armonico. Bach was a prolific man. He sired 20 children and composed more than ten times that many cantatas—enough, in fact, to fill 70 CDs. In Bach, as composer Paul Hindemith wrote, "we behold the most distant reaches of perfection attainable by man." Accordingly, the 250th anniversary of Bach's death is being commemorated in grand fashion. There are 16 discs of organ works (brilliantly performed by Ton Koopman), 22 CDs of keyboard music, 14 of sacred vocal works (including the monumental passions of St. Matthew and St. John) and ten discs of orchestral compositions. There are also more than 100 world premiere recordings. With its historical purity—as well as its elegant packaging and comprehensive notes—*Bach 2000* clearly becomes the definitive Bach recording. This is one boxed set where thoroughness is clearly justified. The list price of $1199 gives us pause, but dilettantes might want to consider a light version (minus the sacred cantatas) that sells for $849. (Some retailers offer the complete set for less than $1000.) Why spend that sort of money on compact discs? Greatness is worth a thousand bucks.

—LEOPOLD FROEHLICH

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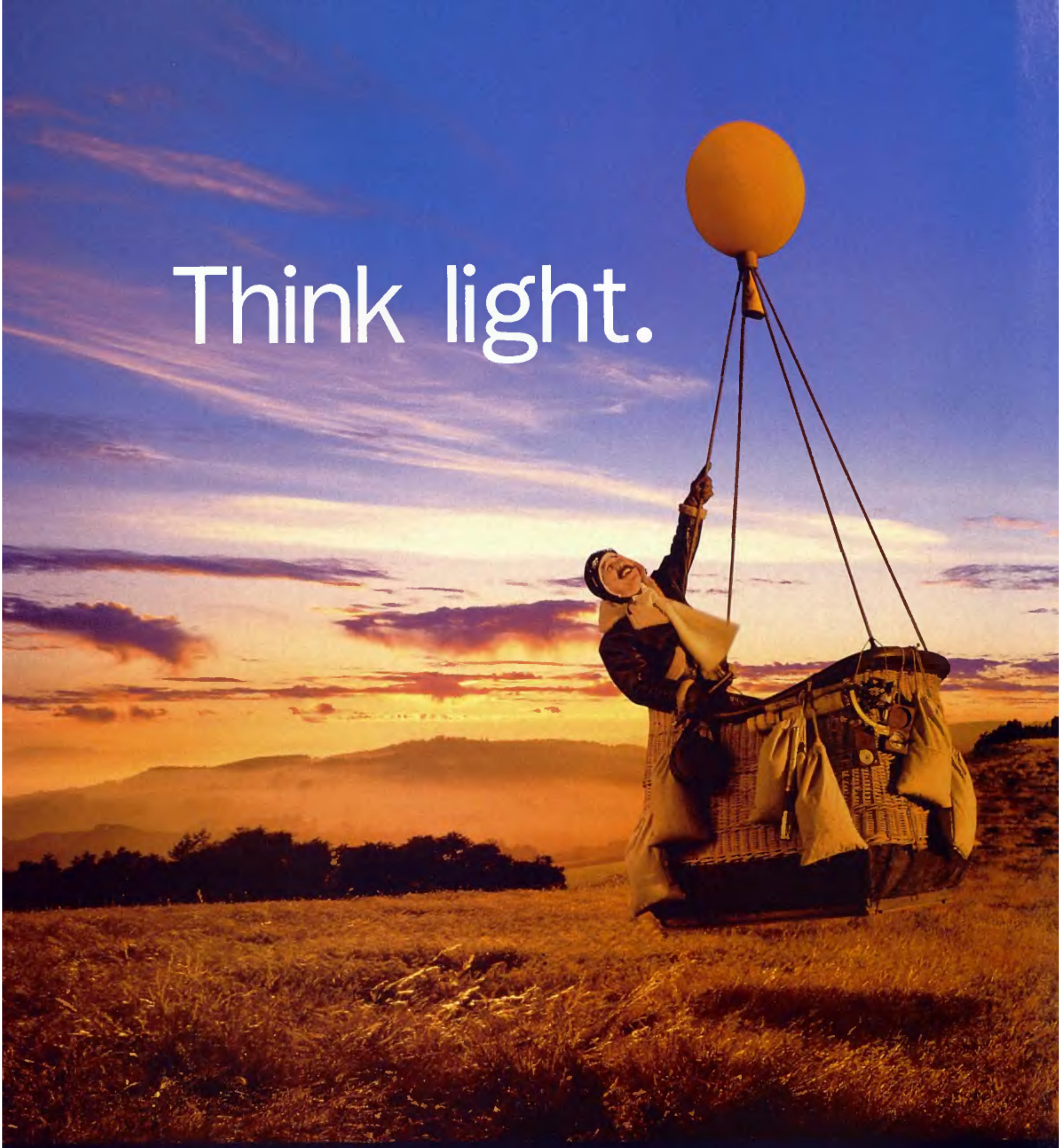

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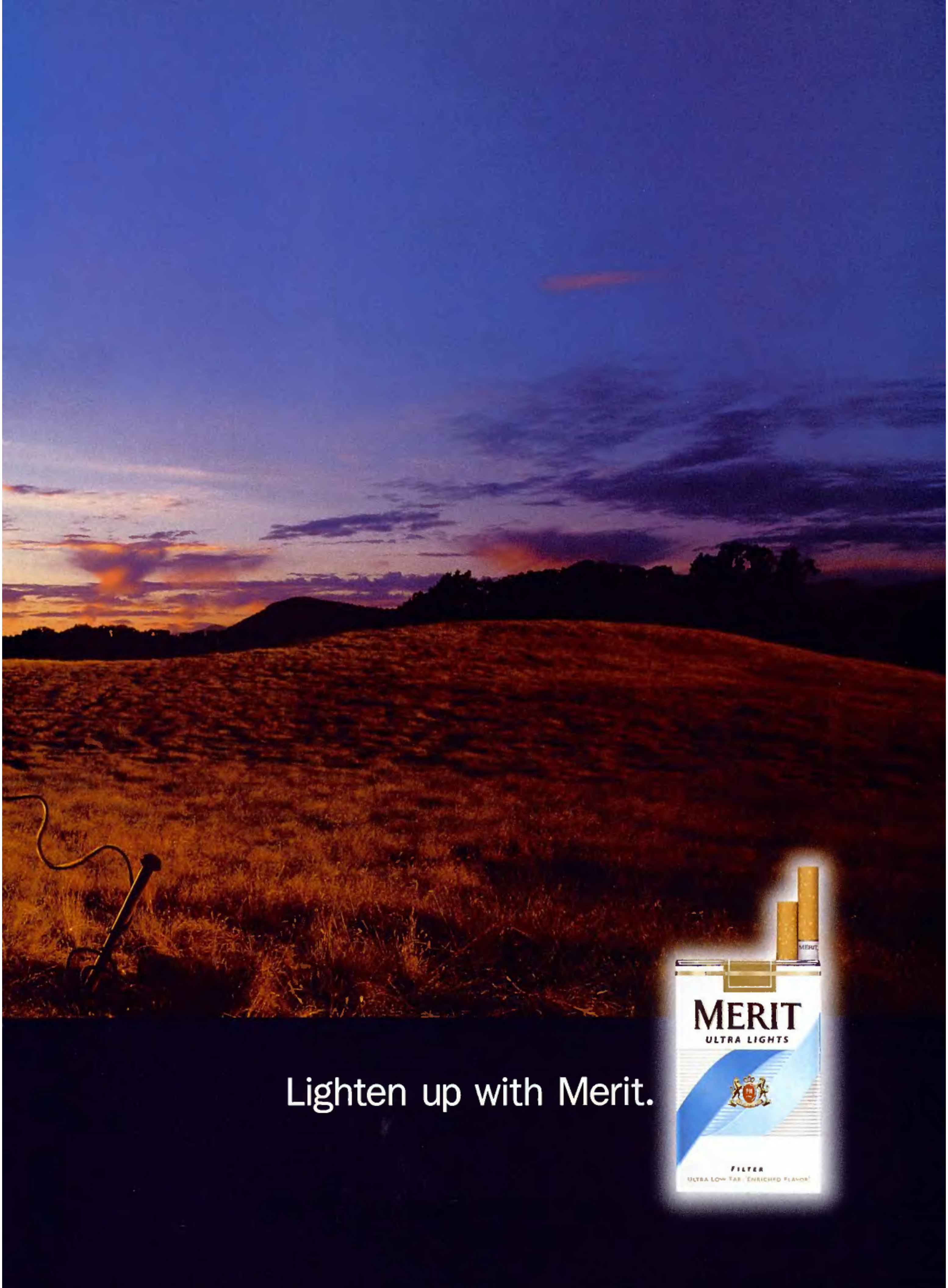
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movies

By LEONARD MALTIN

PEDRO ALMODÓVAR is known for his outrageous comedies, but ***All About My Mother*** (Sony Pictures Classics) has a depth and range one doesn't necessarily expect from the Spanish filmmaker. Invoking the Greek aphorism that "only women who have washed their eyes with tears can see clearly," Almodóvar tells the story of a woman who loses her son in an accident, which leads her to renew an old friendship and launch a new one with an actress her son longed to meet but never did. The performances, by the likes of Cecilia Roth, Marisa Paredes and Penélope Cruz, are uniformly strong, and Almodóvar injects his trademark humor in the person of Antonia San Juan, who plays a transvestite with a big heart. *All About My Mother*, which pays homage to both *All About Eve* and *A Streetcar Named Desire*, manages to avoid sentimentality yet evokes a strong emotional response. It's an exceptional—and original—piece of work. ¥¥¥½

•

Morton and Penn make bittersweet music.

A slice of life in the Thirties, an ode to women of strength, a portrait of the city.

Rosetta (USA Films) won the Palme d'Or at last year's Cannes Film Festival, and its leading actress, Emilie Dequenne, shared the best actress prize for her screen debut. Still, it's important to note that prizewinners don't always come in first for entertainment value. Like Luc and Jean-Pierre Dardenne's last film, the brilliant *La Promesse*, this one is stark and uncompromising, shot in fly-on-the-wall fashion. Rosetta (Dequenne) lives an existence of secrecy and desperation, trying to keep a rein on her alcoholic mother and hoping to earn enough to pay the landlord at their trailer park before he shuts off their water again. When she encounters a young man who treats her with kindness—apparently, that's never happened to her—her immediate response is combative. Because Rosetta is so emotionally guarded, it's difficult to get inside her head, and this is the movie's great drawback. In *La Promesse* we empathized with the young hero from the start; this time around, the Dardenne brothers have given the audience a challenge that may be insurmountable. ¥¥½

•

In a world of cynicism and irony, it is refreshing to find a film as funny and good-hearted as ***Agnes Browne*** (USA Films), directed by and starring Anjelica Huston, based on Brendan O'Carroll's novel *The Mammy*. Agnes is a working-class stiff in late Sixties Dublin whose husband has just died, leaving her to raise seven children on her own. Well, not completely: Agnes is blessed with a loving friend, Marion (Marion O'Dwyer), who would do anything for her. Life is tough, but Agnes is up to the challenge, and so are her plucky kids. The film is ripe with the atmosphere of Dublin streets and the kinds of faces one never sees in Hollywood movies, which makes up for an occasional tendency toward a pat solution (a subplot involving singer Tom Jones is a bit too cute). But with the holiday season upon us, there ought to be room for a film as sweet as *Agnes Browne*. ¥¥¥

•

Advance reviews and publicity for ***La Ciudad*** (Zeitgeist) compare it to the landmark Italian neorealist movies of the Forties. That's a lot to live up to, but this film warrants the comparison, as well as the compliment. Director David Riker has created a work that is at once

HOLLYWOOD CELEBRATES ITSELF

Having survived Y2K, we can now look forward to a year free of one other nuisance: movie studio anniversaries. Last year both Columbia and MGM heralded their 75th anniversaries with special logos, video reissues and a certain amount of ballyhoo. At one time, movie fans could make a direct connection with the studios, which had distinct personalities and "looks" and their own contract rosters of stars and supporting players that helped identify their films. But in today's cold, corporate world it's hard to muster a warm, fuzzy feeling about the studios or their milestones.

Columbia commissioned a two-hour documentary about its history that aired on the Encore cable network. The filmmakers did a fine job of chronicling the studio's scrappy rise to success under the iron leadership of Harry Cohn, but after Cohn's death there was no more story to tell. Columbia lost not only its founder and boss but its heart and soul; recent mergers and sales, first to Coca-Cola, then to Sony, aren't terribly interesting in this context.

MGM's 75th anniversary logo proclaimed "A Legacy of Excellence." What does that have to do with a company that distributes schlock like *Stigmata* and *Disturbing Behavior*? Is there any remnant of the MGM that once boasted "more stars than there are in heaven?" Are there any leaders at the studio who have been there more than a decade?

What's more, MGM now plays fast and loose with its corporate history. A video montage that appeared at the top of many of its anniversary releases showed scenes from such films as *Casablanca* and *The Adventures of Robin Hood*, both made by Warner Bros., and the James Bond movies, made by United Artists. Apparently, the powers that be don't think there is any difference between movies they own and movies they made.

Baby boomers may experience similar puzzlement when they stroll into a Warner Bros. store and see merchandise for such Hanna-Barbera characters as Scooby-Doo or MGM movies like *The Wizard of Oz*.

But my favorite manifestation of corporate-think is the bold presence of a website address on the new Universal Pictures logo. I don't get the idea of plugging an online site as we're about to watch a movie. Do they imagine that the film is so boring that we're going to pull out our laptops and play a game instead, or perhaps even read cast biographies?

Hmm. Maybe they do. —L.M.

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off camera

Hoffman: Daring to be disliked.

Philip Seymour Hoffman doesn't care if you like him or not. He's not antisocial; he's just an actor who refuses to shy away from parts that others might find difficult, off-putting or downright unplayable, such as the repressed telephone stalker in *Happiness*, the gawky gofer who is attracted to Mark Wahlberg in *Boogie Nights* and the obnoxious weather freak in *Twister*.

But moviegoers may have to rethink their view of Hoffman, because he's about to play his first romantic lead, in David Mamet's *State and Main*. It's part of the actor's game plan: to keep us surprised and himself engaged.

"People have a hard time pinning down what I will do, or what they see me as," Hoffman admits. "I think the last thing they see me as is a romantic lead, which is something I'd really like to do. But it doesn't mean I don't want character roles or the roles that are unattractive, or the roles that might turn people off, even. Those are more fun."

His rogues' gallery is growing year by year, as he has taken major supporting parts in such recent films as *The Talented Mr. Ripley*, with Matt Damon and Cate Blanchett, and *Magnolia* (his third film for Paul Thomas Anderson).

But even Hoffman, a graduate of New York University's Tisch School of the Arts and a self-professed man of the theater, had reservations about taking on the co-starring part in *Flawless*, in which he plays a transsexual.

"My only hesitation was that I wouldn't be able to do it, that I would fail. It wasn't just playing somebody who was gay, or a drag queen. It was playing a guy who really believes he's a woman, and that was scary to me."

What's coming next from the sandy-haired chameleon? More surprises, I predict. —L.M.

stingingly real and achingly poetic. Filming in black and white, he and his cinematographer have fashioned images that invoke Diane Arbus. *La Ciudad* presents four vignettes about Latino immigrants and their struggle for survival in New York City; at their lightest moments they are bittersweet, and in sum they are heartbreaking. But *La Ciudad* is not a downer; it's an observation about the way human beings manage to survive, if not prosper. It's one of the most striking films I've seen in ages. ¥¥¥½

•

Sean Penn is a joy to watch in Woody Allen's **Sweet and Lowdown** (Sony Pictures Classics), playing a Thirties jazz guitarist with a unique look, voice, attitude and way of carrying himself. Unfortunately, there isn't much of a story to support the character—and what's more, the guy is an irredeemably selfish s.o.b. Thus it's Allen's love for this period and the music that have to shore up the film. Happily the Thirties atmosphere is impeccable and the swing music (under the direction of Allen's longtime collaborator Dick Hyman) is glorious, with Howard Alden playing guitar in the Django Reinhardt style and Bucky Pizzarelli backing him up. Final kudos to Samantha Morton, who makes an indelible impression as Penn's mute girlfriend, Hattie. If only the film were as strong as its components are. ¥¥½

•

Director Tim Robbins has made an exceptional film about an extraordinary time in American culture. The year is 1936 (in the midst of the Great Depression) and the setting is New York City. The focal point of **Cradle Will Rock** (Buena Vista) is the famous attempt by Orson Welles and his partner John Houseman to stage a production of Marc Blitzstein's pro-labor musical play *The Cradle Will Rock* during a crisis at the government's Works Progress Administration, which supported the Federal Theater Project. But this is no dry historical pageant; it's a vivid and immediate dramatization of events involving such notables as Nelson Rockefeller (played by John Cusack), Diego Rivera (Rubén Blades) and William Randolph Hearst, among others. Robbins has gathered an impressive cast, including Emily Watson, Bill Murray, Joan Cusack, Vanessa Redgrave, John Turturro, Susan Sarandon, stage star Cherry Jones (in her juiciest film role to date) and, in a pair of tour de force turns, Angus MacFadyen as the flamboyant Welles and Cary Elwes as the young, imperious John Houseman. What a pleasure to watch a film with meat on its bones and fire in its heart. ¥¥¥½

MOVIE SCORE CARD

capsule close-ups of current films
by leonard maltin

Agnes Browne (See review) Anjelica Huston directs and stars in this sweet film about a widowed Irish woman left with seven children to raise. ¥¥¥

All About My Mother (See review) Pedro Almodóvar's moving story about a handful of women whose lives intersect in highly dramatic fashion. ¥¥¥½

Being John Malkovich (Reviewed 12/99) John Cusack takes us on a wild adventure into the mind of actor Malkovich. Dazzling. ¥¥¥¥

Bringing Out the Dead (Listed only) Martin Scorsese's arresting look at a burnt-out EMS worker on the New York City streets; Nicolas Cage is perfect in the lead. ¥¥¥

Cradle Will Rock (See review) Tim Robbins vividly re-creates the drama surrounding Orson Welles' notorious production of a pro-labor musical play in the midst of the Depression. ¥¥¥½

Dogma (Listed only) Writer-director Kevin Smith presents a wild and unique comic fantasy about fallen angels, the Catholic Church and the woman chosen to save human existence in a film that's alternately ingenious and puerile. ¥¥½

Fight Club (Listed only) Dynamic film about a man who needs to be shaken out of his malaise—by any means necessary—fizzles after a great start. Brad Pitt and Edward Norton star. ¥¥

La Ciudad (See review) An extraordinary series of vignettes about Latino immigrants and their struggles in New York City. ¥¥¥½

Ride With the Devil (Listed only) Director Ang Lee's thoughtful portrait of young people who fight their own guerrilla version of the Civil War. Skeet Ulrich, James Caviezel and Jewel star. ¥¥½

Rosetta (See review) The Belgian filmmakers who brought us *La Promesse* tackle yet another tough subject—a teenage girl who is living in desperate isolation. ¥¥½

Sweet and Lowdown (See review) Sean Penn gives a marvelous performance as a selfish Thirties jazz guitarist in Woody Allen's heartfelt but meandering period piece. ¥¥½

Three Kings (Listed only) An action movie with a brain, set at the end of the Gulf war. Written and directed by David Russell, with George Clooney, Mark Wahlberg and Ice Cube. ¥¥¥

¥¥¥¥ Don't miss
¥¥¥ Good show
¥¥ Worth a look
¥ Forget it

GUEST SHOT

Which movies get a rise out of **Adrian Lyne,** popular director of *9½ Weeks, Flashdance, Fatal Attraction* and *Lolita*? "My favorite references tend to be French," Lyne says. "I thought the sex between Romane Bohringer and Cyril Collard in *Savage Nights* was extraordinary. I also love what the couple did in *Betty Blue*. And that shot of Brigitte Bardot walking out of the water in St.-Tropez in *And God Created Woman*? Un-fucking-believable!" As for his favorite Hollywood bit, Lyne doesn't hesitate to say that it's in—oddly enough—*In the Heat of the Night*. "Do you remember when that girl is sitting in Rod Steiger's office? She's just sitting in that leather chair, speaking, and her body is making noises as it's moving up and down. It's the sexiest moment I've ever seen!" —LAURENCE LERMAN

SCREEN ICONS

In 100 years of film history there have been several women who have epitomized the screen sexiness of their eras. Each one is a visual milestone.

Marilyn Monroe: Our first cover, and the star all others after are judged by. Check out the kissing scene in *Some Like It Hot* (1959), when Tony Curtis pretends not to be turned on. Now that's acting.

Clara Bow: The It Girl was the first to show film audiences that sex could be fun—not easy considering there was no sound. Rent *It* (1927) to see the world's most famous flapper strut her stuff.

Veronica Lake: She lit up the darkest noir with her sultry one-eye-covered-by-blonde-tresses trademark. Preston Sturges put her in boys' clothes in *Sullivan's Travels* (1941), and she still made the testosterone surge.

Brigitte Bardot: France's tastiest export first turned American heads in husband Roger Vadim's *And God Created Woman* (1956), but take a look at *Mademoiselle Striptease* (1957). The plot: After she's sent to a convent for writing a porn novel, she flees to Paris and enters a striptease contest.

Rita Hayworth: With sexual charisma to burn, she earned the nickname the Love Goddess. One look at a frame of *Gilda* (1946) explains it. Get the DVD, so you can pause and linger indefinitely.

Jayne Mansfield: She perfected the dumb-blonde persona but had an appeal that transcended her unimpressive filmography (cut short by her death in a car accident). Savor her as the small-talent, large-busted, sex-driven movie star in *Will Success Spoil Rock Hunter?* (1957).

Jane Russell: Howard Hughes' *The Outlaw* (1943) was held up for release for two years because smolderingly voluptuous Russell's eye-popping prairie bustier confused the ratings board. She became a spokeswoman for Playtex "living bras" in the Seventies.

Raquel Welch: You don't have to rent *One Million Years B.C.* (1966) to appreciate Welch's attributes: Just take a gander at her in a fur bikini on the video box.

Gina Lollobrigida: With on-screen beauty and offscreen smarts (she scooped everyone with a Fidel Castro interview), she even has a type of lettuce named after her. Until *Fan-Fan la Tulipe* (1952) is available, see John Huston's *Beat the Devil* (1954) for a sample.

Sophia Loren: Still a world-class beauty at 65—check out her scenes in *Grumpier Old Men* (1995)—she's a knockout with an Oscar (*Two Women*, 1961). First-timers should watch the comedy *Marriage Italian-Style* (1964), wherein she plays a prostitute whom engaged Marcello Mastroianni can't forget.

Elizabeth Taylor: Forget her current avatar and watch *Cleopatra* (1963) to see why the world still loves old Violet Eyes.

Kim Basinger: The modern era's only goddess with a body of work (and what a body!) that will stand the test of time. Won an Oscar in 1998 (*L.A. Confidential*), but we still like *9½ Weeks* (1986) and *No Mercy* (1986). —BUZZ MCCLAIN

CINEMA REDUX

SPECIAL EDITION
Barbra Streisand Robert Redford
The Way We Were
DIGITALLY REMASTERED
DVD

With Tim Robbins' latest feature, *The Cradle Will Rock*, spurring interest in America's communist witch-hunts, news that Columbia TriStar was releasing ***The Way We Were*** (1973) on DVD ($28) set off a few alarms. Director Sydney Pollack famously excised chunks of a subplot dealing with Hollywood blacklisting from the weepy period piece, against the protests of Barbra Streisand, the film's female lead. In a new 70 minute making-of documentary that appears on this 25th anniversary DVD, La Streisand brings up the issue again, and Pollack responds. It certainly whets our appetite for a 30th anniversary that would restore the footage.

DISC ALERT

Road war: It's hard to knock ***Easy Rider,*** the seminal 1969 hippie road movie that has recently been released on DVD (Columbia TriStar, $28, including a making-of documentary). Thirty years later, the music and mythology endure, but the effect of watching this low-budget trip can be like listening to 90 minutes of classic rock. Jack Nicholson's loopy performance is still a delight. The rest, you have to be in the mood for. —GREGORY P. FAGAN

video mood meter

MOOD	MOVIE
DRAMA	***Summer of Sam*** (director Spike Lee bottles Gotham's paranoiac obsession with the 1977 serial killer; obvious but involving), ***Arlington Road*** (conspiracy theorist Jeff Bridges knows only that his neighbor is a right-wing nut; fittingly intense).
COMEDY	***South Park: Bigger, Longer & Uncut*** (TV's foul-mouthed cartoon kids go the distance; a surprising, laugh-out-loud satire), ***American Pie*** (high school virgins try to lose it before the prom; sexual savvy saves it from being *Porky's* 1999).
SNL ALUMNI	***Austin Powers: The Spy Who Shagged Me*** (Myers again sinks his grotty teeth into Bond and mod Brits; Dr. Evil is a howl), ***Big Daddy*** (slacker Sandler gets saddled with a five-year-old son; no *Waterboy*, but affectingly mischievous).
GUILTY PLEASURE	***Wild Wild West*** (high-tech cowboys Smith and Kline clown it up; small-screen holstering reduces frenzied excess to dumb fun), ***Tarzan*** (Disney animates Burroughs' ape-man; fewer messages and a cool, percussive soundtrack by Phil Collins).
IMPORT	***Run Lola Run*** (she has 20 minutes to save her boyfriend's butt, and German director Tom Tykwer treats it as a dazzling triptych), ***Detective*** (Jean-Luc Godard's casually paced 1985 multilevel film noir, newly priced for sale).

GETTING TO THE VERY

"From the very beginning my great-grandfather, Adolphus Busch, insisted that it would take superior barley to brew a truly great beer.

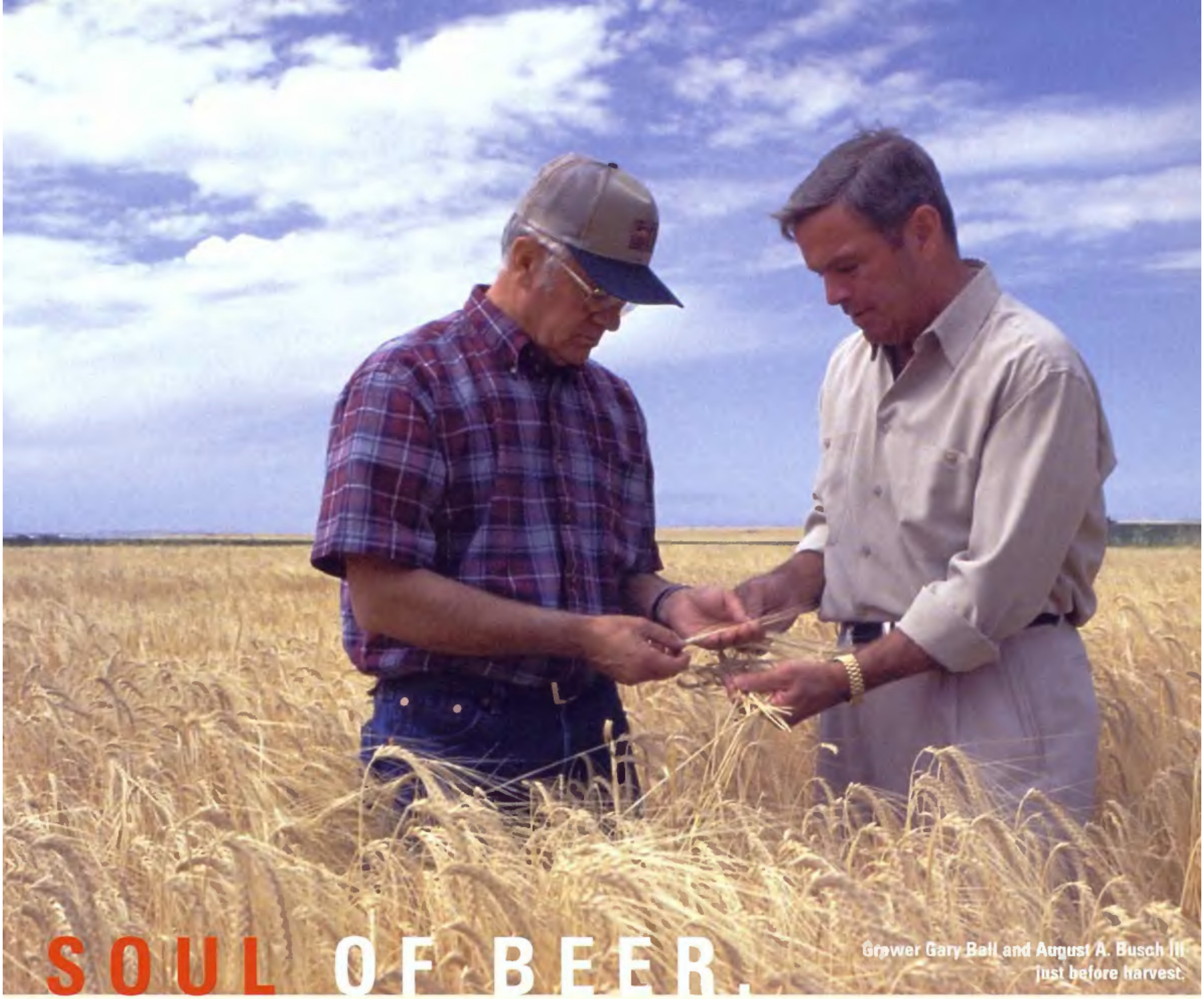
"Barley is where beer begins. It's the body and soul of beer. Which is why we invest so much to ensure a selection of the highest quality barley for Budweiser.

"In fact, to meet our own exacting standards, we founded Busch Agricultural Resources, to develop and perfect varieties of barley and other ingredients. We're breeding barley varieties that offer the best taste and consistency for our brewers, and the most versatile growing characteristics for our dedicated growers.

"Of the many varieties of barley that they grow, there are two basic types. Two-row is for smoothness and sweetness. Six-row is for crispness. Our brewmasters blend them to provide Budweiser with just the right balance, just as they've done for 123 years.

"Our barley experts do more than develop and distribute

http://www.budweiser.com



SOUL OF BEER.

Grower Gary Ball and August A. Busch III just before harvest.

seed. Come harvest time they visit more than 2500 fields, like this one in Idaho, to hand select the best of the best.

"Our hands-on, proactive approach toward barley is unique among brewers. And much more expensive. But only when we build the quality in at the front end can we ensure a quality beer.

"And quality is the very soul of what we do."

August A. Busch III, Brewmaster & CEO

Budweiser

THIS BUD'S for YOU.

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living online

By MARK FRAUENFELDER

CUT SPAM FROM YOUR DIET

If you've been online for more than a few months, you've probably started getting spam—unsolicited business-opportunity come-ons, plugs for porn sites and ads for miracle diets—in your e-mail. The longer you have an account, the worse it gets. How did you get targeted for all this spam?

Typically, a spammer goes into business by purchasing a CD-ROM containing hundreds of thousands of e-mail addresses. The evil creeps who make and sell these CDs obtain the addresses by using an automated "spider" program that visits millions of sites across the Web and Usenet, grabbing and storing every e-mail address it can find.

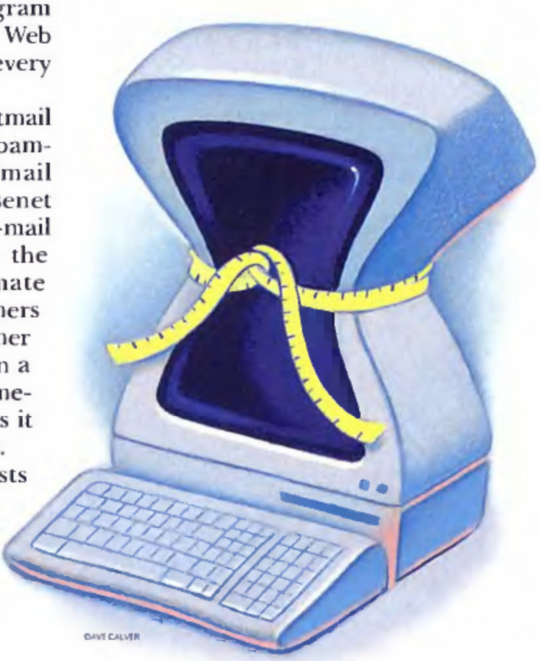
A free online service called Brightmail Inc. (**www.brightmail.com**) beats spammers at their own game. Brightmail works by seeding websites and Usenet groups with thousands of "trap" e-mail addresses. The spiders scoop up the trap addresses along with legitimate ones, and it is impossible for spammers to tell the difference. When a spammer sends junk mail to the addresses on a list laced with traps, Brightmail immediately flags the spam and prevents it from being sent to Brightmail users.

The company claims that in tests Brightmail nabs about 90 percent of spam. Judging from my experience, 70 percent is more like it. The good news is that as its lists get larger, Brightmail gets better. So sign up.

E-COSTLY

I've been buying all my hardware and software from **Outpost.com.** Its prices are low, it's well stocked and it offers free overnight shipping via Airborne Express. But that doesn't stop me from shopping around. I used **MySimon.com**—a price-comparison site—to search for the best price on an Agfa CL-30 digital camera. MySimon reported that a company called **Ecost.com** was selling it for $327.38, with free shipping. A great deal, considering that used CL-30s have gone for more on eBay. Ecost's price even beat Outpost.com, which was offering the camera for $369.95. So I headed to eCost.com, ready to save $42.57. After filling out the shipping form, I found out that the free shipping is standard UPS, which meant I might have to wait a week before getting the camera. That wouldn't do. I've been spoiled by Outpost, where I've ordered stuff at five in the afternoon and gotten it by 9:30 the next morning. So I paid eCost's $9.75 overnight delivery charge, which brought my total to a still respectable $337.13. Then I was greeted with three ugly pieces of news. One: a sales tax of $28 (for California residents). Two: a "handling fee" of $11.95—a pure sucker add-on. The total was suddenly $377.08. Three: a notice that the item was not in stock, but would be delivered when it became available.

I was still asleep the next morning when the Airborne Express guy woke me up, holding my brand-new camera from Outpost. Sorry, eCost, but you'll have to find some other rube to fork over your handling fee.


DAVE CALVER

FRAMED IN CYBERSPACE

Once I had my digital camera, I decided to put it to use at **eframes.com,** a site that lets you send framed photographs as gifts. I clicked on the upload button and selected a picture of my two-year-old daughter that I had on my hard drive. I cropped the photo online. Then, eFrames showed me dozens of thumbnail images of frames made of wood or metal. I picked Metro Cherry for $24 and kicked in an extra $2.50 for gift wrapping. After tax and postage, the total was $32.25. Eframes then printed the image on high-quality photo stock and sent it out. Voilà—an instant birthday present for my mother-in-law.

BUG BUSTERS

A few minutes after I pulled my new iMac out of the box and started it up, I noticed it was acting strange. Every couple of minutes, all activity would cease for about five seconds, then it would resume. After poking around in the tech support bulletin boards at apple.com, I found what I needed. (Apparently, some iMacs freeze unless there's a CD-ROM in the drive at all times. I tried it, and it works.) Now, I'm using **MyHelpdesk.com** to stay abreast of software bugs and hardware glitches. You enter the software and type of computer you own, and a start page is created for you, with links to updates, message boards, chat rooms, tips, bug fixes, tech support phone numbers and, if all else fails, the nearest drop-off repair center. I even found an update that permanently fixed my iMac bug. Start using this site before your computer gets so fouled up that you can't get online.

AUCTION TOOLS 101

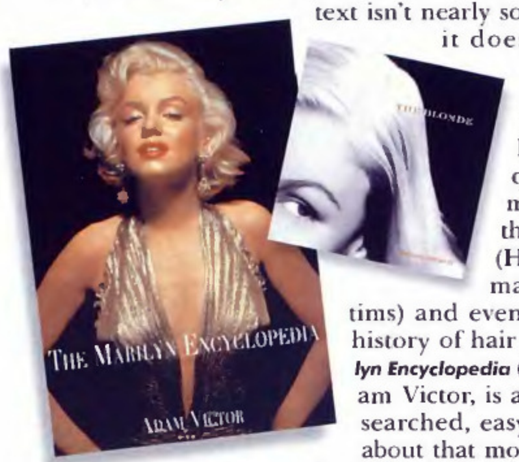
If you've been bitten by the online auction bug, here are a few cool tools that will streamline your bidding and selling. First, sign up for MyEbay (**pages.ebay.com/services/myebay/myebay.html**), a personalized page that displays your pending trades. Then visit **AuctionWatch.com,** which provides free image hosting, auction counters and a directory of hundreds of auction sites. If you plan to auction off everything in your attic, you'll definitely want a copy of Re:Sale (**re-ware.com**). This $35 program automates every step of the listing and selling process—sending confirmation e-mail, recording payments and shipments, sending user feedback, etc. You may not get rich selling stuff on eBay, but you can make enough to take your day-trading buddies to dinner.

QUICK HITS

Get your screenplay read by Hollywood execs—for a fee—at **ScriptShark.com.** Before you buy that book or CD online, check **ClickTheButton.com** to find out if there's a better deal to be had. Mullets are everywhere. At Mullets Galore (**mullet.cjb.net**), you can view an array of mulleted men and women, along with descriptions. Thoroughly politically incorrect. Also hilarious. Locate a hiking trail in the Western U.S. at **TrailMaps.com,** then turn off the computer and head outside. In college? Shop at **edu.com** for student discounts on everything from textbooks to travel packages. You can't buy Cubans in U.S. cigar stores (unless you know the secret word), but **cuban-cigars.net** ships *anywhere* in the world. It can't, however, promise that your shipment won't end up in the humidor of a U.S. Customs officer with a nose for quality.

FOR GENTLEMEN WHO PREFER BLONDES

The Blonde (Chronicle), by Barnaby Conrad III, takes on the difficult task of assessing the sexual allure of women with blonde hair. We applaud the effort. The pages are packed with World War II–era advertisements, paintings and great photographs of such actresses as Marilyn Monroe, Jean Harlow, Grace Kelly, Marlene Dietrich and Veronica Lake. The text isn't nearly so compelling—but it doesn't have to be. Conrad dutifully provides brief summaries of the lives of starlets, quotes from famous men on why they prefer blondes (Hitchcock said they make the best victims) and even an enlightening history of hair dyeing. ***The Marilyn Encyclopedia*** (Overlook), by Adam Victor, is a meticulously researched, easy-to-read volume about that most famous blonde, Marilyn Monroe. It provides hundreds of photographs, including many that show her in unguarded moments. Should you manage to tear your eyes away from the pictures long enough to read the text, you'll find that Victor has tried to collect every fact, quote, anecdote and bit of gossip about Monroe. The book contains entries such as the Kennedys, underwear (she rarely wore it) and hair (she bleached more than the hair on her head). Blondes are simply more riveting than brunettes. —PATTY LAMBERTI



MAGNIFICENT OBSESSIONS

Yukon Alone: The World's Toughest Adventure Race (Holt): *Los Angeles Times* correspondent John Balzar follows the frigid trail of the Yukon Quest International Sled Dog Race. Run over a treacherous 1000-mile route between Whitehorse and Fairbanks, this remarkable feat of human and canine endurance makes the Iditarod look like a made-for-ESPN event. ***Passage to Juneau: A Sea and Its Meanings*** (Pantheon): Jonathan Raban sets out on a 1000-mile solo boating trip along the Inside Passage, from Puget Sound to Juneau. Intending "to meditate on the sea, at sea," Raban, unfortunately, meditates mostly on himself. ***Lasso the Wind: Away to the New West*** (Knopf): *New York Times* correspondent Timothy Egan takes off by car from Seattle, covering thousands of miles through 11 states. Egan's exploration of the West is a complete success. Those who prefer to take the actual trip will need Paul McMenamin's ***National Geographic Ultimate Adventure Sourcebook.*** Whether it's rafting, mountain climbing, kayaking or ballooning, he provides all the information on how to get started and where. —PAUL ENGLEMAN

ABBE SENNETT

A CULINARY HISTORY
FOOD

FOOD, GLORIOUS FOOD

What better time than the dead of winter to pour a glass of port and read about food? ***Food: A Culinary History*** (Columbia University), edited by Jean-Louis Flandrin and Massimo Montanari, is filled with great facts (Marco Polo didn't introduce pasta to Europe, Egyptians ate with their hands) and makes us rethink eating habits we take for granted. Aldo Buzzi is amazing, whether he writes about spaghetti with meat sauce or the history of toothpicks. In ***A Weakness for Almost Everything: Notes on Life, Gastronomy and Travel*** (Steerforth), he ruminates on the nature of food and place. If you want practical guidance, Alain Ducasse's ***Flavors of France*** (Workman) is a terrific cookbook. As you would expect, Ducasse, a three-star Paris maestro, shares a few daunting recipes. But he also offers some intriguingly simple ones (e.g., sautéed pumpkin slices with Szechuan peppercorns). In ***Saveur Cooks Authentic American*** (Chronicle), the editors of America's best food magazine entice us with a batch of classic dishes—from Down East baked beans to Tennessee fried chicken to cedar-smoked salmon. Running Press has reissued ***James Beard's Theory and Practice of Good Cooking.*** Don't let the staid title fool you—this is the best kitchen primer you'll ever find. Calvin Schwabe's ***Unmentionable Cuisine*** (Virginia) offers matter-of-fact recipes for frogs and lampreys, but it's not all bizarre. This cookbook is the best place to learn about unusual dishes. —LEOPOLD FROEHLICH

FROM OUR CONTRIBUTORS

Entertainment 101: An Industry Primer (Pomegranate), by Rodger Claire: The scoop about the biz, with an intro by Playboy Executive VP Richard Rosenzweig. ***Where Did I Go Right?*** (Little, Brown), by Bernie Brillstein with David Rensin: The überagent recounts how he built his business and aided such clients as Jim Henson and John Belushi. ***The Man With My Cat*** (St. Martin's), by Paul Engleman: The Shamus Award–winning mystery writer uses Chicago as the backdrop for a stolen-cat caper. ***A Nice Tuesday*** (Golden), by Pat Jordan: Ex–pitching phenom wants to prove he still has his stuff. ***Talking With Michener*** (University Press of Mississippi), by Lawrence Grobel: A book-length interview with Michener that was expanded from his 1981 appearance in PLAYBOY. ***Take Five*** (Dalkey Archive), by D. Keith Mano: Simon Lynxx, con man and filmmaker, fast-talks his way through excess.

MOOD MOVIES:
Two silhouetted figures—a man and a woman—stand in an airplane hangar, poised to disappear into a netherworld shrouded in fog. It's a scene from 1955's *Big Combo*, and it's quintessential film noir—shadowy bars, dark streets, deadly females and doppelgängers setting the mood for sinister goings-on. Alain Silver and James Ursini's homage to the genre is ***The Noir Style*** (Overlook), with smart text and great stills from the classic period (*Maltese Falcon*) through the neo-noir films of the Nineties (*Romeo Is Bleeding*). Perfect for rainy nights. —HELEN FRANGOULIS

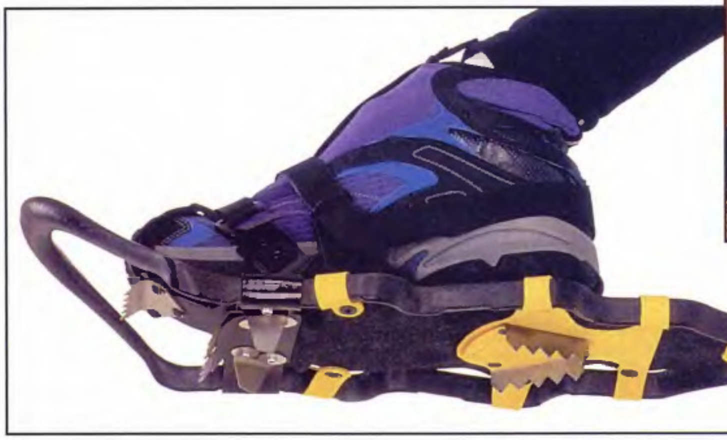
THE NOIR STYLE
ALAIN SILVER & JAMES URSINI

THE GREAT WHITE WAY—TO GET FIT

IF WINTER WORKOUTS in a stuffy gym give you cabin fever, consider this cure: snowshoes. Once a utilitarian method of transport for snowbound fur trappers, snowshoeing has become one of the frigid season's fastest-growing sports. Participation is up 80 percent since 1997, and more than 225,000 pairs of snowshoes were sold last year. Modern snowshoes are lightweight and easy to use just about anywhere there's snow on the ground, and they deliver a great workout that gets you out of the health club and into fresh air.

FIT FACTS: "The simplicity of the sport is attractive to most people," says Nate Goldberg, product manager at Colorado's Beaver Creek Cross-country Ski Center, which offers 40-plus kilometers of snowshoe and cross-country trails. "You don't need lessons or a lot of special gear. The only learning curves are getting the shoes on and adjusting your gait slightly." Goldberg's top tip for beginners: Lift your feet completely off the ground as you walk. Shuffling can cause even seasoned snowshoers to trip on the traction cleats on the bottom of the shoes. How efficient is the workout? According to a study conducted by Ball State and the University of Vermont, snowshoers can burn up to 52 percent more calories than walkers traveling at the same pace, from 420 calories per hour on flat trails to more than 1000 calories per hour on hilly terrain. Because changing snow conditions and landscape can dramatically affect your endurance, use time instead of distance to measure the length of your workout. A 20-minute hike on a level trail is plenty challenging for beginners, but try and work up to 45 minutes. As you build stamina, add speed on steeper terrain to reach your target heart rate range. (That's 220 minus your age, multiplied by 0.65 and 0.85.) Walking or running in deep snow is another way to increase intensity. And if you're superfit, try hiking or running up a groomed ski run, an activity permitted at many resorts. But do yourself a favor and ride the lift down. Descending the mountain on snowshoes puts too much strain on the knees. Warning: Novice snowshoers vacationing at a mountain resort need to give their bodies time to adjust to the oxygen-poor alpine air. "For every 1000 feet of elevation over 5000 feet your body works three percent harder than at sea level," says Goldberg. Snowshoeing is a lot more work than alpine skiing or snowboarding. If you rush into it, you could experience headaches and nausea. Give yourself a few easy days to get used to the altitude. And drink jugs of water.

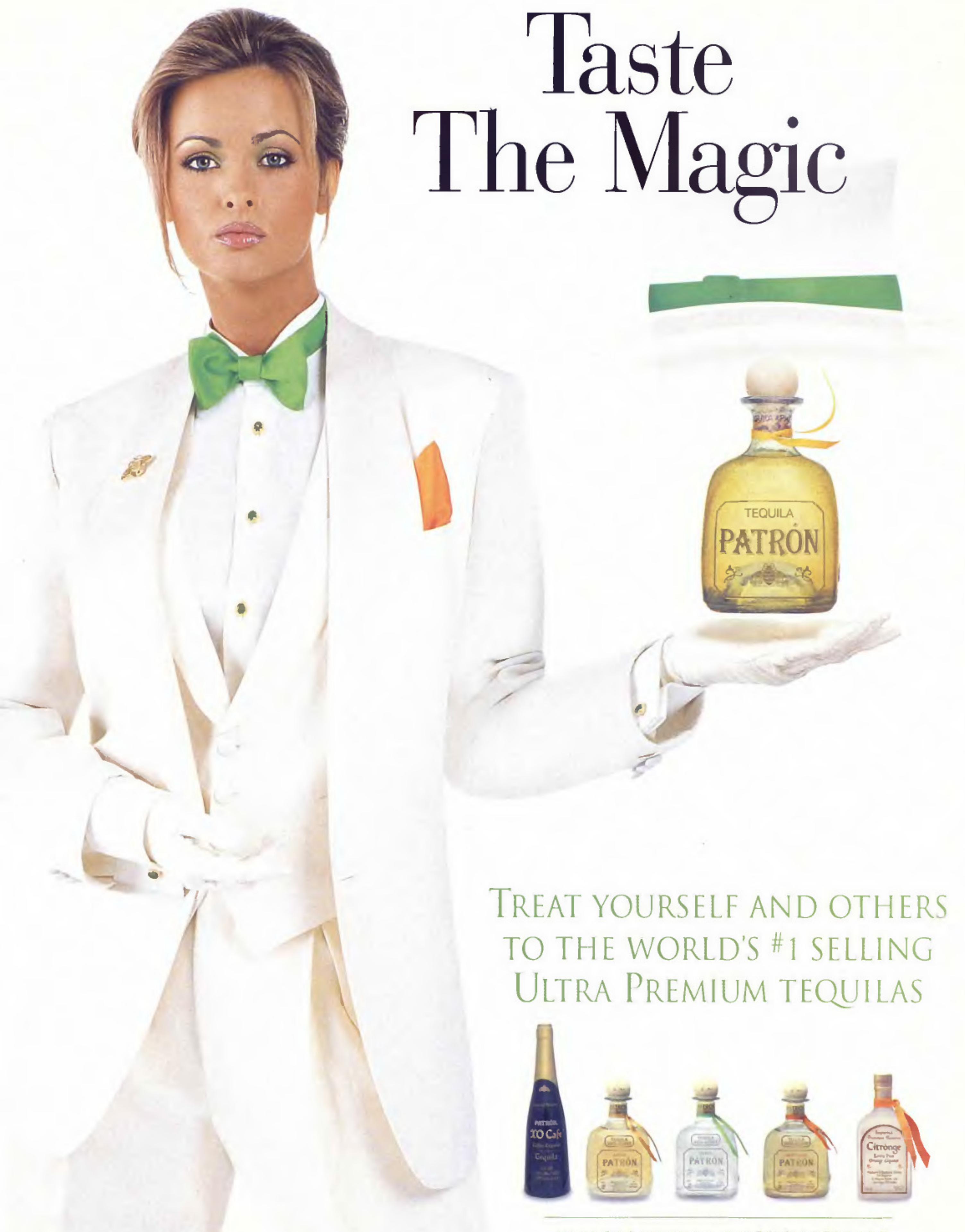
Below: The Tubbs Piranha is a racing snowshoe that weighs 2.5 pounds (per pair) and comes with Reebok's Winter runner DMX6 shoes (about $500). Right: What awaits you back at the lodge.



THE GEAR: You can give snowshoeing a try with rental shoes available at most winter resorts. But if you want your own, they're priced from less than $100 for entry-level hikers to $300 and up for Everest-ready expedition models. Shoes are sized by width and length (9"x30", for example) with larger shoes intended for floating heavier hikers in deep powder. Buy the smallest shoes that will get the job done. They'll be lighter and more maneuverable. Here are some of this season's top picks. **Running:** Tubbs Piranha ($399)—These track shoes for the snow have a carbon-fiber frame and titanium cleats that reduce weight to 2.5 pounds per pair. The Piranha will be packaged with the new snowshoe-specific Reebok Winter runner DMX6 ($120), which has a waterproof and breathable inner bootie and a tight-fitting upper that sheds snow. **Trail hiking:** Crescent Moon Permagrin 9 ($239)—A tapered shape makes it easy for anyone to walk or run in this shoe, which weighs just 3.1 pounds per pair. Minimalists will appreciate the new 1.2-pound Snow-Tracker by Atlas Snowshoe Co. ($59), essentially a snowshoe binding and aluminum cleats that strap on over hiking boots or running shoes for grabby traction on packed trails. **Off-trail on powder:** Sherpa Khumbu Climber ($209)—Float over the deep stuff on these shoes, which feature bindings that can be adjusted for a variety of snow conditions.

WHERE TO SNOWSHOE: As long as there is at least a few inches of white stuff on the ground, you can get a snowshoe workout. For breathtaking scenery and challenging terrain, here are our favorite spots. **Vermont:** The Long Trail is a border-to-border trail system connecting mountaintop lodges and wildlife areas. **Minnesota:** Follow scenic ridgelines from Duluth to the Canadian border on the 300-mile Superior Hiking Trail. **Colorado:** Vail and Beaver Creek Resorts each feature snowshoe centers with miles of wooded trails. For additional snowshoe spots, visit tubbs-trailnet.com, yubashoes.com, redfeather.com or www.atlassnowshoe.com. —CHARLES PLUEDDEMAN

WHERE & HOW TO BUY ON PAGE 266.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men

By ASA BABER

EVERY MAN THINKS he will live forever, so let us move beyond the mundane issue of Y2K and turn our focus to Y3K. What will life be like for us on January 1, 3000?

That is a question you rarely hear men ask today, but it deserves our consideration. Because, as egotistical males, we believe ourselves to be indispensable to the world, and we all secretly plan to be around 1000 years from now, don't we?

I spoke last week to Dr. Anus Scratch, one of the world's foremost futurologists and author of the best-selling book *Sex, Lies and Y3K*. Dr. Scratch is an older man with slightly crossed eyes. He was born and raised in Zurich, Switzerland, emigrated to the U.S. years ago, has a Ph.D. in futurology from Carl Sagan University in Needles, California and won the 1998 Nobel Prize in Medicine for his work in the relatively new field of applied anal massage. His penetrating article "The Vibrating Prostate and Holistic Health" sets the standard for radical scientific research to this day, and Oliver Stone's film about his life, *Swiss Mist*, won eight Oscar nominations last year. (Woody Allen played the role of Scratch with modesty and precision.) I spoke to Scratch in his office at the Department of Futuristics in Washington, D.C.

Baber: In your book *Sex, Lies and Y3K*, you predict that life in the year 3000 will be blissful for men. How so?

Dr. Scratch: Over the next 1000 years, women are going to learn to cherish men as never before.

Baber: How will this be possible, given the tensions and misunderstandings between the sexes today?

Dr. Scratch: Easy. By the third millennium, most men will be living on Mars, while most women will remain here on Earth. Men will look better to women from a distance.

Baber: Please explain.

Dr. Scratch: Something that women find difficult to talk about, except among themselves, is how yucky (to use their word for it) males appear to females. In the eyes of the average woman, men really are a mess. To hear women tell it, we can't do anything right. We choose the wrong clothes, eat the wrong foods, live like pigs, think only about sex, have no social skills worth mentioning, like sports too much, don't talk enough, seem to be genetically lazy and—on top of all that—are too dense to understand how disliked we are by the opposite sex.

Baber: So the solution is?

Dr. Scratch: Only the most politically correct pussy-boys will be allowed to remain here on Earth. All other men—especially men like you who "don't get it"—will be shipped to Mars.

AMANDA DUFFY

SEX, LIES AND Y3K

Baber: Pussy-boys? What exactly does that term mean to you?

Dr. Scratch: Pussy-boys refers to men, straight or gay, who agree with everything women tell them. They buy every feminist argument and fear the criticism of women more than they fear death. Pussy-boys are pussy-whipped. They cannot think for themselves. And they are the only men who will be allowed to remain on Earth by 3000 A.D.

Baber: So women and their male sycophants will take over this planet and banish regular guys to Mars? That doesn't sound good to me.

Dr. Scratch: You would prefer Uranus?

Baber: That's not the point. Why do I have to be the one who leaves Earth?

Dr. Scratch: Because you are a loser. It is as simple as that. Call it the tyranny of the majority. Women and pussy-boys make up the political majority in our democracy now and will gain power in the future. They will be able to do whatever they want. Besides, Mars will be fabulous for a man like you.

Baber: How so?

Dr. Scratch: Mars is like heaven to a rogue of your tastes. The lakes are filled with beer and the rivers run with vodka. You have electronic games on every wall and pot in every chicken. You never have to clean up your room, and you don't even have to work for a living, because on Mars you're judged by how well you joke and kid around, not by how well you kill yourself on the job. And the aliens! You ought to see the aliens! They can read your mind and turn themselves into your favorite fantasy. Want a PLAYBOY Centerfold in your bed? Your thoughts will make it so. Want to groin-wrestle Demi Moore as she looked in *G.I. Jane*? Be my guest. Don't knock Mars until you've tried it, Baber.

Baber: OK. But what will life be like for those who stay here on Earth?

Dr. Scratch: Life will be like one big coffee klatch, night and day: Chatter, blab, gossip, spit out words like a Gatling gun until you've hosed down everybody with your mean-spirited talk. The bathroom towels will all have lace and the food will be exotic. Want a plain hot dog with pickles and mustard on Earth in the year 3000? Nothing like that will be allowed in girly-man country. The hot dog of the future will be made out of seaweed, cooked in an herb-garlic broth, mixed with sweet soy, wasabi and pineapple remoulade, set on a bed of fennel rice, accompanied by butternut squash ravioli in a robust duck stock and crisp polenta with a touch of braised savoy cabbage and a side of sautéed sweetbreads with caramelized endive and sherry vinegar, all brought together with a bold mixture of chopped olives and capers. And your waiter's name will be Gary.

Baber: Will there be any communication between Mars and Earth?

Dr. Scratch: Same as now. Only when the earthlings want it, but not when they have a headache.

Baber: So men can have all the sex and games they want on Mars? And there will be no women or pussy-boys around to knock us and mock us for being too horny and macho?

Dr. Scratch: Usually not.

Baber: So there's a catch?

Dr. Scratch: A small one.

Baber: Which is?

Dr. Scratch: On Mars, you will be under constant TV surveillance from Earth. If you misbehave too much, if you become a totally unreconstructed male who farts and scratches and blows his nose without a handkerchief and consumes pizza and wants only to get laid, you can be hauled back to Earth immediately and locked up for eternity in a perfumed bedroom with pink wallpaper and pink satin sheets and Barry Manilow on the stereo, which can never be turned off.

Baber: So there will never be a final escape for men from the shame-and-blame game?

Dr. Scratch: It's not looking good. But keep smiling, Ace. My computer projections show that by 4002, things might get better—if you're a good boy between now and then, that is.

Baber: You're telling me that we have to wait for Y4K before there will really be peace between the sexes?

Dr. Scratch: Maybe. Maybe not. And stop crying.

the single life

SHE'LL TRY TO CHANGE EVERYTHING, INCLUDING YOUR SOCKS

BY SONNY MICELI

YOU WANT TO know how a six-month relationship can fall apart overnight? Listen up.

For many years, Sal has been my barber. He's a good Italian boy, given name Salvatore. He's almost 30 now. Sturdy, handsome, he stands about 5'10", getting a little thick around the middle.

Sal went into the Marines out of high school. Bounced around the globe—saw some action he doesn't talk about much. He's been a barber ever since. Used to be a problem guy—classic postmilitary stuff. A few drugs here, too many drinks there. A few spells where he stayed in his apartment for weeks at a time. Has a passion for Asian women and Latin women—long before *La Vida Contempa*.

Now, he's upstanding. No drugs, a little drink, Mr. Reliable in the barbershop.

He was married once, briefly, when he was still a kid. Since then he's had a couple of semiserious relationships.

He's a car guy. Years ago he had a near-vintage Corvette that was damaged beyond repair by a drunken fool without insurance. So Sal started driving a GMC Jimmy that a customer gave him, no charge. He hated the car, hated it. It wasn't him. Finally, a friend in the business found a cherry white '93 Eldorado and made him a good deal. He put a CD player in the dash; it's his jewel. (Sal has friends everywhere.)

Sal met Kerry about five years ago and they started dating. Within a couple months they were seeing each other exclusively. Kerry is Sal's age; she works as an office manager.

So things were going OK, not perfect. Kerry's a little femmy for the Italian in Sal, plus she's very health conscious, which Sal is not. Kerry is a fussbudget about food. Sal's favorite foods are osso buco and stuffed peppers.

Sexually, things were fine. They had worked out who slept over where, and when. They went out all the time. Sal likes to be in bars and restaurants—and he has that cool city-guy talent of knowing what's hot and when to go there. He also is one of those guys who ends up eating late with the owner of the restaurant or the chef, and Kerry was right there with him.

Then things got a little rocky. Kerry wanted more commitment; she wanted to know where the relationship was going. Sal didn't have the right answer, but he didn't have the wrong answer, either. So on some of my visits to the shop, Kerry and Sal were still on, and on some visits to the shop, things were off.

Kerry developed an obsession that she wanted to live someplace other than her rented apartment, and the word condo took over. Financially, they could do better as a couple, so she tried to convince Sal that they should pool their resources and live together in a better place in a better community.

A couple of weeks later, I asked him how things were going with Kerry. "I stopped seeing her for a while. Then I saw her at a birthday party, and she invited me back to her place for a drink and a talk, and, you know, we ended up in bed. She calls me a couple of days later and we got together for lunch and we pretty much were seeing each other again.

"So she brings up this condo idea again. She had seen something she really liked. She asked would I look at it with her. If she bought it, would I help her fix it up?

"We go to see the condo, and it's really nice. There were things I could do that would improve it. I told her I thought she could be happy there.

"A couple days later, she calls me. Wants to know if we can have dinner.

"We go to Francesca's—you know I love that restaurant—and I persuade her to try the veal. We have a pretty good time, but I can see that she has something on her mind.

"She says she's been thinking about us. How it would be great if we could do this condo thing together. I told her that the idea was growing on me.

"She wants to know if I want to know how she feels. I ask her how she feels. She says, 'You know, I think this could really work out. If you would do a couple of things.'

"I'm thinking she's talking about the shelves in the bathroom.

"And she says, well, there are three things. If I would do these three things she thinks that we'd have a really good shot together.

"First, she says, I need to get a real job. No more of this barbershop. I need to find a job where I could make some real money. Some kind of manager or something. Or a job in the financial world.

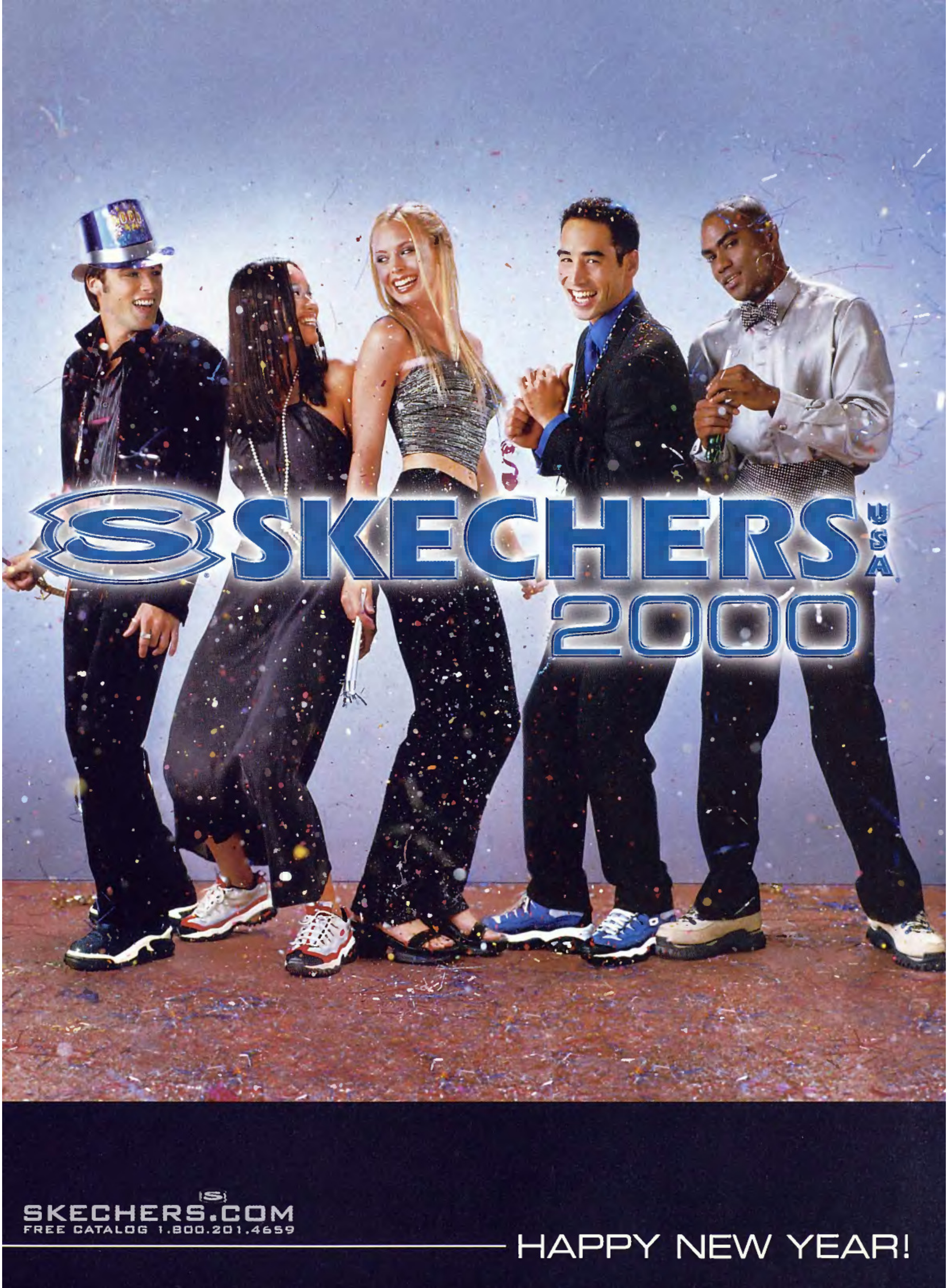
"Second, she says, I need to stop hanging out in bars. Do I know how much money I throw away in a week just buying drinks for people?

"And third, she says, I need to get rid of that expensive car and get something practical like a Honda or Toyota.

"Can you fuckin' believe it?" he asked.

For weeks I found myself telling the story. I told it to my girlfriend, who couldn't believe it. I told it to a legend of the Single Life, Hollywood Rick. He asked, amazed, "How long did she go out with him? His fucking landlord knows him better than that."

Eventually it came time to ask Sal if it was OK to write about him. He smiled at the possibility. "Sure," he said. Then, as I got ready to leave, he asked, "Will you remember to say that she tried to turn me into a vegetarian?"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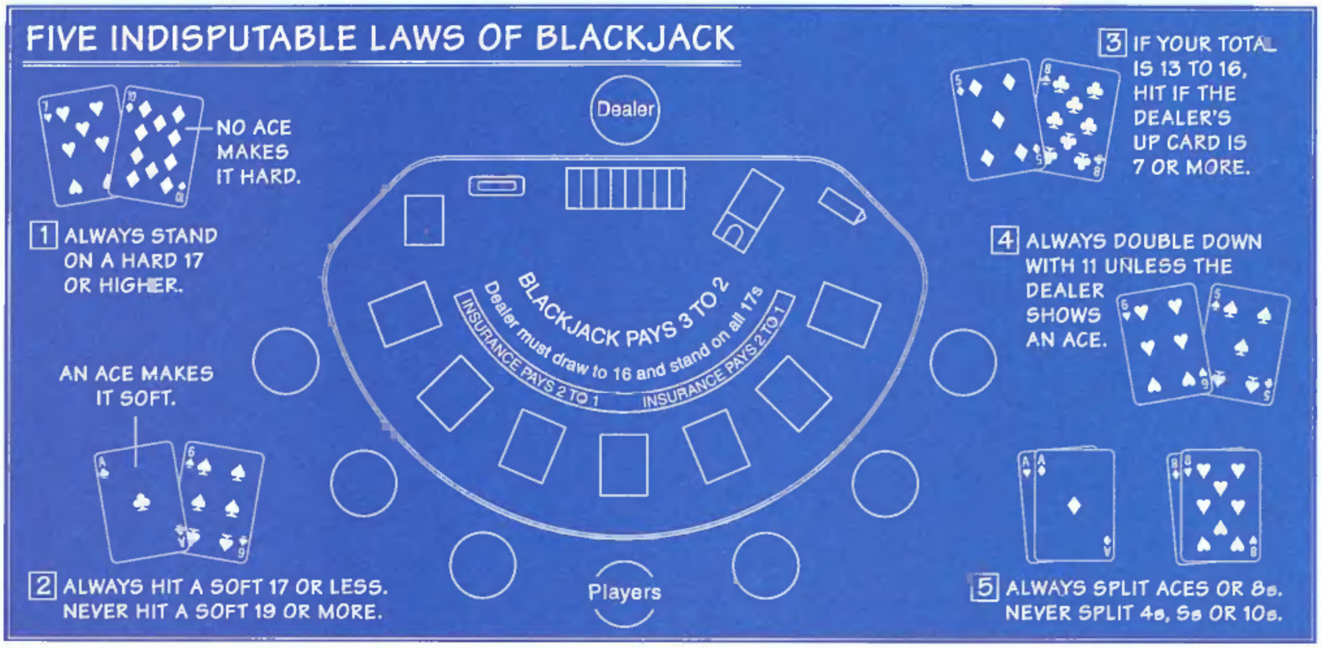
FIVE INDISPUTABLE LAWS OF BLACKJACK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AN ACE MAKES IT SOFT.
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BLACKJACK PAYS 3 TO 2
Dealer must draw to 16 and stand on all 17s
INSURANCE PAYS 2 TO 1
INSURANCE PAYS 2 TO 1
Players

1 ALWAYS STAND ON A HARD 17 OR HIGHER.

2 ALWAYS HIT A SOFT 17 OR LESS. NEVER HIT A SOFT 19 OR MORE.

3 IF YOUR TOTAL IS 13 TO 16, HIT IF THE DEALER'S UP CARD IS 7 OR MORE.

4 ALWAYS DOUBLE DOWN WITH 11 UNLESS THE DEALER SHOWS AN ACE.

5 ALWAYS SPLIT ACES OR 8s. NEVER SPLIT 4s, 5s OR 10s.

Blackjack, or 21, is the most popular casino game. It's simple and, if played correctly, gives the casino only a slight advantage. While skilled card counters can beat the house, the rest of us have to rely on knowing which combination of cards to hit on and which to stand on. With this knowledge, you'll be able to play the casino close to even. Remember, your goal is to beat the dealer, not just get as close to 21 as possible. Above are five indisputable rules to follow when you're playing the type of six- or eight-deck blackjack most commonly dealt in Las Vegas. (These rules don't apply in casinos where single-deck blackjack is dealt.)

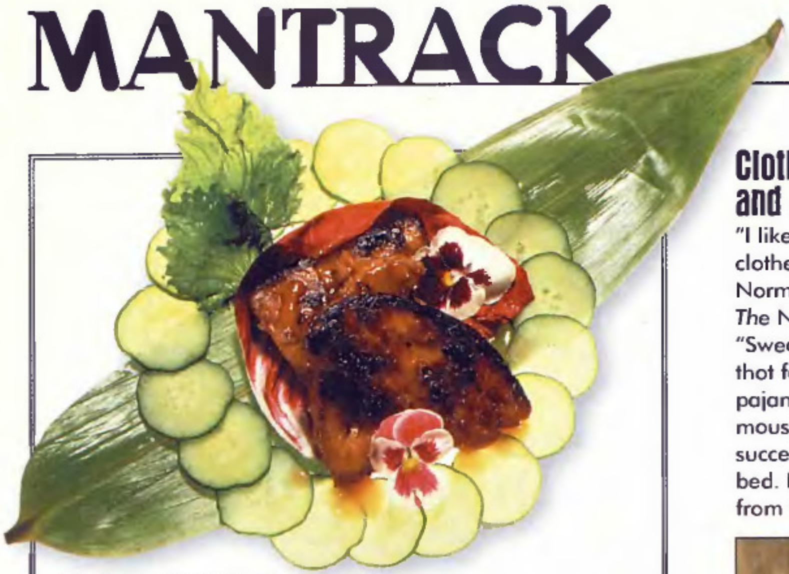
NFL Players' Party

You don't have Super Bowl tickets? So what? Take a cue from the pros and head to the NFL Players' Party thrown each year where the Super Bowl is held. This year's bash, which runs nightly from January 28th through Super Bowl Sunday on the 30th, will take place at the Apparel Mart in Atlanta. Sony is one of the party's hosts, so all the action will be right there on big-screen TVs. Mingling in the crowd will be hundreds of current and former football players who also participate in basketball and pool tournaments, as well as sign autographs. The $5 to $15 admission charge includes food, beer, giveaways and plenty of schmooze time with the pros.

The Italian Connection

MV Agusta dominated motorcycle racing for decades, winning 75 world championships and 270 grand prix races before retiring from the field in 1976. Now Cagiva has designed a bike worthy of the legendary marque. The hand-built Agusta F4 Series Oro (shown here) is equal parts sex and acceleration. The prototype stole the show at Guggenheim's Art of the Motorcycle exhibit. Approximately 20 are being imported to the U.S. and those are being scooped up by Lyle Lovett, Jay Leno and other aficionados for $36,995 each. The rest of us will have to wait for the Strada (the street version) tagged at $18,900. It's coming soon.

MANTRACK



Liver and Let Live

Most people think of foie gras as a terrine—often with a center vein of truffles. This is certainly its most common preparation and has made its birthplace, the Alsatian city of Strasbourg, a gastronomic capital. But goose liver is much more versatile than that. Until recently it was illegal to get fresh French foie gras in this country. So Michael Ginor founded Hudson Valley Foie Gras and became the world's largest producer of premium goose liver. His book, *Foie Gras . . . A Passion* (Wiley) is an excellent guide and cookbook on its rich subject. (Check out the miso-marinated foie gras, above.) Every major restaurant in the U.S. now has some foie gras dish on its menu—usually as a luscious first course. The traditional accompaniment is a wine from Barsac or Sauternes. Our favorite is a Chateau Riessec with some age on it.

A New Ball Game

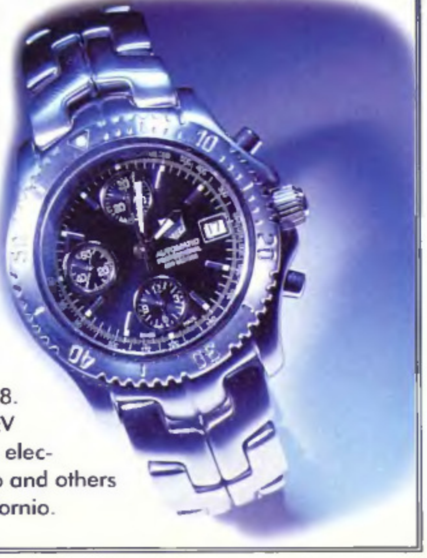
"You slept with it under your pillow. Caressed it lovingly with oil. Inhaled that intoxicating leather scent. The thrill of your first baseball glove can now be experienced every day." That's how Lombardo Ltd. markets its new line of Rawlings' mitt leather travel bags and personal goods. As the company crows in one of its brochures: "Finally, it's fun to be a grown-up." The names on the products all have a baseball spin. The agenda (above) is Assist ($165), a messenger bag is Delivery ($355), a travel wallet is Away Game ($80) and a backpack is Out of the Park ($185). Like a baseball glove, they develop a rich patina and get better with age. And if you're not into the tan leather look, Lombardo offers items in black leather and travel bags in black canvas trimmed with tan leather.

Clothesline: Norm Macdonald and Ian Gomez

"I like comfortable stuff, the kind of clothes an old man would wear," says Norm Macdonald (right), star of ABC's *The Norm Show* and all-round funny guy. "Sweatpants and sweatshirts, anything that feels like pajamas. Nick Nolte wears pajamas in public. If I ever get that famous, I will too. That's my definition of success—pajamas in public and a tux to bed. I'm designer illiterate." Take a cue from Hef, Norm, and chuck the tux. Ian Gomez (left), also of *The Norm Show*, likes Hugo Boss. "His clothes look good on me despite the fact that I'm not a 40 regular. I shop malls because you can find different stores and styles under one roof. There was a time when people at the Gap in the Beverly Center in Los Angeles knew my name. Then it got to be too much. I mean, how many polo shirts can you have?" Gomez' favorite item of clothing? "A big and baggy shirt made of brown crushed velour and corduroy. My wife bought it for me. I wear it with everything. But it's a look that doesn't always work."

Guys Are Talking About . . .

Manly watches. They don't get more masculine than TAG Heuer's Link Automatic Chronograph (below), with a case cut from a block of steel. Other features: slightly oversize hands and a special stainless steel Link bracelet with a big buckle. Price: $2395. • *Luxury car-care products.* One Grand's Blitz Wax ("the world's finest handcrafted carnauba wax") is just one of its many automotive products you won't find in a mass-merchandise car store. Instead, One Grand concentrates on quality and customer service. Serious car collectors have known about its products for 60 years and Queen Elizabeth II has granted the company the Royal Seal. • *Titanium tennis racquets.* Head's new Ti Radical racquet, co-designed by Andre Agassi and used by him to win this year's French and U.S. Opens, is a must-try. Price: about $200. • *Head shaving.* Anyone into the bald look should check out the Head Blade, a razor from the Head Blade Co. designed exclusively for shaving the scalp. The blade, which pivots and glides with the curves of one's head, fits in the palm of your hand. Price: $15. A stainless steel stand for the razor is $8. • *Electric-car rentals.* EV Rental Cars now offers electric cars by GM, Honda and others at six locations in California.



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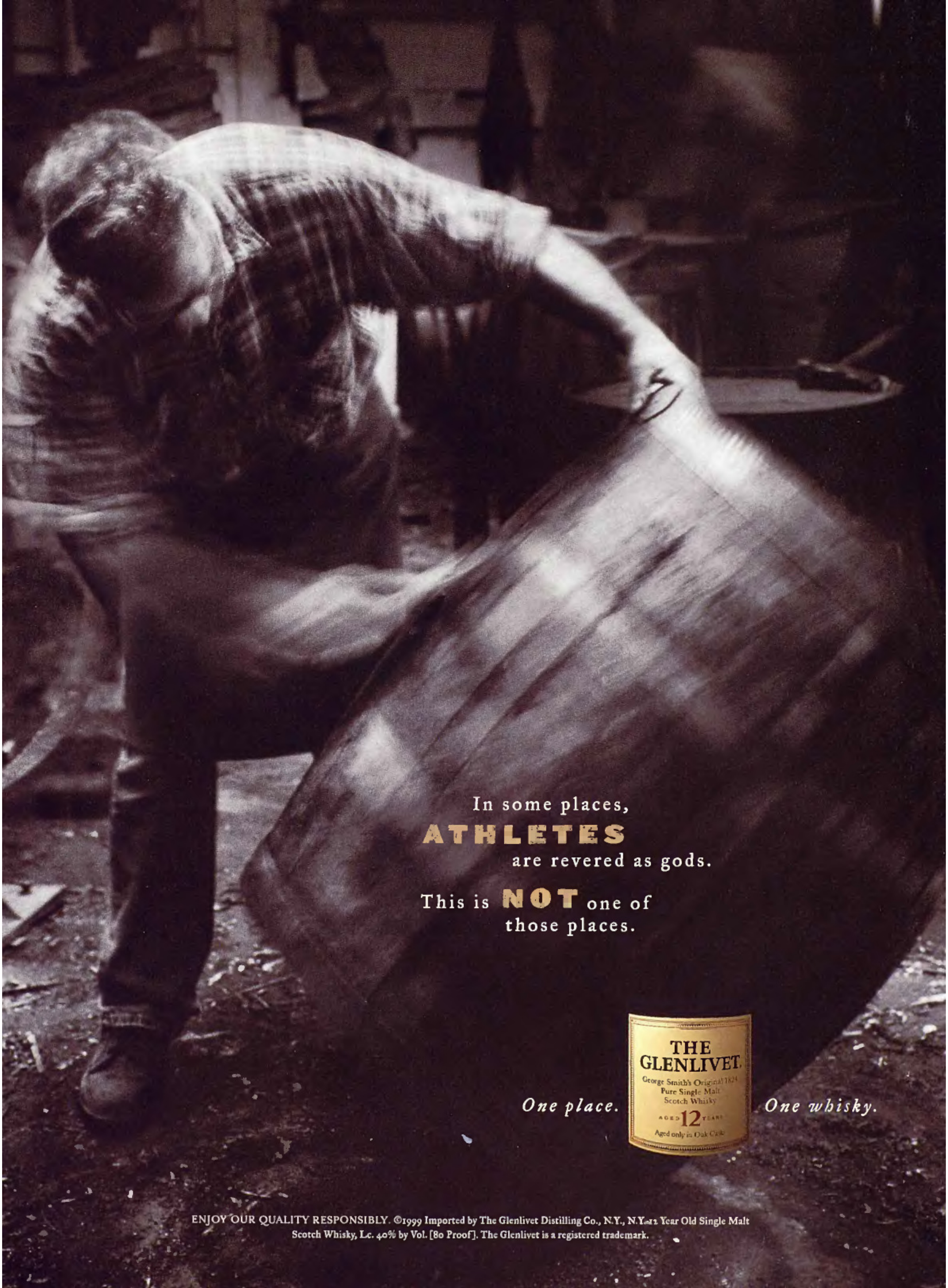
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The Playboy Advisor

I'm a 28-year-old graduate student who most people would judge to be handsome. Earlier this year, I began noticing a gorgeous student from another department. We seemed to keep similar schedules, and I would often see her in the library or the cafeteria. We have never met, but for a long time we exchanged semiflirtatious smiles and glances. Often, I would look up and catch her staring at me, and then she would quickly look away. Many times she caught me doing the same. A few times we passed on campus and said hello. After several months of this, I waited for the right moment to introduce myself. Then something strange happened: For no reason that I can discern, the smiles and glances stopped. I have a clear vibe about this: If she's aware of my presence, or if she spots me on the street, she makes an effort not to look my way. Naturally, I take this as a bad sign, but some of my friends think her new body language might be good news. Perhaps she feels rejected because I didn't talk to her when I had a window of opportunity. Or maybe she's interested but just nervous. Obviously, she's aware of my presence. Then again, maybe she just thinks I'm a creep and hopes I'll get lost. Is there any way to tell these things before I walk up to her and risk making a fool of myself?—J.M., Boston, Massachusetts

Yikes. The energy you've wasted analyzing this situation could power every street lamp on the Eastern Seaboard. Quit waiting for the perfect moment, because it will never arrive. Make eye contact, smile, say hello and tell her, "I've seen you around for months and thought it was time to introduce myself. I'm sorry I didn't do it sooner." C'mon, man, this is a gimme. Ask her out for coffee. We can't imagine she'll turn you down, but if she does, a quick sting is better than smoldering regret.

When home compact disc recorders hit the market, I was overjoyed that I could make my own compact discs at home. However, a friend told me that the finished CD-Rs would only last about ten years. That seems no better than home cassette recordings. Does the Advisor know anything about this?—J.K., Danville, Virginia

Your friend is right. While retail music CDs and computer CD-ROMs have a life span of 50 years or more, the dye that allows you to record to a CD-R or a rewritable CD-RW is more susceptible to damage from temperature, humidity and handling. You'll be doing well if in 2010 you can play the CDs you create today. That's assuming, given how quickly technology changes, that you can still locate a CD player.

I could usually make my ex-girlfriend come with my tongue in less than three minutes (she timed me once at 2:40). We still see each other around, and one night when her new boyfriend was out of town she asked me over for some takeout and a movie. I ended up giving her head on the couch. She had an amazing orgasm, and we fucked the rest of the night. The next morning she said she felt guilty and that she didn't want to fuck again. But then she said I could come over to her place at least twice a week and perform oral sex on her. She said she wouldn't feel guilty about that. I love to eat her pussy, but what's in it for me? I'd like to tell her, "If I do you, you do me," but I don't want to sound like an asshole. Please advise.—J.R., San Diego, California

"What's in it for me?" is the right question, and the answer is "aggravation." Tell your ex to make up her mind—she's with you, or she's not with you. We don't encourage anyone to cheat, but if she's going to sneak around, you should at least get sex out of it.

My wife and I commute together and always get stuck in freeway traffic. If a lane adjacent to us is moving faster than the one we're in, I'll switch. My wife says I should sit tight, because everyone is switching and making the fast-moving lanes more congested. Who's right?—T.W., Los Angeles, California

Changing lanes in a traffic jam might save you a few minutes, but most of the time it only increases your risk of being involved in an accident. That causes a big delay for you and everyone behind you. According to researchers armed with computer simulations and videotape evidence, most lane changes in a traffic jam are pointless because the average speed of each lane is the same. But because the speed of each lane isn't constant, and because drivers gauge the speed of adjacent lanes only when they are stopped (i.e., every time you check, you're in the slow lane), one or another lane always appears to be moving faster. We also tend to ignore cars we're passing or have passed (since they leave our vision) and concentrate on those that move ahead of us, creating the illusion that we're falling behind. It's best to play that funky music, stay cool and let the river of traffic carry you to work.

I know this might be sacrilege, but the approach of the Christmas season and the inevitable TV movies depicting the life of Christ has me thinking: Did Jesus ever have sex?—R.F., Atlanta, Georgia

The Bible has nothing straightforward to say about Jesus' sex life. However, even Martin Luther supposed that Jesus wasn't celibate, and a modern group of biblical scholars concluded the same. Some theologians believe Jesus married as a young man in the Jewish tradition, with the most likely candidate for his spouse being Mary Magdalene. Others argue less convincingly that Jesus was a swinger, a polygamist, bisexual or gay. William Phipps, who in his book The Sexuality of Jesus reprints some of the hate mail he's received for claiming that Jesus had a wife, notes that many Christians "presume that the human sex drive is an evil inherited from disobedient persons, so the holy Jesus could not have had it." Regardless of whether he was celibate, Jesus knew the power of sexual longing (he preached against directing it toward another person's spouse). He also was human, so like any man he experienced the pleasure of erections and orgasms, even if the latter occurred only in the form of wet dreams.

Did you see the obituary in the London *Guardian* for Mae West's longtime companion, Paul Novak? It says Diamond Lil used to blow him every day because she thought it was good for her skin. A girlfriend of mine believes semen makes her boobs grow. I'm open-mouthed in amazement. Is there any scientific evidence for these theories?—B.M., Newport, United Kingdom

None, but we've always been believers in the power of suggestion.

My wife and I have known each other for nine years and have had sex thousands of times. But we have reached a plateau. I have always secretly believed that a man can make love to the same

ILLUSTRATION BY ISTVAN BANYAI

woman only a certain number of times. What does the Advisor think?—F.P., Fayetteville, Arkansas

Not true. She's never the same woman, and you're never the same man. This is a challenge faced by every couple, and one way to address it is to start over. Pretend you've just met, she's playing hard to get, you're wondering what she looks like under those tight clothes. She bends over, teases you, flirts, scolds, touches and talks dirty like only an innocent girl can. You bring her tokens of your affection, take her to dinner, try to get her into bed by impressing the hell out of her with your wit and charm. She resists, you work your magic. Hey—it worked once. When you feel you've reached the plateau, return to the foot of the mountain.

Can you explain how blackjack players count cards? How do they do it when a shoe has multiple decks shuffled together? Is it difficult to learn?—H.R., Duluth, Minnesota

It's not difficult, but casinos look unkindly on the practice, and counters must adopt elaborate strategies to hide their craft. See Ian Andersen's book Burning the Tables in Las Vegas for particulars. In the most basic form of counting cards, you assign a numerical value to each card that's dealt from the shoe and add or subtract that value from the running count. Andersen explains: "I start at zero, then add one when I see 2, 3, 4, 5 or 6, subtract one when I see 10, J, Q, K or A and do nothing when I see 7, 8 or 9. But most effective playing and betting decisions are based on what's known as the true count. You get that by dividing your running count by the number of decks left in the shoe. If I'm playing against a six-deck shoe and my running count is plus eight with four decks remaining, the true count is two. The higher the true count, the greater my advantage." As the dealer works farther into the shoe, the count carries more weight in determining whether the player should stand, take a hit, double down or buy insurance. More important, it guides his bets.

What are the most common mistakes a man makes in bed? Tell me, so I'll never make them.—T.C., Dallas, Texas

Eating in bed is always a bummer. Sauce everywhere. If you're fortunate enough to have a woman with you, her chief complaint probably will be that you're too abrupt, grabbing and pinching and groping. One sex manual suggests that men do everything half as fast and twice as softly as they think they should. Another common mistake is getting bent out of shape when the woman tells you what she likes, because you prefer to figure it out yourself (and you'll be by yourself with that attitude). A guy should never insert his fingers or penis before the woman is sufficiently lubricated, which can be painful. Make sure she's good and wet, and be generous with the lube. Once you have her near climax, don't change your rhythm or technique. And don't stop just because she has reached orgasm (she'll tell you when she's had enough). The most common mistakes a woman makes are similar: She applies the same techniques to every man she's with regardless of what he likes, she grows irritated if he offers instruction, or she plays too hard (or not hard enough) with his cock. On the bright side, the things men and women do right in bed is a much longer list.

I've read stories online about celebrities who appeared in porn early in their careers. Is that true, or do these films feature look-alikes? If they exist, where can I find them?—T.M., San Antonio, Texas

The creator of the movie nudie site Mr Skin.com suggests that everyone calm down and think about this for a minute. "With all the celebrity hounds such as the National Enquirer and Inside Edition, don't you think we'd have heard by now if some Hollywood star did a porno?" he asks. There are loops that feature women who resemble celebrities. The female lead in a Forties smoker is said to be Marilyn Monroe, but it's actually look-alike Arline Hunter, whose stock pin-up shots were used for an early Centerfold. Joan Crawford supposedly made a stag in the early Twenties called The Casting Couch; one story has it an MGM lawyer watched the film and concluded it wasn't her, another that Louie Mayer destroyed as many copies as he could find. A biography of J. Edgar Hoover alleges that the FBI director threatened to circulate a stag film starring a "well-known female singer" unless she toned down her support for the Black Panthers. That might be a reference to a Sixties loop that features a woman whose nose resembles Barbra Streisand's. (She says it's not her, but the film is grainy, so people will always see what they want to see.) Sylvester Stallone and Madonna made their screen debuts in bad soft-core movies, a few hard-core stars such as Traci Lords and Kobe Tai have landed mainstream roles, and Pam Anderson, Rob Lowe and Jayne Kennedy were reluctant home video stars. Video Search of Miami (888-279-9773) offers a sampler of "celebrity porn" for $28 that includes the "woman with a big nose" loop and a scene featuring a performer who resembles Linda Blair. Prepare to be disappointed.

What is the proper way to wear cologne? My girlfriend bought me some, but I don't have much experience with it. How much is too much?—T.W., Phoenix, Arizona

She'll let you know, but a general rule is to put on less than you think you need. Three sprays or four dabs is plenty. No one should smell you until you're within about an arm's length—what the fragrance industry calls your "scent circle"—and you shouldn't smell yourself unless you check your wrists. Apply some cologne there and also to your neck and chest but never on your face. For that there's aftershave. A good cologne will last all day, especially if you have oily skin, which holds it better. If you're headed out for the evening, ask your girlfriend's opinion before applying a refresher dab.

As the century draws to a close, I thought your readers might appreciate tips on how to open a bottle of champagne or sparkling wine. The one thing you never do when opening a bottle of bubbly is take the wire cage off before removing the cork. That's like arming a bomb. The proper method is: (1) Be sure the bottle is properly chilled, either in an ice bucket filled half with water and half with ice for 30 minutes or in the refrigerator for a minimum of two hours. Always check the neck of the bottle to be sure the bottle is evenly chilled (never open it if the neck is warmer than the rest of the bottle). (2) Cut and remove the foil below the wire cage using the blade of the corkscrew. You can use the foil tab, but they rarely work. Oddly, the more expensive the wine, the lousier the tab. (3) Holding the bottle in one hand, open a cotton napkin and place it over the top of the bottle. Place your free hand over the napkin and top of the bottle. Your hand should not leave the top of the bottle until the cork has been removed. (4) Reach beneath the napkin and loosen the cage while keeping a hand on top of the bottle. (5) Holding the bottle at a 45-degree angle, slowly twist the bottle (not the cork) while firmly grasping the cage and cork through the napkin. Be sure not to point the bottle at anyone or anything that's breakable. (6) When the cork is almost out, move it to let the excess carbon dioxide out slowly, keeping the bottle at a 45-degree angle. This will ensure you don't lose any of the precious liquid foaming up and out of the bottle. The idea is not to pop the cork but to remove it with as little noise as possible. (7) Finally, if you must shake the bottle and pop the cork with abandon, do it outside so you don't kill someone. A lawsuit would not be the best way to start the millennium.—Tim Gaiser, master sommelier, Wine.com, Napa, California

At least they wouldn't be able to file until January 3. Happy New Year.

All reasonable questions—from fashion, food and drink, stereo and sports cars to dating dilemmas, taste and etiquette—will be personally answered if the writer includes a self-addressed, stamped envelope. The most provocative, pertinent questions will be presented in these pages each month. Write the Playboy Advisor, PLAYBOY, *680 North Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Illinois 60611, or advisor@playboy.com. Look for responses to our most frequently asked questions at playboy.com/faq, and check out the Advisor's latest collection of sex tricks, 365 Ways to Improve Your Sex Life, available in bookstores or by phoning 800-423-9494.*

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MY MILLENNIUM FIX

things that need to be done in the very near future

By JAMES R. PETERSEN

Abolish the death penalty. In the past few years we've witnessed the release of dozens of death row inmates wrongfully convicted by a justice system that falls far short of what it should be. This injustice can result from overzealous prosecution, the withholding of evidence by district attorneys and law enforcement officers, the manipulation of witnesses, or the cutting of deals with criminals and/or accomplices who turn snitch to save their hides. Every time the state executes an innocent man we are all parties to murder.

Decriminalize marijuana. More than 70 million Americans have smoked marijuana at some point in their lives. Some 18 to 20 million people have indulged in the past year. In 1998, the last year for which statistics are available, police arrested 682,885 Americans on marijuana charges (under President Clinton, arrests have doubled). More than 3.7 million have been arrested in the past decade. Four out of five of those arrests were for simple possession. The war on drugs may be doing as much harm to families as drugs themselves. According to Justice Department statistics, on any given day 2 million children in the U.S. have a parent or other close relative in jail or prison and 5 million more have parents who have been incarcerated.

Grant amnesty to all nonviolent drug offenders. It costs Americans between $24,000 and $70,000 per year to keep a person incarcerated. Use the money for treatment, job training or education. Whom would you rather have as a neighbor: a nonviolent drug user and small-time dealer who spent five years in prison being tutored by professional criminals and psychopaths, or a nonviolent drug user who received treatment and spent four years in school, or on the job?

Give prisoners and ex-cons the vote. The war on drugs has indirectly subverted the civil rights victories of the Sixties. As of 1998, 46 states denied current prisoners the right to vote; 32 states prohibited felons on probation and/or parole from voting; 14 states and the District of Columbia remove voting rights while felons are in prison and another 14 rescind voting rights permanently. These laws have a disproportionate effect on minority communities because of the number of blacks, in particular, arrested in the racist war on drugs. Blacks make up 12 percent of the population and account for 13 percent of drug users, but they make up 35 percent of those arrested for possession, 55 percent of those convicted of possession and 74 percent of those imprisoned for possession. As a result, more than 1.4 million black men, representing 13 percent of all the black males in the U.S., have been permanently disenfranchised. That isn't democracy.

SCULPTURE BY LARRY NOBLE

Implement effective drug education. Drug education programs ought to be taught by people who have tried drugs—ideally, parents—but certainly not the police. Stop wasting valuable schooltime on brainwashing.

Make it legal to grow anything you want for your own use. It's your yard.

Make it legal to consume same. It's your mind, and your body.

Eliminate mandatory minimums, except for family members of congressmen who voted for them in the first place. Dismantle the machinery of injustice, if for no other reason than that drug laws are enforced selectively.

Abolish drug and security profiles. These are the equivalent of warrantless searches, prompted not by reasonable suspicion, but by hunches or common hostility.

Downsize airport security. How can Americans tolerate a program that begins with the question "May I see your papers?" The X-ray machines and minimum-wage operatives create a false sense of security at a great cost to basic liberties. Has anyone noticed that the bad guys blow up buildings and buses?

Videotape all police interrogations. Hold police accountable for their actions.

Ban junk science from the courtroom. Judges need to be stricter about what they allow as testimony when it comes to scientific claims. You have only to look at the time, money and energy wasted on lawsuits against the makers of silicone breast implants to understand that someone shouldn't be allowed to testify simply because they have a Ph.D., a pointer, a few charts and a convincing manner. Despite claims to the contrary, respectable research has uncovered no evidence that silicone implants cause the specific medical problems that became the basis for the lawsuits. The only people who profited from all this were, as usual, the lawyers. The women still suffer, no closer to finding out what caused their illnesses.

Abolish SWAT teams. Can anything that was developed by LAPD thug Daryl Gates be good for America? There are more than 30,000 paramilitary/police squads in the country. Who needs a search warrant when your equipment includes camouflage gear, military helmets, bulletproof vests, ski masks, night vision goggles, combat boots, AR-15s, MP-54s, attack dogs, flash-bang stun grenades, smoke bombs, tear gas, pepper spray, metal clubs and blunt trauma ordnance, helicopters and armored personnel carriers? According to one survey, there was a 34 percent increase in the use of deadly force by SWAT teams between 1995 and 1998. Take away the toys, and the impulse to shoot first and ask questions later subsides.

Abolish no-knock warrants. Serve all warrants during the day. Call ahead. (Or, more realistically, surround the house and call from a cell phone.) Give suspects a chance to surrender. How many more people will be killed by police bursting through the door in the middle of the night?

Divorce comp. For couples without children, calling it quits should have the same financial consequence as for victims of a corporate downsizing. Spouses thrown out of a relationship are entitled to one year's worth of wages, plus job training.

Repeal sodomy laws. Forget the excuse that such laws are rarely enforced. Some 15 states outlaw acts of oral or anal sex between consenting adults. A few states ban vibrators and sex toys as obscene devices. As constitutional lawyer Lawrence Tribe declared in a case that challenged Georgia's sodomy law (since overturned), "The question is not what [the accused] was doing in the privacy of his own bedroom, but what the state of Georgia was doing there."

SEXUAL EDUCATION: TEACH THE WHOLE THING, NOT JUST HOW TO KEEP YOUR FOOT ON THE BRAKE.

Teach privacy rights, beginning in grade school. That means no locker searches, no drug-sniffing dogs, no urine testing of students who play sports or participate in other extracurricular activities, no programs that pay kids to snitch, no metal detectors. Also, teach the skills necessary to tell telemarketers to go away forever. You own and should control information about yourself; no one else is entitled to profit from it.

Eliminate abstinence-only sex ed. Teach the whole thing, not just how to keep your foot on the brake. Make Alex Comfort's *Joy of Sex* required reading in high school.

Enforce the First Amendment. Eliminate community standards as the basis for banning cable services, bookstores and adult theaters. End the battle of small minds against expression.

Abolish the FCC. Howard Stern is not the evil empire. Jerry Springer is just a phase. Let Americans vote with their remote.

Accept that sex is part of total health. Every insurance plan, public and private, should cover contraceptives, Viagra and sex toys.

Abolish law schools. Abraham Lincoln didn't need one. Neither did Jefferson. Teach law, or common law, or simply good manners, at every level of education from kindergarten on up. If it is beyond the grasp of a sixth grader, it shouldn't be law.

Let juries ask questions. See above. And while we're on the subject, if the members of the jury earn less than minimum wage for trial duty, so should the lawyers.

Recognize that Roe vs. Wade is the law of the land. The government should stay out of the medicine cabinet and doctor's office, as well as the bedroom. Family planning belongs to the family, not the feds. Legalize RU 486. Fund research for better birth control and birth control education to eliminate the need for abortion.

Cure the STDs that can be cured. Have a national VD day. If you eliminate syphilis, gonorrhea, chlamydia and genital ulcers, you seriously cut the avenues of transmission for HIV.

Abolish the inheritance tax. The real family value. Uncle Sam already has taken his cut as income tax or capital gains. This is what you pass down to your kids, so they can loaf a little more than you were able to.

Make paternity rights and maternity rights equal in the eyes of the law. The court should not enforce stupid stereotypes; there should be no one-sided custody arrangements, except in the case of proven abuse.

Legalize prostitution. Tax the oldest profession. Abolish vice squads and have the police protect sex workers, just as they protect highway construction crews. Double the penalties for nonsexual crimes committed in what used to be red-light districts.

Recognize that freedom includes the right to choose when you are ready to die.

Post the Bill of Rights in every classroom. And in every police station. And in every courthouse. And in every legislative building, from town halls to statehouses to Congress.

the aclu report on drug testing is a real pisser

It has become a common indignity, a ritual sacrifice of privacy, and part of the cost of doing business in the United States. Every day, somewhere in corporate America, people are being asked to pee in a jar as part of the interview process or as a condition of continued employment.

For whatever reason—patriotism or panic—Americans believed the leaders who told them that drug use was epidemic in the workforce, that thousands of coke fiends, potheads and heroin addicts were at the controls of airplanes, trains and trucks, recklessly endangering innocent lives. Your co-worker on the assembly line was not pulling his weight but was instead cheating the country of full prosperity and quite possibly putting your safety at risk. Drug testing eventually included athletes (whose drug-enhanced performance might alter the flow of money between you and your bookie) but stopped short of being a requirement for public office. PLAYBOY has always despised drug tests.

The only proper response to a request for urine has been immediate compliance—on the desk of the person who ordered the test. Now, the ACLU has released a special report, *Drug Testing: A Bad Investment*, that destroys the rationale behind this practice. Our leaders, it charges, have themselves been "under the influence"—of propaganda, misinformation and pseudoscience.

"We have always believed that drug testing of unimpaired workers stands the presumption of innocence on its head and violates the most fundamental privacy rights," says ACLU executive director Ira Glasser. "Now we know that sacrificing these rights serves no legitimate business purpose either."

The history of drug testing makes interesting reading (you can find the ACLU's complete report online at aclu.org). In 1986 President Reagan issued an executive order requiring federal employees to stand and deliver—or, if they were women, to sit and deliver. The goal: "drug-free federal workplaces." The private sector was quick to follow suit. A year

CASE STUDY

later one in five members of the American Management Association had instituted drug testing. By 1996 four in five Fortune 500 companies tested employees. That's tens of millions of workers, points out the ACLU, "most of whom are not even suspected of using drugs."

The ACLU report attacks some of the most cherished soundbites of past drug czars. In the Eighties, propaganda from drug testing proponents convinced employers that drug users cost businesses $33 billion each year in lost productivity. By 1990 the figure had grown to $60 billion. Today it stands at $100 billion. That figure, says the ACLU, has been adjusted for inflation: the kind you get from hot air. As *The Playboy Forum* pointed out in an April 1987 article titled "The Social Cost of Drugs," that figure has nothing to do with lost productivity. A 1984 study by the Research Triangle Institute in North Carolina found that the annual income of households in which one person smoked marijuana daily was less than the annual income of nonsmokers. The Deadheads and Fabulous Furry Freak Brothers made 25 cents less per hour than did noncounterculture types. This amounts to a $33 billion "wage differential," not $33 billion in lost productivity. There was no comparable statistic for drugs other than marijuana.

Drug Testing also tracked down the source of the frequently quoted "Firestone study," which alleged that drug users have 2.5 more absences than nonusers annually, are 3.6 times more likely to be involved in a workplace accident, 5 times more likely to file a worker's compensation claim and 3 times more likely to use health care benefits. It seems there was no Firestone study; these unsubstantiated remarks were made at a business luncheon by a speaker who dealt with workers who had "medical-behavioral" problems. In other words, they were alcoholics.

In the Eighties, the editor of the *Drug Abuse and Alcoholism Newsletter* misrepresented the alleged study, saying the figures applied to illicit drug users. The soundbite-savvy Partnership for a Drug-Free America turned the phantom factoids into public service ads aimed at the business community.

DAVE GORDON

In 1994 the National Academy of Sciences reviewed the claims made by the narco-industrial complex: "The data do not provide clear evidence of the deleterious effects of drugs other than alcohol on safety and other job performance indicators."

Subsequent research looked at the job performance of postal employees. Workers who tested positive at the time of hire were no more likely than workers testing negative to be involved in an accident. Of the postal workers who had had accidents and were subsequently given drug tests, 96 percent tested negative.

Citing the NAS report, the ACLU exposes the main flaw of drug testing: It doesn't distinguish between use, such as weekend recreational jaunts, and abuse, which can create a situation where someone works under the influence. Does drug use on the job affect work? The NAS found that marijuana had no impact on performance in half of the studies; in the other half there was slight impairment on a limited number of tasks. Tests of cocaine and other stimulants found "slight performance-enhancing effects."

The ACLU reports that almost none of the companies that embraced drug testing bothered to determine how the programs affected the actual behavior of their employees. On the other hand, a survey of 63 Silicon Valley companies found that drug testing "reduced rather than enhanced worker productivity." Companies with preemployment testing were 16 percent less productive than companies with no tests. For firms that had both preemployment and on-site testing, productivity was 29 percent lower. The ACLU concluded, "Drug testing, particularly without probable cause, seems to imply a lack of trust and presumably could backfire if it leads to negative perceptions about the company."

Drug testing is not only bad policy, it consumes a tremendous amount of resources and provides little if any benefit to consumers or business. It's simply not cost-effective. In 1990, for example, 38 federal government agencies spent approximately $12 million testing employees. Out of nearly 29,000 tests examined, only 153 were positive. That means it cost $77,000 in taxpayers' money to identify a single drug user. Further, the ACLU suggests, that drug user usually isn't a bug-eyed, life-threatening fiend, but just a guy who toked up over the weekend. Not a threat to anyone or anything, except—if you spent all that money to locate him—the bottom line.

Was it worth it?—JAMES R. PETERSEN

FORUM

R E A D E R

THE COST OF RIGHTS

James Bovard's outburst at a book written by me and University of Chicago law professor Cass Sunstein ("The Cost of Rights," *The Playboy Forum*, October) leaves me feeling like a mosquito in a nudist colony: I don't know where to begin. The theme of our book, *The Cost of Rights: Why Liberty Depends on Taxes*, is the budgetary cost of nonwelfare rights. Property rights, freedom of contract, the right to vote, freedom from unreasonable search and seizure and so forth all make important claims on the public fisc. Bovard may not have noticed that the money to light, heat and repair courthouses comes from taxpayers. This dependency of nonwelfare rights on budgetary outlays implies something that those of Bovard's persuasion are loath to admit: Individual liberty, as Americans understand it, can be protected only on the basis of public resources gathered and managed by the government. The freedom that right-wingers purport to love presupposes the government's capacity to tax and spend, an activity right-wingers purport to hate.

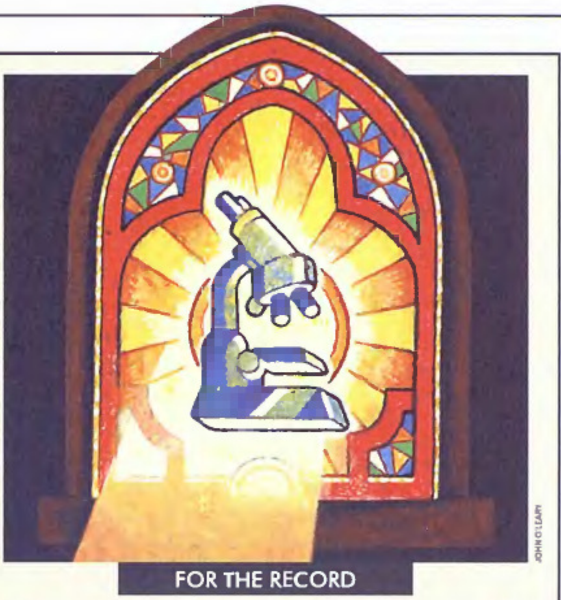
The debate between those favoring large government and those favoring small government is a reasonable one. What introduces an element of irrationality is the assumption that there are two kinds of rights—one that makes us independent of government while requiring no government spending, and one that promotes dependency while draining the budget. The former is American and should be preserved, we frequently hear, while the latter is un-American and should be abolished. But this flimsy distinction is a poor basis for public policy, as demonstrated by someone asking who is more dependent on taxpayer-funded government support: the CEO of a Fortune 500 company or the invalid who sleeps on a heating grate?

The purpose of our book is not to decide which government programs should be expanded or cut, but to puncture some pervasive illusions that continue to cloud the thinking of those who enjoy posing as embattled heroes of private liberty. The notion that any right is deeply un-American if it makes the individual dependent on government is one of those all-too-common fallacies. If Bovard feels perfectly "free" when he rides in an elevator that has never been inspected by a taxpayer-salaried government official, then he has an odd conception of freedom.

Stephen Holmes
New York, New York

Bovard responds: Because the government spends a minuscule percentage of tax revenues on the administration of court systems, citizens are supposed to pretend that government is their liberator. And regardless of how heavy taxes become, they are still a badge of freedom, because not all the revenue is pissed away or used to buy new shackles for citizens. This is the Sunstein–Holmes philosophy of government in a nutshell.

Holmes and Sunstein work overtime to attribute every freedom to government intervention, asserting: "Religious liberty is certainly no more costless than other legal rights. American citizens are more or less free to worship or not, as they wish, but their freedom in this respect makes a claim upon the public fisc, even when it is not subsidized out of public budgets (through, for example, police and fire protection of churches and other religious institutions)." By that reasoning, people have sexual freedom only because government-funded rescue squads might retrieve the wounded after a couple injure themselves attempting a Flying Philadelphia Fuck. If a single cent of government money could conceivably be involved in some activity, the entire activity becomes the equivalent of a government handout. And regardless of how much tax a person pays, if a person receives any benefit from any government activity, that person becomes the moral equivalent of a public housing resident who never worked a day in his or her life.


JOHN O'LEARY

FOR THE RECORD

AN EVOLVING DEBATE

"When a local resident steps up before the microphone at a public hearing and says he is a faithful Christian and also believes in evolution, people are mightily impressed."

—*The New York Times, describing how clergy members who believe in evolution and scientists who believe in God can effectively defuse the argument to ban the teaching of evolution.*

I credit James Bovard for tackling a weighty issue in the October *Forum*, but I disagree with many of his assertions. Bovard seems to suffer from a syndrome that is prevalent these days: worship of the Constitution. In my experience, too many Americans are prepared to bow unquestioningly before it. In large measure, the state uses this same attitude to cow its citizens. The Constitution pales in comparison to a far more important document, the United Nations Charter, which makes provisions for just the sort of humanitarian rights Bovard seems to lament: health care and education, freedom from want, an intimation of freedom from fear and other important rights and responsibilities. I deem it a magnificent document. Salvaged out of the rubble of World War II, it says: Live up to these ideals or perish.

Tracy McLellan
Louisville, Kentucky

MORE DEADLY TRAFFIC

In October's *Reader Response*, Ed Orr brings forth the tired, and mostly inaccurate, argument against the necessity of military-style weapons. Fully automatic, selective-fire military weapons have been restricted from general public ownership since 1934. Neither of the guns mentioned in Orr's letter can be considered a powerful weapon. The

RESPONSE

Uzi fires the standard 9mm handgun cartridge commonly used by police departments and easily thwarted by most commercially available body armor. The AR-15 fires a 5.56mm military round, which is known in hunting circles as the .223 Remington. Again, this is hardly an imposing piece of weaponry. Neither of these guns is considered powerful enough to hunt even small deer. There seems to be an outcry against such firearms largely because they have fewer defenders than, say, high-powered hunting rifles. They may seem like easy targets, but outlawing them is a sure start down the slippery slope of more-extensive gun bans.

David Sikorsky
High Point, North Carolina

The Second Amendment promises that "the right of the people to keep and bear arms shall not be infringed." There's a period at the end of that line, not a comma or the word except. Tacking on conditions, as gun opponents would like to do, is unconstitutional. So are current gun laws and those being proposed. Personally, I do not see the need to own so-called assault weapons. But that is not the point. We must stand up for the right to bear any arms we desire, even if we don't act on that right. We may not have the choice later.

Jim Hruska
Youngstown, Ohio

THE CONFEDERATE FLAG

As a Civil War reenactor and history enthusiast, I feel compelled to comment on Grady Hendrix' "America's Other Flag" (*The Playboy Forum*, September). Much of what he says about the current misuse of the flag by post–Civil War organizations is, unfortunately, accurate. The original intent in the design and introduction of the flag, just after the first Battle of Bull Run in Manassas, was to improve unit identification at a distance. The similarity of the first Confederate flag (Stars and Bars) to the U.S. flag (Stars and Stripes) made it difficult to distinguish troops. The uniquely sized battle flag was originally presented to the Congress of the Confederacy in September 1861 in three distinct sizes, one each for the infantry, artillery and cavalry. In May 1863 the naval jack—the Confederate flag commonly seen today, and the only one of the four that wasn't square—was introduced. Although the battle flag was never officially adopted by the Confederate Congress, it was formally recognized in legislation enacted in that same month. I disagree with Hendrix' assertion that "the flag continues to exist like a sick, old dog." The Confederate flag is a part of our nation's cultural heritage and should be remembered in its proper context and not used to represent present-day causes for which it was never intended. The Confederate battle flag is just that—the flag used to lead troops to the fight and rally them afterward. It is a shame that so many groups and individuals have twisted the history and meaning of this historic symbol.

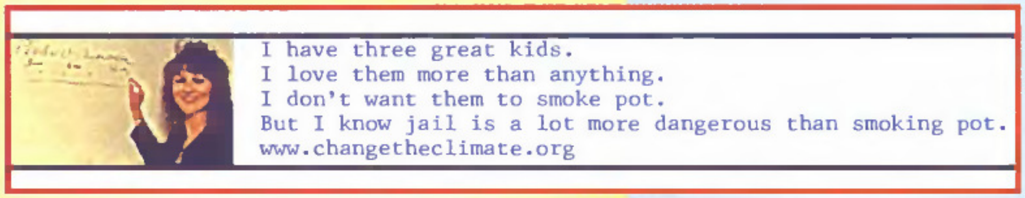
Stephen Wood
Berne, Indiana

We would like to hear your point of view. Send questions, opinions and quirky stuff to: The Playboy Forum Reader Response, PLAYBOY, *680 North Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Illinois 60611. Please include a daytime phone number. Fax number: 312-951-2939. E-mail: forum@playboy.com (please include your city and state).*

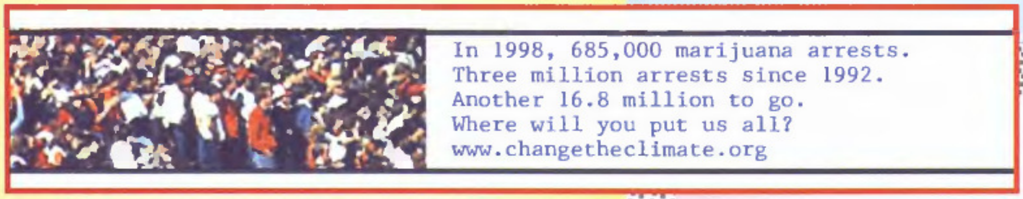
FORUM F.Y.I.

ONLINE ACTIVISTS

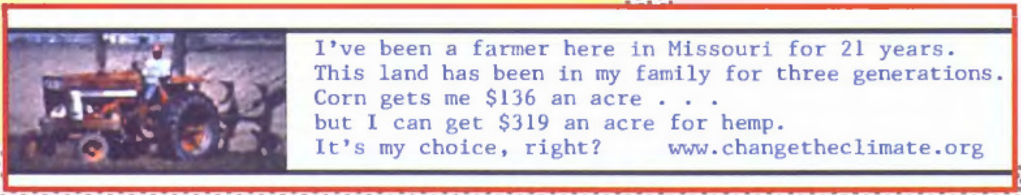
Change the Climate (changetheclimate.org) is spreading its message of reasonable marijuana-law reform through the Internet. As part of its online campaign, the group offers a selection of banner ads that visitors can add to their own web pages.



I have three great kids.
I love them more than anything.
I don't want them to smoke pot.
But I know jail is a lot more dangerous than smoking pot.
www.changetheclimate.org



In 1998, 685,000 marijuana arrests.
Three million arrests since 1992.
Another 16.8 million to go.
Where will you put us all?
www.changetheclimate.org



I've been a farmer here in Missouri for 21 years.
This land has been in my family for three generations.
Corn gets me $136 an acre . . .
but I can get $319 an acre for hemp.
It's my choice, right? www.changetheclimate.org

FORUM

REMEDIAL RELIGION 101

supplement to the basic course catalog

By ROBERT S. WIEDER

Welcome, freshmen!

To accommodate recent changes in the curricula of a number of Kansas high school districts (mandated by local school boards) the following classes have been added to the University of Kansas schedule for this semester:

Marine Biology 363: Cetacean Digestive Anomalies. Investigating the unique and remarkable ability of a whale's gastrointestinal process to distinguish between zooplankton and marine creatures, which it chemically dissolves, and the randomly swallowed human being, which it merely bleaches. Field trip; scuba equipment and certification required.

Physics 290A: Modified Entropy Theory. In which certain scientific assumptions regarding thermodynamics and the decay of matter are revised so as to take into account for a bush that burns but is not consumed.

Physics 290B: Elementary Table. Study and memorization of a simplified Table of Elements, which includes only those elements commonly and abundantly found in nature. This course explores the question, "If you can't see it, were you really meant to know about it?"

Archaeology 110: Carbon Dating, Shmarbon Dating. Raises the intriguing scientific hypothesis, "Could not an all-powerful God make rocks appear to be billions of years older than they actually are?"

Agricultural Economics 140B: Crop Storage and Nocturnal Divination. The art of employing traditional methods of dream interpretation to foresee and plan for years of extended famine and/or plenty. Emphasis on the significance of "devouring." Also, why everything happens in sevens.

Chemistry 301: Oil on Troubled Waters. The figure of speech as a basis for scientific inquiry.

Astrophysics 191: Acoustic Influences on Planetary Motion. A study of subatomic particle resonance and how it may be manipulated by the repeated blowing of trumpets in order to halt the rotation of the Earth. How playing reveille starts it turning again.

JERRY MCDONALD

Zoology 109: Introduction to Kine (Cows, archaic). What they are. Their proper care and feeding. Their selective breeding. Their particular suitability as sacrificial offerings to an Angry God. (Not for the squeamish.)

Health Science 402: Morality and Etiology. Understanding the causal relationships between fornication and AIDS, masturbation and leprosy, pornography and insanity, secular humanism and cancer, and abortion and death by lightning.

Health Science 404: Passover Epidemiology. Analyzing the properties of lamb's blood that make it an effective preventive and prophylactic measure against certain pediatric plagues. Also, how to remove stains from door frames.

Mathematics 300A: Non-Satanic Numerical Systems. A pure math course in which all textbooks, handouts and board-written problems will exclude the number 666 (the sign of the Beast) or use in its place the symbol Ø. In lectures and presentations, that number will be referred to as "the numerals formerly known as Prince of Darkness."

Food Service Science 120: Large-Scale Meal Preparation and Management Techniques. The challenge of feeding multitudes. Creative use of loaf- and fish-extenders. The nutritional properties of milk and honey. Manna explained. (At the conclusion of the term, each student will be required to plan and prepare a final supper for 12.)

Law 901: Introduction to Higher Law. Resolving questions of priority when confronted with conflicts between state or municipal statutes on the one hand, and direct commands from the creator of the universe on the other. The special prosecutor as God's emissary. Why ACLU lawyers are going to hell. Why you still have to pay parking tickets, even when the end is nigh.

FORUM

WAR OF WORDS

sound bites from the battle over drugs

SO WHY ARE WE FIGHTING THIS WAR?

"Probably 70 million Americans have used an illegal drug—one third of all Americans age 12 and over. Americans who once tried an illegal drug overwhelmingly have walked away from drug abuse."

—DRUG CZAR BARRY MCCAFFREY

SEND $50 MILLION TO THIS WEBSITE

"Governor George W. Bush has met with senior law enforcement officials, religious leaders, criminal justice academics and federal prison inmates to discuss a bold policy initiative called Amnesty 2000. As president, Bush would pardon convicts who have 'grown up' but are still serving long sentences for possession of cocaine and other illegal drugs.

"Bush has long dismissed questions about his own past cocaine use by saying, 'What matters is, have you grown up? I have.' Today, he finally went a step further in a prepared statement, saying, 'My drug use was about average for children and young adults of my social class and upbringing, and, yes, that included cocaine as well as several other drugs.'

"The governor said it is a grave injustice that a million Americans are in jail today for nonviolent drug offenses, such as those that he himself has committed. 'Hundreds of thousands of these prisoners were found guilty with no physical evidence, based only on the testimony of others who were also charged with drug offenses,' he said. If elected president, Bush promised to declare war on domestic human rights abuses.

"'We're talking about women serving 20 years or more because they were dating or married to a drug dealer. Recreational drug users—like I used to be—are serving life sentences because dealer friends made up stories to get a lighter sentence. If this were happening in China, we'd probably start bombing them for human rights violations,' said an incensed Bush after listening to reports from leading criminal justice experts. 'We have to let these people go!'

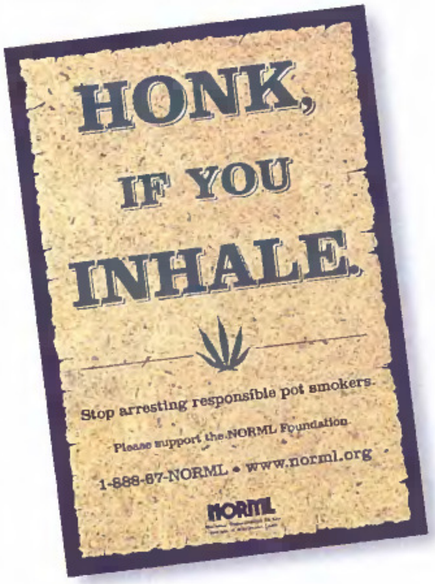
"A source within the Presidential Exploratory Committee estimated that close to 400,000 pardons could be issued in George W. Bush's first year as president."

—FROM ZACK EXLEY'S PARODY WEBSITE GWBUSH.COM, WHICH THE PRESIDENTIAL CANDIDATE ATTEMPTED TO SHUT DOWN.

IF ONLY IT WERE TRUE

"There is no war on drugs being waged by this administration, unless you count the nearly $200 million General McCaffrey spends annually for television ads and Frisbees and key chains."

—REPRESENTATIVE DAN BURTON (R-IND.)


HONK, IF YOU INHALE.
Stop arresting responsible pot smokers.
Please support the NORML Foundation
1-888-67-NORML • www.norml.org
NORML

SIMPLE MATH

"We're spending incredible amounts of resources on incarceration, law enforcement and courts. As an extension of everything I've done in office, I made a cost-benefit analysis, and this one really stinks."

—NEW MEXICO GOVERNOR GARY JOHNSON, A SECOND-TERM REPUBLICAN

AND IF FAT PEOPLE FAIL TO LOSE WEIGHT?

"We have a failed social experiment under way in America right now. That's not to say this is only a medical problem and not a criminal justice problem. These 4 million chronically addicted Americans commit a disproportionate share of the mayhem in this country. Having said that, however, the least effective tool imaginable is to greatly extend incarceration and eliminate the parole-and-probation process. I would rather see swift punishment, so a 20-year-old male who commits drug crimes knows he is likely to be arrested and tested for drugs. If he tests positive, he will have to undergo mandatory participation in a drug treatment program. How successful he is at breaking the drug cycle at that point should determine how the criminal justice system treats that person."

—DRUG CZAR MCCAFFREY

PACKING THEM AWAY

"Our laws are having the effect of genocide. Prisons are, in fact, becoming concentration camps for a group of people who don't need to be there. If that's the war on drugs, then it's a war that's had a pernicious effect on our community, a war waged against the weak and those unable to defend themselves."

—CALIFORNIA SUPERIOR COURT JUDGE BARRY LONCKE

WHAT THE POLICE THINK

"Police are making more arrests than ever for nonviolent drug offenses. Simply put, drug arrests are easier to make in inner-city neighborhoods where drug markets operate more openly than in middle-class areas. Police enforcement strategies that target inner-city neighborhoods as the primary method for addressing the drug problem will produce attractive statistics from a quantitative perspective, but qualitatively the results will be skewed toward small-time users and dealers. The big fish who finance and supply the drug markets will go unscathed, but the prisons will be filled with the poor and underprivileged people who live in these neighborhoods."

—HUBERT WILLIAMS, PRESIDENT, POLICE FOUNDATION

ENOUGH!

"There is no light at the end of the tunnel. How many of our citizens do we want to turn into criminals before we yell, 'Enough'?"

—ECONOMIST MILTON FRIEDMAN

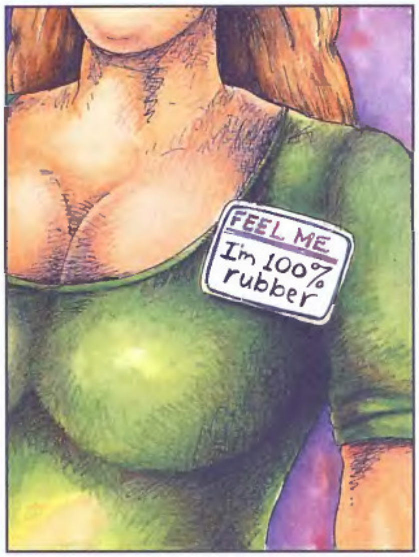
FORUM

NEWSFRONT

what's happening in the sexual and social arenas

CLOD OF THE MONTH

MOUNT CLEMENS, MICHIGAN—*A judge sentenced a beeper store manager to three years' probation for taking a female customer's name tag too literally. The woman, who was an acquaintance, wore an ID tag that read* FEEL ME, I'M 100% RUBBER. *According to court records, the 21-year-old manager spotted it, then reached over the counter and touched the woman's breasts "to be sure they were not rubber." He also allegedly grabbed her head as she left and said, "You can be Monica and I'll be Bill." After the sentencing, the prosecutor in the case told the local paper, "He's not a predator. He's just some macho guy who thought this girl wanted him to do something like this to her. But don't you try a little wining and dining and romance first?" The store allowed the manager to keep his job, but the judge ordered that his name be placed on the state's sex offender registry for the next 25 years.*



PAYING THE PIPER

NEW YORK—*A parking garage magnate on trial for tax fraud gave 11 jurors $2500 each after they deadlocked on the charges. Prosecutors said they would try Abe Hirschfeld again on allegations that he failed to pay $3.3 million in taxes (he blames his accountants). Following the mistrial, Hirschfeld invited the jurors to lunch, then handed out checks. "I would have done the same thing if they had found me guilty," he said, claiming the checks were compensation for the jurors' two months of public service. New York outlaws paying jurors before or during a trial, but not after it concludes. In a separate case, Hirschfeld was accused of hiring a hit man to kill a former business partner. A judge barred him from paying the jurors in that trial.*

DRUG WAR CASUALTY

COMPTON, CALIFORNIA—*A masked narcotics officer shot an unarmed grandfather twice in the back during a late-night raid, killing him. Police claim Mario Paz had reached for something before being shot, but his wife, who watched her husband die, disputes that. No drugs were found, though police seized four guns and more than $10,000 in cash. Family members say Paz had withdrawn his savings because of fears about the Y2K bug and that he kept the guns for protection in his high-crime neighborhood. Police led away seven people, interrogating some until dawn. A police spokesman said they were not arrested but detained as witnesses (a few were handcuffed for "safekeeping"). The suspect named in the search warrant had lived next door to the family in the early Eighties and occasionally used their mailing address.*

PARK THIS, YOUR HONOR

ELMWOOD PARK, NEW JERSEY—*An administrative judge ruled that state courts should not punish people who write "offensive comments" on the checks they use to pay parking tickets. The ACLU had requested the ruling following a case in which a woman who scribbled "highway robbery fund" in the memo section of her check had been called before a judge and threatened with contempt of court.*

KILLER FOR HIRE

MADISON, WISCONSIN—*A man convicted of raping and killing a nine-year-old girl in 1973 received a financial settlement from a company that refused to hire him. Gerald Turner, who was released from prison in 1992, complained to state labor officials after Waste Management turned him down for a job sorting recyclables. Wisconsin law forbids employers from considering an ex-con's record unless his crimes are "substantially related" to the work. The company says it didn't give Turner a job because school groups often tour the plant.*

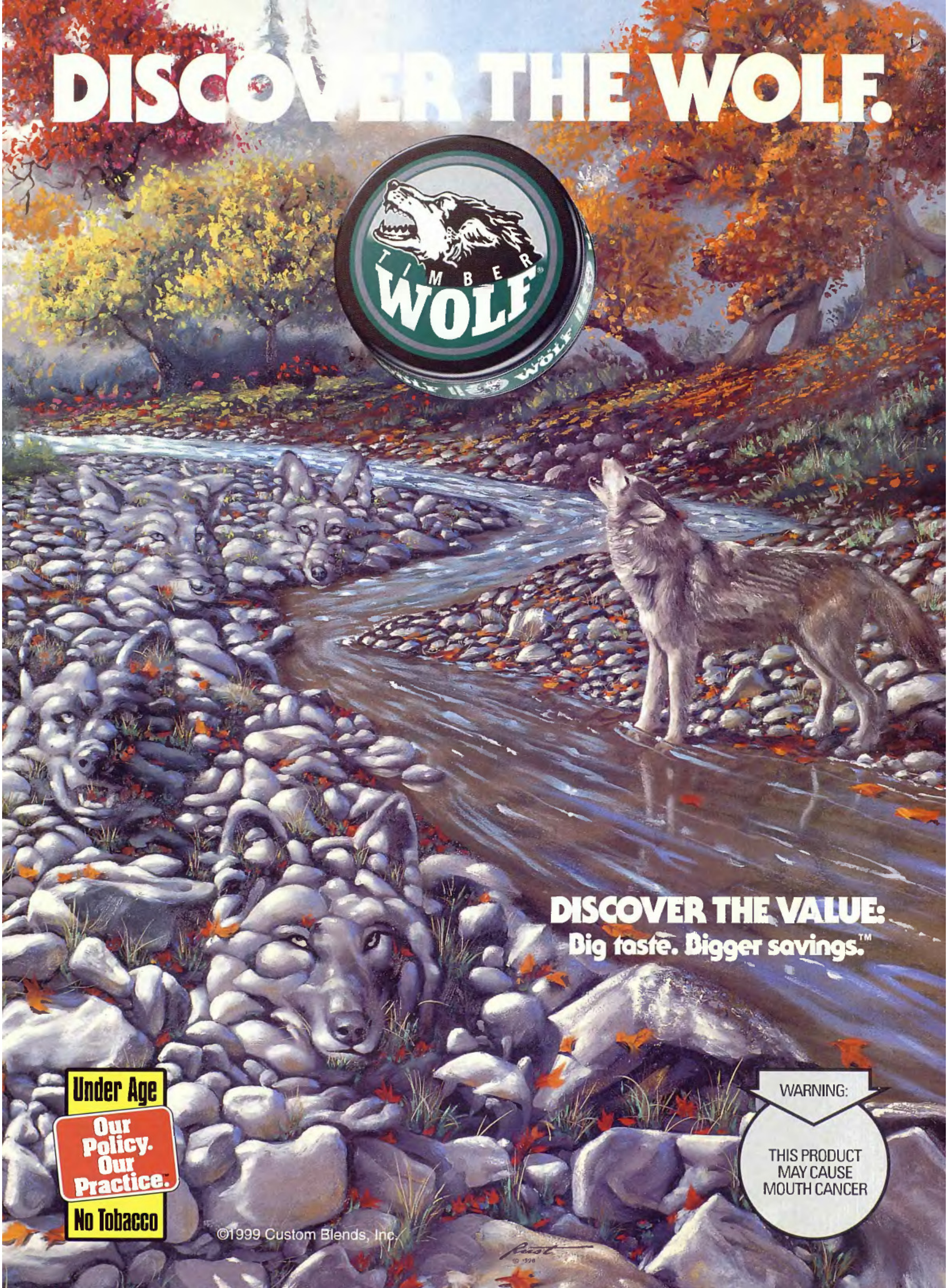
HEARTBEAT RULE

CHICAGO—*A federal court upheld a Wisconsin law that requires abortion clinics to inform patients they can view a fetal image or listen to the heartbeat before the procedure. A spokesperson for Wisconsin Right to Life said that "a woman needs to know what it is that the abortionist is going to remove." The legislative director of Planned Parenthood of Wisconsin countered that seldom does anything a woman learns at the clinic change her mind.*

SANTA'S NEW SHAPE

MORGANFIELD, KENTUCKY—*A woman who quit her job at Wal-Mart because of the stress of being removed as the store Santa took her case to the state Commission on Human Rights. She volunteered to play Santa but got more than she bargained for on the first day when a child pinched her breast and told his mother, "Santa Claus is a woman." The mother complained to a manager, who replaced the woman with a male employee. The female employee says co-workers teased and "totally humiliated" her, damaging her self-esteem. She wants $67,000 for lost wages, pain and suffering. Wal-Mart has fought the charges. "Santa Claus is a man," its lawyer said. "He has a beard. He's married to Mrs. Claus. It's our position that being a male is part and parcel of being Santa."*

ILLUSTRATIONS BY KEVIN POPE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Under Age
Our Policy. Our Practice.™
No Tobacco
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THIS PRODUCT MAY CAUSE MOUTH CANCER

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Crown Royal
2000

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The Crown Royal millennium edition. Available in specially marked boxes while supplies last. Look for the complimentary personalized label offer inside.

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Enjoy our quality responsibly.

PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: HUGH M. HEFNER

a candid conversation with the man—about his return, the wonders of viagra, the virtues of a large bed and, oh yes, the ins and outs of having three girlfriends

He is everywhere all over again. He is back. There is no escaping the evidence; there is no escaping him. Breathless reports have scorched network airwaves and glutted the pages of every major periodical around the world. He is back, most decidedly, with a vengeance—he is "Back in the Swing," according to Time; "Playboy Is Back as Bachelor #1, Architect of Sixties Sexual Revolution, Flings Open Mansion Doors to Nineties Hedonists," according to The Toronto Sun; "For Hollywood's Young Elite, the Playboy Mansion Is Once Again a Hip Party Spot," according to The New York Times (which duly noted, "Not only is Hugh Hefner back in action, but so is his stately pleasure dome"). Mansion party guest lists alone have been the stuff of boldfaced columns abounding, flush with names upon names—Leonardo DiCaprio, Gwyneth Paltrow, Ben Affleck, Jim Carrey, George Clooney, Jack Nicholson, Steve Martin, Cameron Diaz, Courtney Love, Drew Carey, Pamela Anderson Lee, Liam Neeson, Ben Stiller, Kevin Costner, Bill Maher, Jennifer Lopez and on and on, ad infinitum. "So many young people, male and female, were waiting for me," their incomparable host would explain. "It was like spotting Elvis at the supermarket." Indeed, he has been spotted; he has been out on the town, back on the trail, back on the loose—in Los Angeles, in Paris, in Cannes, in London. From Esquire: "Look at him now! Hermetically unsealed, emerged from the gates, charting the new real world, night after night—he is wearing suits, for God's sake! Oh, yes, the Party is back on! The Party is everywhere! It is a happening most groovy."

While 1999 was the Chinese Year of the Rabbit, it was also the year of Hugh Marston Hefner and his triumphant return to the limelight. And the funny thing is, he's been right here with us all along. Which would appear to be the larger point of all attendant celebrations. Now, as the millennium dawns, we concede that there could not be a more fortuitous moment to turn over the Playboy Interview—a journalistic landmark forum created by himself—to the fellow who helped change the world while wearing silk pajamas. The one and only time he previously submitted to this exercise was 26 years ago, on the occasion of PLAYBOY's 20th anniversary—and so it would seem that there are a few topics on which we would do well to catch up. To interrogate our Editor-in-Chief on century-closing matters of life and legend and philosophy and party making, author **Bill Zehme** *traveled into the hallowed Shangri-la that is Playboy Mansion West and herewith delivers this special report:*

"He does prevail. He would most likely say that it's all in the genes. But it is more than that. He entered the 20th century in its 26th year and, 27 years later, he created this magazine. As a result, the century was forever altered. Because it was awakened. He awoke us all. That is bare fact. He would at this very moment take his notorious (and ever-active) blue pencil to strike the above pronouncement, if he could only quibble with it. He cannot, not really. He became, and remains—as Esquire evinced not so long ago—'the most famous magazine editor in the history of the world.' (People in Tokyo and Moscow and Barcelona smile when they hear his name; eyes also twinkle accordingly.) There are no close runners-up in the category; but he is more than that, even. He is a cultural symbol who also happens to be a man who happened to have done what most other men might have yearned to do—if only they had thought of it. With the invention of PLAYBOY, which debuted in December 1953, there also debuted the invention that was Hugh M. Hefner himself. Or the reinvention of himself. He was a work-in-progress then, as was the magazine. But both works were to be the sum total of boyhood longings coalesced, of wonders spun in an eager young mind that wished for more than that which

"The first time Leonardo DiCaprio came to a Playboy Mansion party, he said, 'My fantasy is to be in the Grotto at three o'clock in the morning.' George Clooney said, 'Now that I'm here, I'm never going to leave.'"

"Brande says, 'Age is just a number,' and she's right. But it's more meaningful in some ways for me. Dating younger girls helps keep me young. I get to see life afresh through youthful eyes."

PHOTOGRAPHY BY ELAYNE LODGE

"It really doesn't get any better than this. I know I'm living out a lot of other guys' fantasies, but what you need to understand is that I'm living out my own as well. That's what it's really all about."

he saw droning before him. 'The magazine, without any question, is a projection of my personality, of my own adolescent dreams and aspirations,' he said early on and evermore. 'I think that it's when you're young that the world is the greatest adventure. And if you can keep the same youthful attitude, then you're apt to get the very most out of life.' Here, then, would be a life—and a life-legend—that dedicated itself to the Very Most. It would be a life lived to exemplify fantasy made tangible, to demonstrate dreams come true; PLAYBOY *would be the reflecting glass of that life. 'If a guy didn't dream impossible dreams, life would hardly be worth living,' he depicted himself declaring in his private cartoon-paneled autobiography, illustrating the moment of* PLAYBOY*'s birth. Then he had himself add, 'Especially because—sometimes—even the most impossible ones come true!' (And, at that moment, he had no real idea of what was truly to come.)*

"And so Hefner arrived when the magazine arrived and both were iconoclasts that came forth to shake sense into a world that shied from sex and from pleasure and from lack of inhibition. It was a black and white and terribly gray world that he took on. In short order, he uncloaked the shadowy mysteries of human sexuality and threw light on them and celebrated them and said there was nothing illicit about them. (It was, alas, a revolutionary notion.) He said that sex was not merely the backstreet province of scarlet women and leering lechers. He showed us that nice women, that girls next door, that sophisticated ladies uncloaked themselves as well—and they did so most enthusiastically. He elevated our stirrings, elevated them right up into the toniest high-rise towers where civilized fellows dwelled and made urban romance. 'We like our apartment,' he wrote in the first issue of the magazine, projecting universal purpose upon his readership. 'We enjoy mixing up cocktails and an hors d'oeuvre or two, putting a little mood music on the phonograph and inviting in a female acquaintance for a quiet discussion on Picasso, Nietzsche, jazz, sex.' (He was a retro swell long before retro was new.) He said that men and women should entertain ideas while entertaining themselves, with whatever private ideas that struck their personal fancy.

"'I probably am today and will always remain a little bit of the youngster,' he said early on and evermore. 'This is something that is too soon dead in most all of us, and I'm doing my best to keep it alive in me.' He became Hef, never Hugh, never ever Hugh. (Except to his mother.) He was a straight-arrow Chicago boy, born of kindly and repressed parentage, Glenn and Grace, good Methodists, simple folk and proud of it thank you, who asked for little, who made a boy who asked for something a little more. His would be a true-blue American story—a great one as well—because he quested, because he risked, because his gut told him secrets and he listened to his gut, as all humans should, but do all too rarely. There came an empire because of it, a big burgeoning empire from which there sprung, in no particular order, nightclubs and hotels and casinos and resorts and women dressed as Bunnies and women dressed not at all and various publications and a book imprint and merchandise bearing Rabbit Heads and television programs and movie productions and cable channels and video marketing and stock exchange bonanzas and a humming website and a private black jet called the Big Bunny and Mansions (oh, my, yes, there would be Mansions!) and, most of all, good life, always good life, no matter what—and all that he had to throw toward his dream was 600 precious dollars and a few thousand more raised by way of friends, by way of goodwill, by way of sheer force of will, because his eyes burned with this dream. People had to believe, had no other choice if they paid attention, and those that did became very rich. (He was always one to share his bounty.)

"He wore pajamas throughout most all of the empire-building, initially because he did not like to leave his vast Master Bedroom inside of his vast Chicago Playboy Mansion, where the detritus of magazine business scattered and spun atop his famous Round Rotating Bed; when he left his room, he also left on his pajamas. He and his swank sleepwear have been largely and legendarily inseparable ever since. For a long while, he smoked a pipe; he drank Pepsi-Cola day and night (spiked with Jack Daniels in happier hours); there were women—many many women, a thousand-plus women, with whom beautiful music was made most consensually—and there was work and there were parties unending and there was balance that only he could achieve. (All that he could not achieve, given the nature of his mission, was the sustenance of his early marriage to Mildred Williams, which produced a son, David, who would grow to pursue his own individual dreams, and a daughter, Christie, who would become chairman of her father's multilayered company.) Hef, meanwhile, became our foremost living proponent of the Great Indoors, a housebound Bacchus—'King of the Status Dropouts' (per Tom Wolfe)—whose stately world enclosed and enhanced his dreams, which were now installed behind secret passageways and accessed by gadgets and gizmos. He lived the life of James Bond without packing any weaponry besides the neurons that fired his unquiet mind. Like Bond, he fought bad guys and dour foes, and there were plenty of them—some who held elected offices, others who preached from transparent pulpits and still others who refused to grasp the logic that his liberation of our sociosexual collective had truly liberated all people, female as well as male. He fought his battles always on the grounds of individual freedom, yours and mine, and although he took his share of shrapnel, he always remained standing. He does prevail, because he must.

Because of Playboy, my life is filled with young, beautiful women. I'd be crazy not to take advantage of that. Somebody has to do it, and I'm glad I'm the guy.

"His iconography moved west to California, to Holmby Hills, to his beloved Playboy Mansion West, nearer to the motion picture factories that had stoked his earliest romantic dreams, and business as usual continued apace, if somewhat more broadly. His ladyloves now seemed more prominent whence bathed in local sunbeams (Barbi Benton, of course, being most prominent of all). His parties enlarged so as to become shimmering monoliths of frolic immemorial, where all boys yearned from afar to come play. He faced varied tragedies and better triumphs, setbacks and renewals—even a small stress-induced stroke from which he recovered almost instantly and quite miraculously—all in the routine that is life for an elegant renegade dream merchant. He found his Playmate for a Lifetime in Kimberley Conrad, whom he took as his second wife on July 1, 1989, thereby shocking the universe, and they made two clever sons—Marston, who is nine, and Cooper, who is eight—both of whom would joyfully commandeer their father's personal playground and make it theirs, with colorful toys scattered about the premises. For their seventh wedding anniversary, Hef bought Kimberley the house next door, a twin-adjacent property, just distant enough to serve as her refuge from the whirl of Mansion business of which she had grown weary; within a year and a half, she chose to take permanent refuge there, with the boys, who would happily come and go between the stone walls. And with the separation of the Hefners came the tentative reemergence of Hugh Hefner, missing in action for nearly ten years, if only publicly. Whereas previously the world had come to him, he suddenly went forth out into the world and out into the night and there he discovered what he meant to Generation X and Generation Next.

"By happenstance, I rode along with him on several of his first forays into bachelorhood revisited. As his 72nd birthday then approached—which seemed quite impossible given that the youthfulness he long espoused had all but refused to put mileage on his person—I watched as young people beat their way toward him to simply thank him for what he had done, for what he had taught them and their parents before them. He found Viagra shortly thereafter and the Parties returned and the Parties have not stopped, because he does not stop, because he must swing forevermore, because he gave the world its license to swing toward dreams, and dreams are eternal, if they are anything like his. In recent months, we have convened on several occasions in the Mansion Library to reexplore his private dreamscape—which

now includes the unprecedented ladylove triumvirate of the twins Mandy and Sandy Bentley and Brande Roderick—and to assess his view of a society that has come around, at last, to his way of thinking. He grins and beams a lot from on top of the world. Also, he is never tired. Which indicates that life isn't always fair, unless you are him."

PLAYBOY: Let's begin with something we'd all like to know and only you can tell us: What's it *really* like to be Hugh Hefner?

HEFNER: How much time have you got? It really doesn't get any better than this. I know I'm living out a lot of other guys' fantasies, but what you need to understand is that I'm living out my own as well. That's what it's really all about.

PLAYBOY: So your life is as good as it seems from the outside?

HEFNER: Better. Because I dreamed impossible dreams and made them all come true. Most of them, anyway.

PLAYBOY: What have you missed?

HEFNER: Not much.

PLAYBOY: Let's get specific. You are, at last count, in love with three women whose names rhyme and who all get along with one another, and two of them are twins and they all come into your bedroom at once—and you're 73 years old. You must realize that men the world over are desperate for the details.

HEFNER: I understand. Because once again, I find myself in the middle of a universal male fantasy. Life is good, times three. And sometimes four. The twins have a friend, you know, who likes to visit.

PLAYBOY: How does that work? What actually goes on in that bedroom?

HEFNER: [*Laughs*] A lot of hugging.

PLAYBOY: Come on. You don't have to be euphemistic in your own magazine. Go ahead and break our hearts. What *does* he do in that room?

HEFNER: *He* makes love to his *girlfriends*, plural. And he thanks God for Viagra.

PLAYBOY: *Time* actually referred to them—Mandy, Sandy and Brande—as your *girlfriend*, singular.

HEFNER: That's really what they are. [*Pauses*] It's difficult to explain, but it's wonderful. And what makes it special is the way the girls feel about one another. There's no jealousy. They are, in fact, best friends. They are supportive and protective of one another and of me. I really could not have imagined any of this before it happened—not in my wildest dreams.

PLAYBOY: Considering your dreams, that's saying a lot.

HEFNER: That's true. Certainly in the Seventies, I might have slept with two or three or four girls at the same time, but this is very different. It's a serious, ongoing relationship. And we all seem to get on better than a typical one-on-one affair. There aren't many bad days. If somebody's kind of down, the others rally around to cheer them up. I've never experienced anything like this before, and it's one of the best relationships I've ever had, unorthodox though it may be.

PLAYBOY: Before your stroke in 1985, you said you realized that pursuing multipartner sex was "kind of pointless and pathetic." Obviously, you've changed your point of view.

HEFNER: [*Laughs*] Well, one needs to keep an open mind in such matters. But what I was talking about then was going from girl to girl. That was part of my earlier life and, for a brief time, after my marriage ended, before I met Brande and the twins. But I'm committed to these girls and I don't fuck around on them.

PLAYBOY: How did you meet the girls?

HEFNER: I met the twins at the Garden of Eden, one of our favorite clubs in Hollywood. It is one of the first that I visited when my marriage was coming apart and I started going out again. Sandy and Mandy are college kids from Joliet, Illinois. Sandy is in premed. I met Brande a month before at a club called the Opium Den. She's an aspiring actress. We hit it off right away.

PLAYBOY: When you're making love, is there any jealousy over how much, um, attention you give to one lady over the others?

HEFNER: Just the opposite. On occasion

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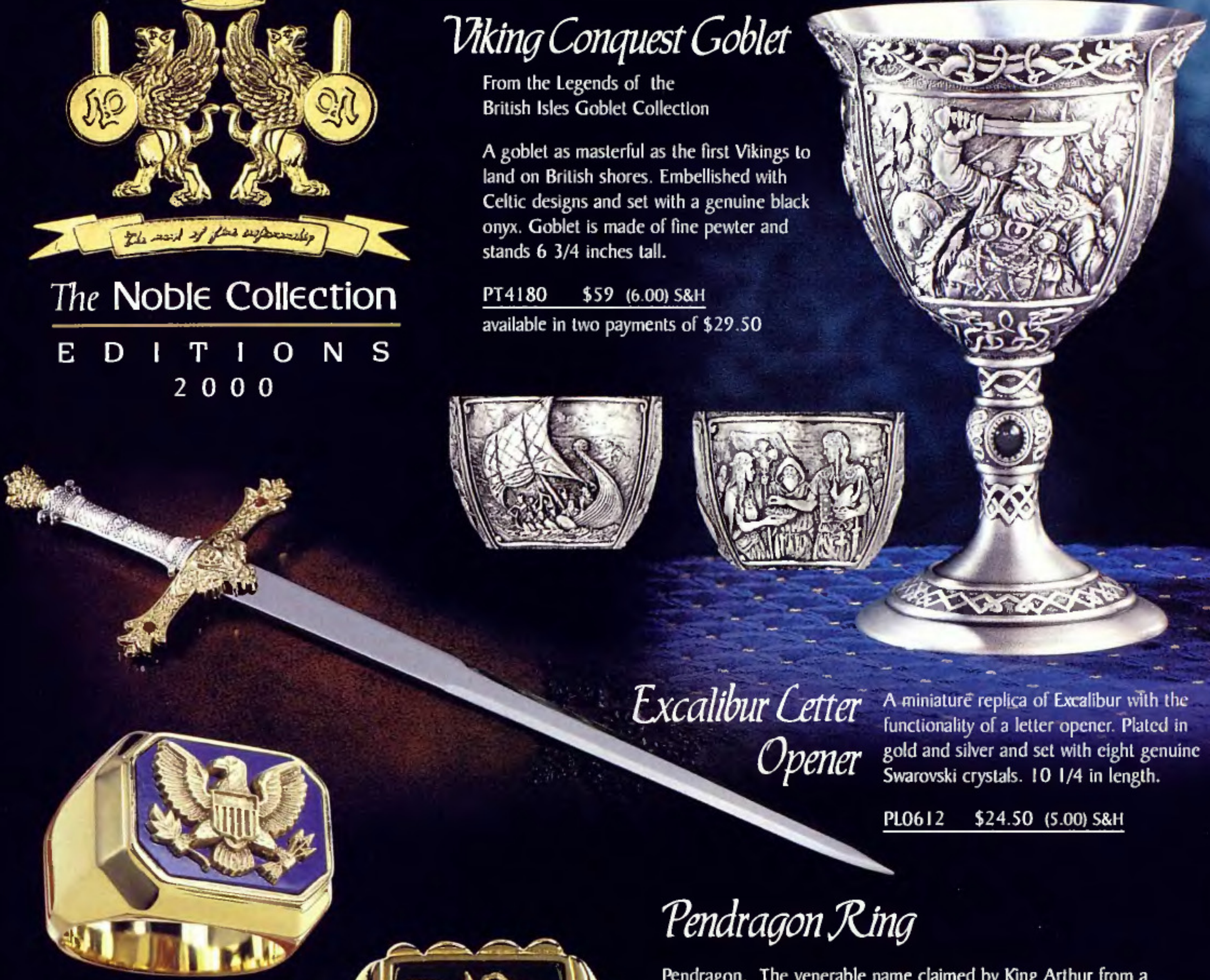

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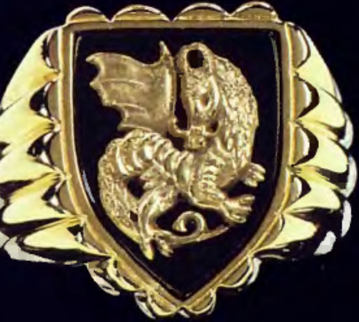

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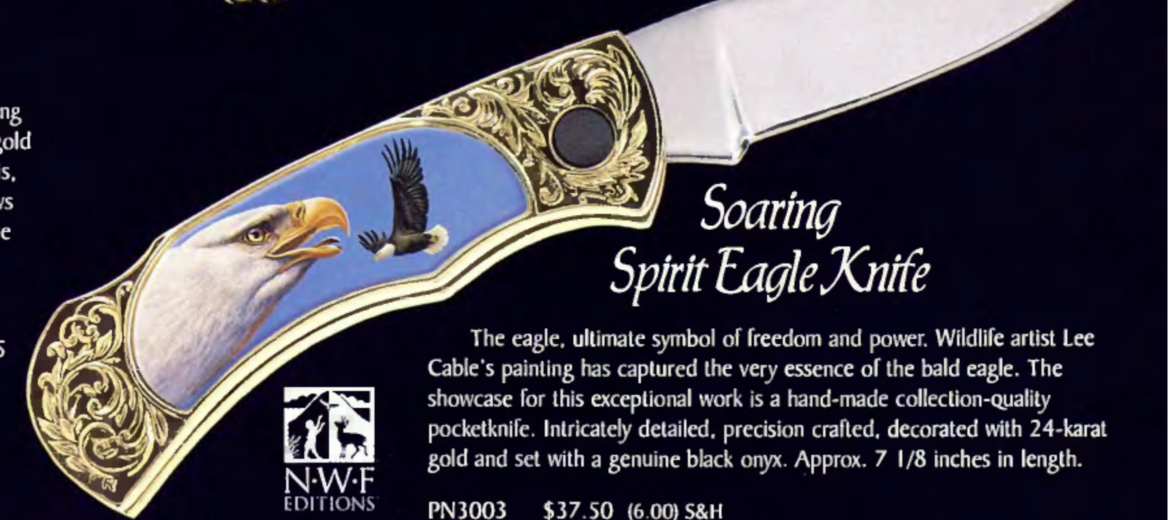

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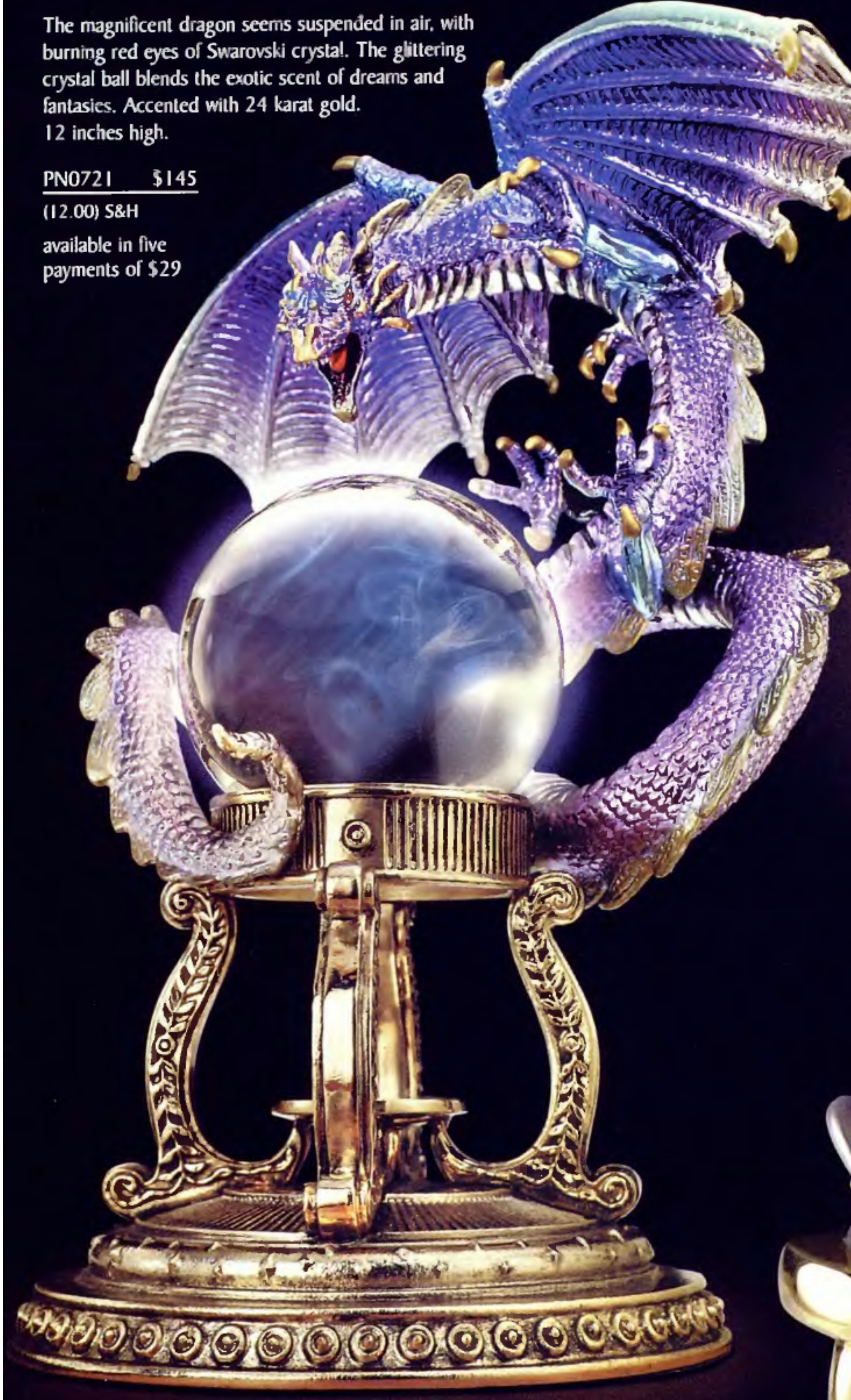

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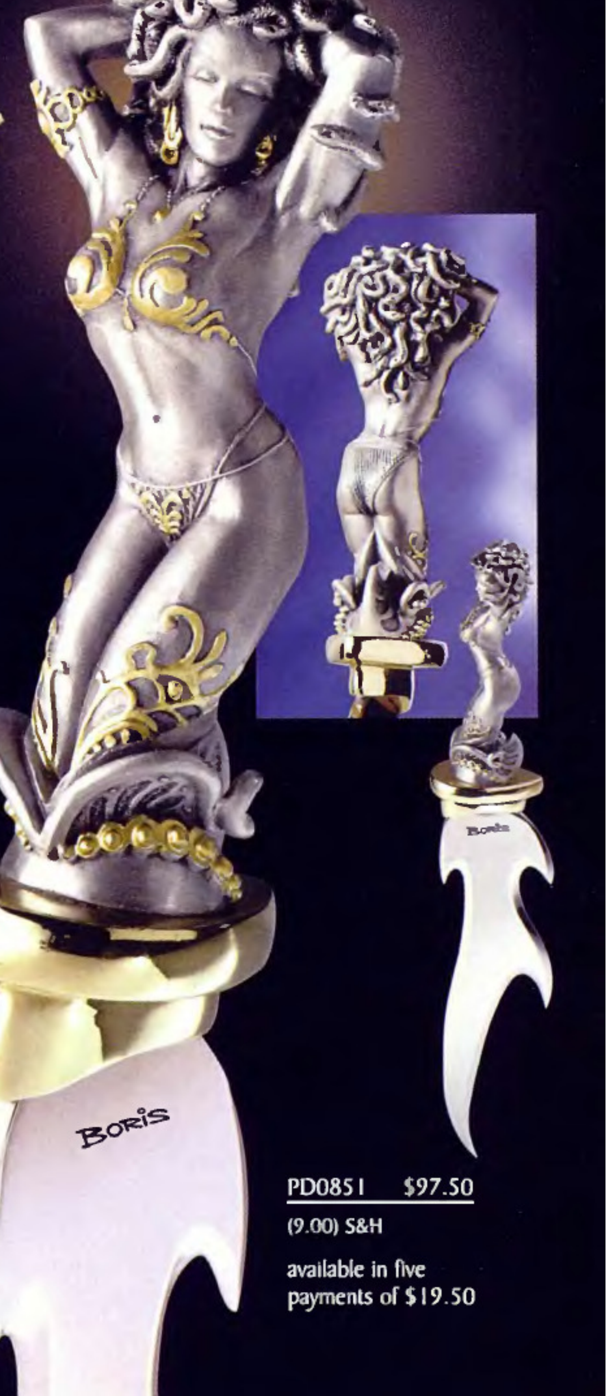

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one of the girls will say, "Don't forget so-and-so!" My bed is a democracy. One for all and all for one.

PLAYBOY: How often do you get names and faces mixed up?

HEFNER: Depends on what we're doing [*smiles*]. I can usually tell the twins apart, but when I do get confused they find it terribly amusing.

PLAYBOY: OK. For those of us who are still confused or amazed by all this, describe a typical evening among such good friends.

HEFNER: We all love to dance, so we enjoy the club scene. But these days we actually spend more evenings at home than out on the town. We jump into bed—fortunately my bed is large enough so we can do that—and run a film, watch TV, have a picnic, make love. The nights are filled with love and laughter.

PLAYBOY: Any arguments over who controls the TV remote?

HEFNER: No. Our favorite TV series is *Sex and the City*—what else? For movies, Sandy and Mandy love classic Disney films and Brande digs the scary stuff.

PLAYBOY: You recently celebrated your first anniversary together. Did you do anything special?

HEFNER: I took them to Disneyland. The twins had never been there and they loved it. We stayed for 12 hours! We also went back to the Garden of Eden, where we met.

PLAYBOY: Who notices the age difference more, you or them?

HEFNER: Brande says, "Age is just a number," and she's right. But it's more meaningful in some ways for me. The girls keep me young. I get to see life afresh through youthful eyes.

PLAYBOY: Can we bring up Viagra now?

HEFNER: I'd be surprised if you didn't.

PLAYBOY: Did you ever imagine that you would find yourself on the same side of an issue as Bob Dole?

HEFNER: [*Laughs*] What's truly amazing is that Bob Dole and his wife are willing to talk publicly about their sex life at all. I think it's great. We've come a long way, baby! The good guys are winning at last.

PLAYBOY: So what does Viagra do for you?

HEFNER: It's made to order for a guy with three girlfriends. Pfizer promotes it as an impotence drug, but it's a good deal more than that. It takes the uncertainty out of performance. It gives you more wood and you can go as long as you like with as many partners as you like. It redefines the boundary between fantasy and reality. I think Viagra is the best legal recreational drug in America.

PLAYBOY: Have you shared your stash with Sandy, Mandy and Brande?

HEFNER: Of course. They insisted. We've had a couple of Viagra parties. In theory, it should work as well for women as it does for men, but the results thus far are inconclusive. [*Laughs*] I think we need to do a little more research.

PLAYBOY: Wasn't pot once your drug of choice in the bedroom?

HEFNER: Well, I've never been a fan of cocaine or harder drugs. Ecstasy, the so-called sex drug, is actually an amphetamine. It's not something I care to mess with. In the early days of the magazine I used a lot of Dexedrine in the Sixties, which I really thought helped me focus on writing *The Playboy Philosophy*, editing the magazine and building the empire. I could work around the clock for two, three days at a time. But, frankly, by that third day, things got a little incoherent and I knew it was time to crash. But when I couldn't work anymore, it was still good for sex because I could go on and on.

PLAYBOY: And . . . on. So, which body part hurts the most in the morning?

HEFNER: Next question.

PLAYBOY: Seriously. For the sake of the sexually adventurous everywhere.

HEFNER: Well, I have some lower back problems caused by just what you're hoping they're caused by. They began in the late Seventies when I partied too long and too hard with four Playmates. In the middle of the fun my back went out—but the party went on, as it must. But when I tried to get up the following morning I couldn't walk [*laughs*]. Of course, lower back problems are a common ailment that comes with age. I got mine in battle, so to speak. And I wear those medals proudly.

PLAYBOY: You were off the scene for ten years while you were married. Were you prepared for the response to your return?

HEFNER: It was totally unexpected. The Playboy Entertainment Division held a pajama party at the Garden of Eden right after Kimberley and I separated. The place was full of Playmates and I got a lot of attention I wasn't anticipating. Pictures of scantily clad girls sitting on my lap ran on TV and in newspapers around the world. It was the first suggestion that paradise could be revisited. It was a preview of coming attractions.

PLAYBOY: It's as if you came back just when you were needed most.

HEFNER: Timing is everything. If I'd returned a few years earlier, I think I would have encountered a very different response. What I found was a postfeminist, retro world in which young people are ready to party again. I think it's a reaction to the conservatism of the Eighties and early Nineties. Complete strangers still come up to me when I'm out on the town and say, "You're the man! You are the man!"

PLAYBOY: The stars have also been paying tribute, flocking to the Playboy Mansion parties and approaching you when you're making the club scene. What exactly do they say to you?

HEFNER: I think most celebrities feel as if they know one another even if they haven't met. They feel as if they know you and you feel as if you already know them. I get the same kind of comment today that I got a long time ago from Gene Kelly. The first time he came to the Mansion he said, "At last." On one particular evening, at a pre-Oscar party not long ago, I was introduced to Bob Dylan, and his first comment was, "My hero." When I met Madonna at the same party, her opening line was, "When are you going to invite me to one of your parties?" I said, "You're invited."

PLAYBOY: Why do you think the Playboy Mansion parties are the hottest ticket in Hollywood?

HEFNER: I throw one hell of a party! Believe me, I say that without prejudice; they're the best in town. But it's more than that. The Playboy Mansion has a mystique because of the legendary parties of the past. An entire generation of young people grew up hearing about the parties they missed.

I can relate to that because I grew up during the Depression and I fantasized about the *Great Gatsby* parties of the Roaring Twenties that I missed.

The first time Leonardo DiCaprio came to a Playboy Mansion party, he said, "My fantasy is to be in the Grotto at three o'clock in the morning." George Clooney said, "Now that I'm here, I'm never going to leave." I think these fantasies are universal. Celebrities have them just like the rest of us.

PLAYBOY: Part of the mystique of the Playboy Mansion is its permissiveness. We've seen people get naked in the pool and Grotto who wouldn't think of doing that anywhere else.

HEFNER: I do think the Playboy Mansion gives you permission to fulfill a lot of fantasies that wouldn't be acceptable elsewhere. But there are rules. No one misbehaves at the Mansion if they hope to get invited back. That's why it's so safe here. It really is a Shangri-la.

PLAYBOY: How do you judge the success of your parties?

HEFNER: If I'm having a great time, it's a great party. I also get a lot of feedback, like, "I've never seen so many beautiful women in one place at one time." That's a good party. At our last Midsummer Night's Dream party, there was more nudity than at any Mansion party since the Seventies. One girl wore nothing but body paint, but it was so beautifully executed she looked like she was wearing lingerie. My girls went all out. They had marvelous costumes created. I know because I got the bill. They chose *very* expensive fabrics. They had fairy-dust glitter all over their bodies. It was beautiful, but we spent the next several days getting glitter off the floors and furniture, not to mention finding glitter on unexpected parts of our anatomies.

PLAYBOY: How much sex goes on at the parties these days?

HEFNER: It's a different climate today. The old days, pre-AIDS, was a time of innocence and sexual adventure. Though AIDS turns out to be less of a threat to heterosexuals than some people would have you believe, it has changed behavior—as well it should. Now there is probably less exchange of bodily fluids. But there is still a lot of action in the Grotto. And the bedrooms in the Game House were busy at the last party. When the doors opened, it wasn't a couple that came out—it was several couples.

PLAYBOY: Please tell us about the Van Room in the Game House.

HEFNER: The Van Room got its name because it looks a little bit like the interior of a van from the hippie era of the Sixties or early Seventies—with mirrors on the ceiling, lights on dimmers and a soft, foam rubber–padded carpet. It's a nice place to relax with friends, but it's also well suited for bouncy-bouncy.

PLAYBOY: We presume that you have tested these areas of the property personally?

HEFNER: That's one of my jobs. We could bring in *Consumer Reports*, but it's unnecessary. I'm happy to take on that responsibility.

PLAYBOY: With your recent reemergence, Playboy—both the magazine and the brand—is hot again. That must give you a lot of satisfaction.

HEFNER: Oh, yes. In a very real way, we live in a Playboy world today. You see it reflected on television and the Internet, in newspapers and magazines—from shows like *Sex and the City*, in which Sarah Jessica Parker wears a Playboy Bunny necklace, to Jay Leno's nightly monolog on *The Tonight Show*.

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PLAYBOY: In such a crowded field, what makes PLAYBOY stand out?

HEFNER: In the Fifties and early Sixties, PLAYBOY was a voice in the wilderness. All the other men's magazines were outdoor adventure books. They were not upscale and they didn't sell much advertising. Women's magazines and family interest magazines dominated the market. Now there are many, many voices. It's a more competitive world. We stand out because PLAYBOY has always offered something the other magazines don't. We're a class act with a history, a heritage, a continuity of accomplishment. Entire generations have grown up with PLAYBOY. They identify with the magazine in terms of who they are and who they want to be. PLAYBOY has always had that kind of connection with its readers, which is why, for the better part of half a century, PLAYBOY has been the largest-selling, most influential men's magazine in the world.

PLAYBOY: Does that amaze you?

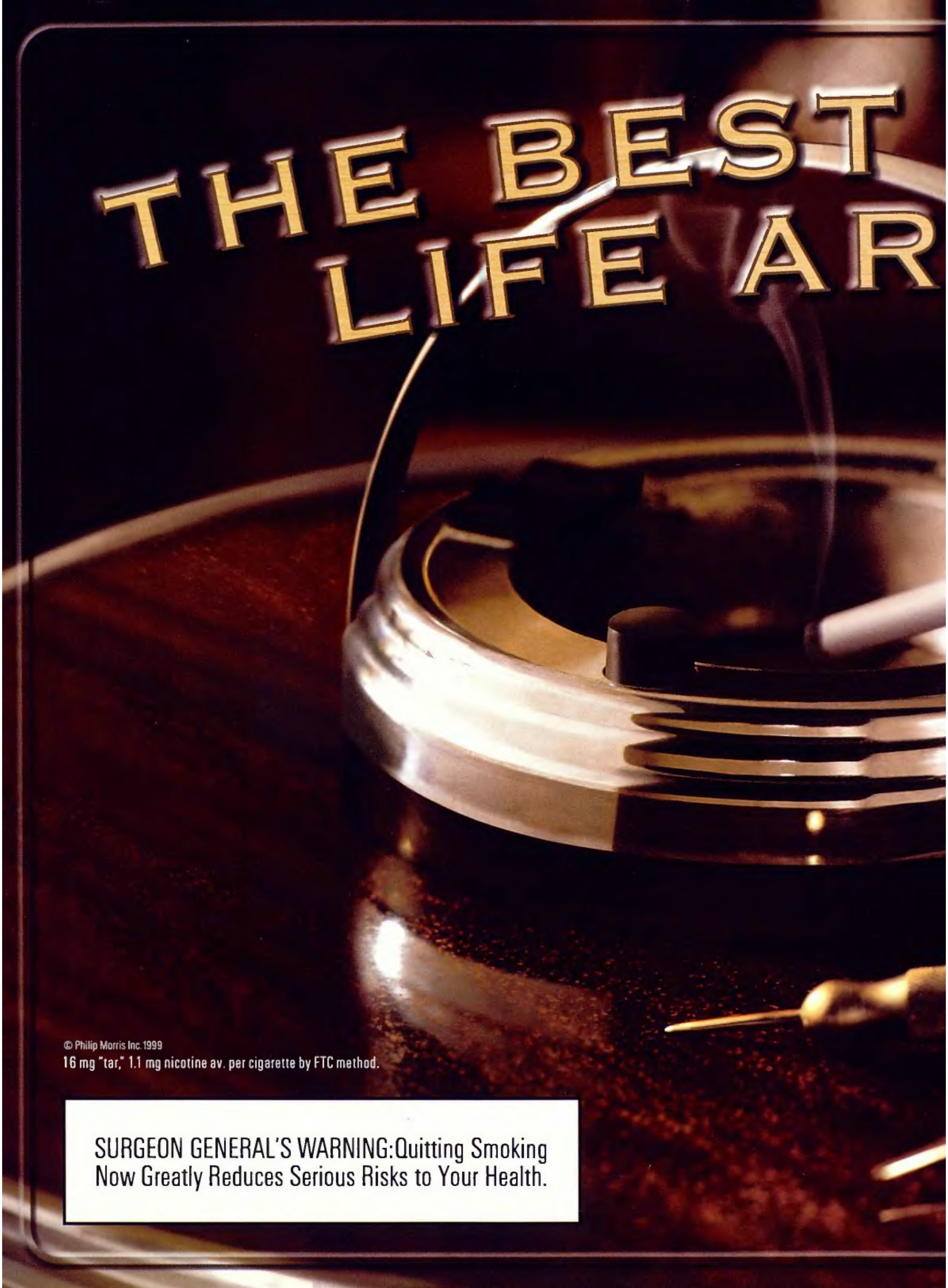
HEFNER: Of course, because I started the magazine on a personal investment of $600 and a dream. But it became more than a magazine. It became a symbol and a voice of the sexual revolution.

That's why the brand is famous around the world. And why the Playboy empire includes international TV, video, the Internet and merchandising. It began with simple Playboy products like the cuff links and grew into Bunny Clubs, books, records, TV shows, hotels and casinos.

Now a whole new generation identifies with PLAYBOY. The magazine's college readership has increased 62 percent since 1995. We have three of the 20 top-selling videos in *Billboard* this week—along with *There's Something About Mary* and *Austin Powers: International Man of Mystery*. There are over 400 Playboy stores and boutiques selling Playboy merchandise on the mainland of China, where the magazine isn't even distributed yet. At Playboy Expo this summer, a mint copy of the first issue sold for $14,600—twice the money I had to launch the magazine. That's sweet.

PLAYBOY: Your daughter, Christie, is the company's Chief Executive Officer. Do you enjoy keeping control of Playboy all in the family?

HEFNER: It's one of the things that makes our current success even sweeter. She's a very savvy businesswoman and that



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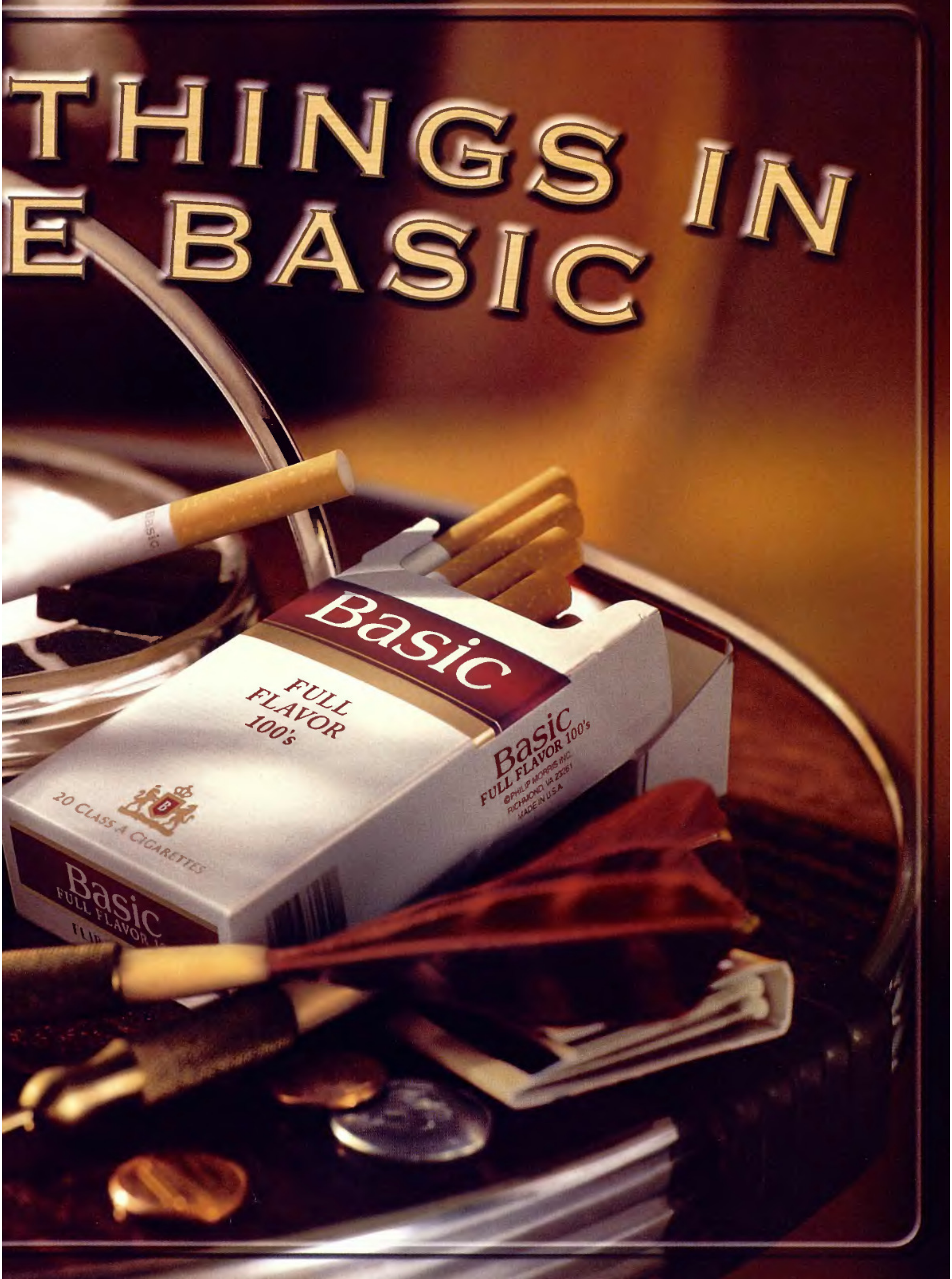
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allows me to concentrate my energies on the creative aspects of our business. She's also the perfect spokesperson for the company.

PLAYBOY: Presumably your sons Marston and Cooper will one day ask how their dad started PLAYBOY. Let's return to 1953 in Chicago and a guy with a big idea. Tell us who that guy was then.

HEFNER: Well, I'd never been an executive, and I'd never been an editor either. I worked in the promotion and circulation departments of other magazines, for a salary smaller than what the secretaries were earning. But when I started knocking out the copy for that first issue—writing letters to agents who represented writers, to the writers and artists themselves, to the distributors, telling them about this new magazine—I became a grown-up version of the boy I was in childhood. The kid who dreamed the dreams.

I was the child who invented the games the other kids played in our neighborhood. I published a penny newspaper at the age of eight and started a school paper, *The Pepper*, in the sixth grade. I created comic books, wrote short stories of mystery and monsters and published *Shudder* magazine in my early teens. I made a horror movie, *Return From the Dead*, when I was 16.

I didn't know it at the time, but I was in rehearsal for what I would do later. And I did it all—as a kid and when I started PLAYBOY—without worrying about what I had to lose. That's a feeling that can set you free, and it was the foundation of whatever confidence people thought I had.

PLAYBOY: Looking back, are you surprised that no one else had what must in retrospect seem like an obvious idea for such a magazine?

HEFNER: Yes. I've always thought that the concept of PLAYBOY—a magazine for the young urban guy—was such a natural that it amazes me that no one else had thought of it before. But the mood of the country was so conservative, and caught up in a *Father Knows Best* domesticity, that a handbook for bachelors was a form of heresy.

Esquire had created an upscale magazine for men in the Thirties, but it was for older guys with mistresses. After the war, Esky became as conservative as the rest. That's why PLAYBOY was such a revelation. It was for the young man on the make.

PLAYBOY: Was it simply a cultural epiphany or were there also personal motivations?

HEFNER: Oh, it was personal all right. I was in an unhappy marriage and I was afraid I was going to turn into my parents. I was raised in a typical Midwestern Methodist home with a lot of Puritan repression. The dreams of my childhood came directly from the movies; they had more to do with romantic adventure and

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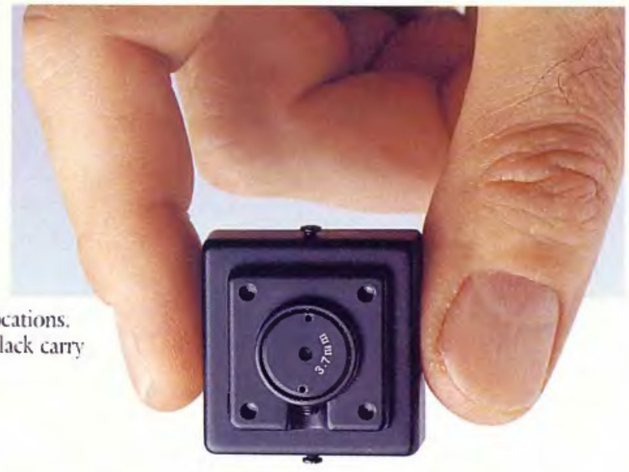

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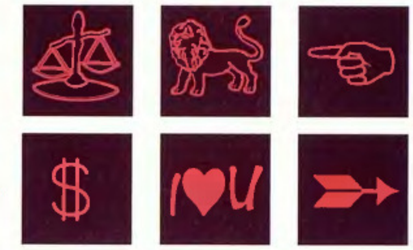

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passion than living happily ever after. Romance is the promise of something as yet unfulfilled. It's part of our Western culture. Our romantic myths deal with courtship, not marriage. When a husband and wife become father and mother, the focus becomes family and children. In the old-world tradition, the romantic connection is often transferred to a mistress, and I think that's sad.

PLAYBOY: Does this mean you're against marriage?

HEFNER: No. It simply means that marriage isn't for everyone. Different strokes for different folks. There are many roads to Mecca. When I was younger, the cultural rule makers dictated that there was only one way to live your life: Everybody had to get married. If you didn't, something was wrong with you. But I think it's perfectly possible to live a full, productive, ethical, moral life—and be single.

Everybody was getting married in their teens or early 20s, right after graduating from high school or college. That is really dumb. Men and women need time away from home, away from their parents, to establish some sense of personal identity as adults. That was not possible when I was young, because the church and state had control over sex. Nice middle-class men and women were not supposed to have premarital sex, so there was a lot of pressure to get married because matrimony legitimized sex. That's what I did. I got married the first time right out of college. My classmates did the same thing. And for a long time I have believed that the major cause of divorce is early marriage.

PLAYBOY: So why have you always pursued younger women?

HEFNER: People always ask why I don't date women more my own age. I used to. I've always dated women in their teens and 20s. It's only *my* age that's changed [*laughs*]. Because of PLAYBOY, my life is filled with young, beautiful women. I'd be crazy not to take advantage of that. Somebody has to do it, and I'm glad I'm the guy who got the job.

PLAYBOY: We're sure you've been told this before, but you don't look your age.

HEFNER: I have this painting in the attic that's getting older. Actually, I think I'm getting younger.

PLAYBOY: How old do you figure? Twenty or so?

HEFNER: Or younger [*laughs*]. Most of my dreams come from childhood and adolescence.

PLAYBOY: How did you come up with the idea to use a rabbit as PLAYBOY's symbol?

HEFNER: Those are what I call "eureka moments." They often come in the middle of the night. The rabbit was one. Hiding it on the cover was another. The rabbit came out of something I did when I was a kid. I had a trademark for my comic books and wanted to create one for PLAYBOY. For the comics it was simply a circle with a plus inside it and four dots. That was inspired by the Phantom; when he hit a bad guy with his skull ring, he left his mark. It fired my imagination. I wanted to leave my mark, too.

PLAYBOY: Give us another eureka moment.

HEFNER: When I painted the DC-9 black. If it hadn't been black, I don't think the plane would have become world famous. No one had ever painted a jet aircraft black before. But it had a Batman–James Bond mystique about it, particularly with the Jet Bunnies onboard in their great 007 outfits. Playboy executives insisted that we couldn't paint the plane black because you couldn't see it at night and it would absorb too much heat in the daytime. Commercial planes in those days were all silver or white. We had to get special permission from the FAA to have lights put on the wingtips so that they shined on the tail. What you saw at night was this black bird in the sky with the Playboy Bunny on the tail. It was cool.

PLAYBOY: Now Larry Flynt has a black jet. Since the Miloš Forman movie *The People vs. Larry Flynt*, Flynt is viewed by some as a First Amendment freedom fighter. What's your opinion?

HEFNER: I think he's what he has always claimed to be: a hustler. But that's OK. He works the other side of the street—maybe it's an alley. It's just a matter of taste. I don't think there's anything wrong with it; it's just a little downscale.

PLAYBOY: What about Bob Guccione, founder of *Penthouse*?

HEFNER: Guccione is more of a mystery to me than Flynt. I have no sense of the man or his character. It must be there somewhere, but I've never seen it. I've never really thought of him as an editor. The big rage in *Penthouse* now is urination. That's a real breakthrough for the First Amendment, isn't it? [*Shakes his head*] He does whatever will sell his magazine—and that's all he does.

PLAYBOY: What about Bob Guccione Jr., who started *Spin* and now *Gear*?

HEFNER: I think he's a bright kid with a little more focus, without the bullshit. I judge his father a little harshly because of some of the stories that have come back about his relationships with his family and some of the people who have worked for him.

PLAYBOY: What is your opinion of Jann Wenner and *Rolling Stone*?

HEFNER: He knows what he's doing. He managed to reinvent his magazine and keep it hot.

PLAYBOY: How about Helen Gurley Brown?

HEFNER: I love her. I helped her when she was turning *Cosmopolitan* into a women's version of PLAYBOY.

PLAYBOY: Any thoughts on the current first lady of publishing, Tina Brown?

HEFNER: A fantastic editor. I loved what she did with *Vanity Fair*, though I was less impressed with the changes she made in *The New Yorker*. Madison Avenue was obviously not impressed. I think that Tina has a better shot with what she's doing

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now, with *Talk*, because it's closer to her British roots. *Talk* is similar to several European publications. There's a mix of glitz and glamour with tabloid journalism. And it's owned by a movie studio.

PLAYBOY: In this megacorporate world it's certainly not the only magazine affiliated with a studio.

HEFNER: That's true. It's fascinating how there is no longer any distance between anything anymore. In the early days of *The New Yorker*, Harold Ross kept the editorial integrity of his magazine intact by putting his editors on a different floor from the advertising department. He wouldn't even let the two departments talk to each other. Now? Forget about it. You've got *Time* and *Life* and *People* and *Entertainment Weekly* owned by Time Warner. Disney owns ABC and Viacom owns CBS. Businesswise, everybody's sleeping with everybody—and here we are criticizing Clinton for *his* sex life?

PLAYBOY: You've also had your share of critics. What's your reaction?

HEFNER: Back in the Sixties, I said that when you read about me, it wasn't just about me. Writing about PLAYBOY and its editor-in-chief is like an inkblot—a Rorschach test. People project their own fantasies and prejudices onto the magazine and my life. It's understandable, because so much of my life is related to the fantasies and prejudices of America and much of the rest of the world. Over time I've noticed how the reflections on my life have changed with the social climate. What generates applause in one decade brings a negative reaction in another.

PLAYBOY: Let's take one well-known critic, Gloria Steinem. In 1998 you two were inducted into the Hall of Fame by the American Society of Magazine Editors. She has made no secret of her belief that you are the ultimate exploiter of women.

HEFNER: That's sad and in my opinion reveals unresolved conflicts in her own life. She seems to have become more and more conservative over the years—why else would she continue to support convictions that made little sense back then, and no sense at all now—with respect to PLAYBOY, the relationship between the sexes and sex itself? She is still trying to justify a point of view born in a more naive time. In the Eighties she aligned herself with Catharine MacKinnon and Andrea Dworkin, women who represent the most radical, antisexual part of the feminist movement.

PLAYBOY: Didn't your relationship with Gloria Steinem begin when she worked for you as a Bunny?

HEFNER: It actually goes back further than that. In the early days of PLAYBOY, Harvey Kurtzman, who created *Mad* magazine, came to work for me when he had a falling out with his publisher. He asked about the possibility of starting a similar humor magazine. I agreed, and he produced a couple issues of a magazine called *Trump* and then he published one on his own called *Help!* He contributed to PLAYBOY from time to time and created *Little Annie Fanny* for us, illustrated by Will Elder. One day Harvey told me about his secretary, a Girl Friday named Gloria. He thought she and I would be a perfect match romantically because, in his opinion, she was a female version of me. In other words, she had the kind of influence over men that he thought I had with women. [*Pauses*] Put it this way: She was very good at getting her way with guys. What particularly impressed Harvey was her ability to talk male celebrities into appearing on his magazine covers. At Harvey's suggestion, I called her and we made plans to get together when I was in New York. On my next visit, she was out of the country, but she wrote me a nice letter expressing regret that we'd missed each other and saying she hoped to see me on another occasion. That occasion turned out to be a Playboy party in New York, but she didn't show. She begged off with some excuse. Of course, the real reason she wasn't there was that she'd gone undercover as a Bunny at the Playboy Club to do a story for *Show* magazine, and she was afraid that if she showed up at the party she would blow her cover. If Gloria and I had gotten together, it might have changed the course of the entire feminist movement! The mind boggles.

PLAYBOY: What is your impression of the current state of the feminist movement?

HEFNER: I think it's less radical and less antisexual than it was in the Eighties.

PLAYBOY: The antiporn crusade never gained much public support, but aren't sexual harassment and date rape still important issues?

HEFNER: *Real* sexual harassment and date rape *should* be issues. But let's take the politics out of it. It's perfectly permissible for people to make passes at one another. How else are we supposed to perpetuate the species? What we call sexual harassment and date rape are, in too many instances, like Orwellian Newspeak: The definitions change with the politics of the day. The mating game is an ongoing, wonderful phenomenon. We should be celebrating that. Can it have excesses and can it be exploited? Of course. But if one thinks that every variation on the theme that expresses human yearning and sexuality is somehow exploitative or harassment, we're the poorer for it.

PLAYBOY: Are you optimistic about relations between the sexes?

HEFNER: I feel as if we're coming out of a long dark tunnel. The public reaction to the Clinton scandal would not have been as tolerant if we were still in the dark ages of not so long ago. Just as the Eighties and the early Nineties were a backlash to the liberal Sixties and Seventies, we're now experiencing a backlash to the repression of the past two decades. Maybe it's not a backlash as much as the public finally understanding that they don't need Ken Starr, the members of Congress or any government officials telling them what their morals should or shouldn't be. We can make up our own minds based on the individual situation—and if the public's ultimate reaction to the Clinton fiasco is any example, we do.

PLAYBOY: Those repressive attitudes were in part responsible for some of PLAYBOY's darkest days.

HEFNER: From the beginning, PLAYBOY never enjoyed a level playing field. Our fortunes depend on the political climate. We prospered in the Sixties, but dealt with government harassment in the Seventies and Eighties. With Reagan in the White House, with the support of the Moral Majority and the Christian Right, we faced Charles Keating and his Citizens for Decent Literature, Jerry Falwell and Reverend Wildmon and the pressures they put on advertisers, ad agencies, wholesalers and retailers with the support of the Justice Department. The Meese Commission actually labeled PLAYBOY pornography—and then apologized after the damage had been done.

But that conflict is quintessentially American: The battle between the Puritan and the Playboy is as American as apple pie.

PLAYBOY: What did you think of Meese personally?

HEFNER: I don't know a lot about him as a man, but he reminded me of Nixon's attorney general, John Mitchell, and seemed to be about as morally bankrupt. The Meese Commission was not a serious investigation of sex and social disorder; it was a political witch-hunt. They spent no money on research. The real study was done in the Sixties, but Nixon rejected it because he didn't like the results. One member of the Meese Commission was a prominent Catholic bishop who turned out to be a pederast. [*Pauses*] You know, it's really remarkable how, as the Eighties came to an end, we discovered so many of these self-righteous people were the Charles Keatings and the Jimmy Swaggarts. The sickos of society. But that is the way of things, isn't it? It's nice to see, in one's own lifetime, that the good guys turn out to really be the good guys. Usually that only happens in the movies.

PLAYBOY: Is that why you've recently received more good press than at any other time in your life?

HEFNER: Sure. The media reflect the moral climate of the times. But part of it is simply because I've survived and prevailed. That counts for a lot. As we approach the new millennium, we're reacting against the conservatism and the political correctness of the past. We're a little closer to reality now. People who would like to control our lives have lost the war. One reason is pure technology. Information is king and everyone has

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more and more access to it. You can't put the genie back in the bottle. Pandora's box is open, for good or ill. Almost every conceivable expression of sexuality is now out there for everybody—if they want it. An Anthony Comstock or a Jerry Falwell or an Edwin Meese cannot force their prejudices on the rest of us. Public reaction to sexual shenanigans in the White House has something to do with it, too. A handful of years ago, talking about sex around the office watercooler was considered politically incorrect. [*Chuckles*] Now, talk of sex—oral sex, even—is part of Jay Leno's nightly monolog. *The Tonight Show* would be lost without sex. Compare Leno's monolog with what Carson had to work with—or was willing to work with—ten or 20 years ago. We live in a different world today.

PLAYBOY: You've been through so much. What makes you so resilient?

HEFNER: Part of it is the luck of the draw. Another part is my eternal optimism. I really believe that things will work out if you hold on to your dreams.

PLAYBOY: So you feel vindicated?

HEFNER: It's more than vindication. I never imagined that everything would work out as well as it has in my lifetime. This is a real time of celebration for me—and for the company. What a way to end the century and welcome the new millennium.

PLAYBOY: Stories of your exploits are legion. The British magazine *FHM* recently estimated that you have made love to 3000 women in your life. In fact, it estimated that the aggregate weight of these women would equal that of an airplane. We believe the words employed were, *He's fucked a jet!* Is this compatible with your own tallies?

HEFNER: As with many things in my life it is an exaggeration. Like most men, I went through a period when scoring was important. But I'm a romantic, so I tend to get involved in relationships—even if it's three or four at a time. I really think quality is more important than quantity. And because of the magazine, I've had a chance to meet and make love to some of the most beautiful women in the world.

PLAYBOY: In the spirit of this millennium retrospective, how about sharing a couple of your sexual moments that have remained cherished memories?

HEFNER: I'm not sure how many I'm ready to share with you or our readers. But whatever you imagine it was like, it was better. More love and more laughter. More incredible sexual adventures and more lasting loves and friendships as well.

PLAYBOY: Please give us something. Inquiring minds *really* want to know.

HEFNER: On one birthday, 18 naked girls were waiting for me in the Grotto.

PLAYBOY: You used to videotape your sexual escapades. Do you ever rerun any of your favorites from the past?

HEFNER: Not anymore. I got rid of them in the Eighties. Early on, in a gadget-filled house, I recorded a lot of sexual adventures, but only with the participants' knowledge and approval.

PLAYBOY: You destroyed important historical records that make the Nixon tapes pale into insignificance. Why?

HEFNER: I thought it was time. A girl I was dating tried to take one of them, and I didn't want them falling into the wrong hands. Some of the women on the tapes were married with children by then, and I thought it was time to get rid of them.

PLAYBOY: How?

HEFNER: We deep-sixed them. Dumped them in the ocean.

PLAYBOY: Where?

HEFNER: I don't know the location. Sorry. The tapes are gone, but the memories linger on.

PLAYBOY: What was your reaction to the Pamela Anderson–Tommy Lee sex video?

HEFNER: This is a classic example of how personal privacy has all but disappeared in our society. Part of the reason is technology, but it's more complicated than that. The court was not particularly sympathetic, even though the tape was stolen from their home. That suggests that celebrities have no rights to privacy whatever, which makes no sense at all. Was the judge penalizing Pamela and Tommy Lee because he didn't approve of their personal lives? I have no idea. I think it was a bad decision.

In any case, the videotape of Pamela and Tommy Lee having sex had no more effect on her career than the nude calendar pictures of Marilyn Monroe had in the Fifties. That tells us how far we've come in the last half century.

PLAYBOY: You had a similar experience in 1998 when Larry Flynt published explicit pictures of you and a former girlfriend in your round bed in Chicago.

HEFNER: Those pictures were taken 25 years ago with a Polaroid camera. They were stolen from the Chicago Mansion and I didn't even know they were missing until Larry Flynt called to tell me he had them. He said he would return them if I would come and get them from him in Columbus.

I wasn't about to take a trip to Columbus. But as a gesture of goodwill, I invited him to Playboy Mansion West. He came and gave me the pictures.

He obviously made duplicates and, 25 years later, he published them. The former girlfriend is now married with teenage children, so he faces serious litigation on this one.

PLAYBOY: You once admitted that some of your swing scenes in the Seventies and Eighties included bisexuality. Why did you think it was appropriate to talk about that?

HEFNER: I was trying to question some of the prejudices related to sexuality. The distinctions we make between what is acceptable and unacceptable sexual behavior are all so contrived. These social taboos have very little to do with the real nature of man. As Lenny Bruce said a long time ago, if a guy was alone on a desert island he would schtup mud.

All my dreams are heterosexual. The fact that I was willing to experiment with variations on the theme, as part of a multipartner swing scene, is simply a statement that I think those taboos are bullshit.

PLAYBOY: Do you think these taboos are disappearing?

HEFNER: Yes I do. After the political conservatism of the Eighties and the hysteria caused by AIDS, I think the more irrational taboos are starting to disappear. I think people are more open to experimentation and more tolerant of other points of view.

The public reaction to the President Clinton–Monica Lewinsky affair was a revelation. Americans proved to be much less prudish and puritanical than right-wing politicians and former members of the Moral Majority would have us believe. One member of the Moral Majority reluctantly conceded, "There is no Moral Majority in America." Well, not *his* kind of Moral Majority at any rate.

PLAYBOY: Are Americans really unconcerned about politicians' personal lives?

HEFNER: I don't believe we think that personal moral questions related to sex are the major indicators of character anymore. What one does in bed has to do only with the other person in bed beside them, or with the members of their families if one or both of those persons are married. When one finds that many of the greatest leaders of this century—from FDR to Martin Luther King—were adulterers, it's pretty clear that adultery doesn't matter very much. Maybe it indicates that great men don't always live conventional lives—and maybe that's all right. If nothing else, it proves they're human. Whether you are a rock star, a politician or a clergyman, you are going to be tempted by the groupies that come with celebrity. Celebrities of any kind get opportunities that don't typically exist for others. You can't expect people to live lives according to rules that were defined by Puritans a long time ago.

PLAYBOY: Sum up the Clinton–Lewinsky affair.

HEFNER: Much ado about nothing. I just wish that he'd had better taste. But it was a perfectly appropriate affair, and really nobody's business but hers and Clinton's. It had everything to do with his responsibilities to his family, not his responsibilities to the country.

PLAYBOY: But he did lie to the country.

HEFNER: It was none of our business. I don't have a problem with office affairs. The notion that somehow they are by definition exploitative is simply untrue. That's only if they involve an abuse of

(continued on page 240)

WHAT SORT OF MAN READS PLAYBOY?

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THE FUTURE

by David Sheff

according to those who know

THE PANEL

John Perry Barlow—self-proclaimed cognitive dissident, co-founder and vice chairman of the Electronic Frontier Foundation. He is also a Berkman Fellow at Harvard Law School.

Gerald Celente—founder of the Trends Research Institute and author of the influential book *Trend-Tracking*. Its follow-up, *Trends 2000*, was a national best-seller.

John Dvorak—author, columnist and editor who writes about technology for Forbes.com and *PC Magazine*. Dvorak also hosts a nationally syndicated radio show and ZDTV's *Silicon Spin*.

William Gibson—author of the seminal cyberclassic *Neuromancer*. His latest science fiction masterpiece is *All Tomorrow's Parties*.

George Gilder—chairman of the Gilder Group and editor of the *Gilder Technology Report*, senior fellow at the Discovery Institute and author of *Men and Marriage*, *Wealth and Poverty*, *Microcosm* and, most recently, *Telecosm*.

Bill Joy—co-founder of and chief scientist at Sun Microsystems. Led Sun's technical strategy, spearheading such projects as Sparc microprocessor architecture, Java programming technology and, most recently, the Jini-distributed computing technology.

Rodger Lea—renowned computer scientist and vice president at Sony's cutting edge U.S. Research Laboratories in San Jose, California.

Nicholas Negroponte—co-founder and director of the MIT Media Lab, where he also holds the title of Jerome B. Wiesner Professor of Media Technology. Author of 1995's *Being Digital*.

Ray Ozzie—founder of Groove Networks (groove.net), an innovative start-up company in Beverly, Massachusetts. Creator of Lotus Notes, the defining groupware product now in use by nearly 50 million people worldwide.

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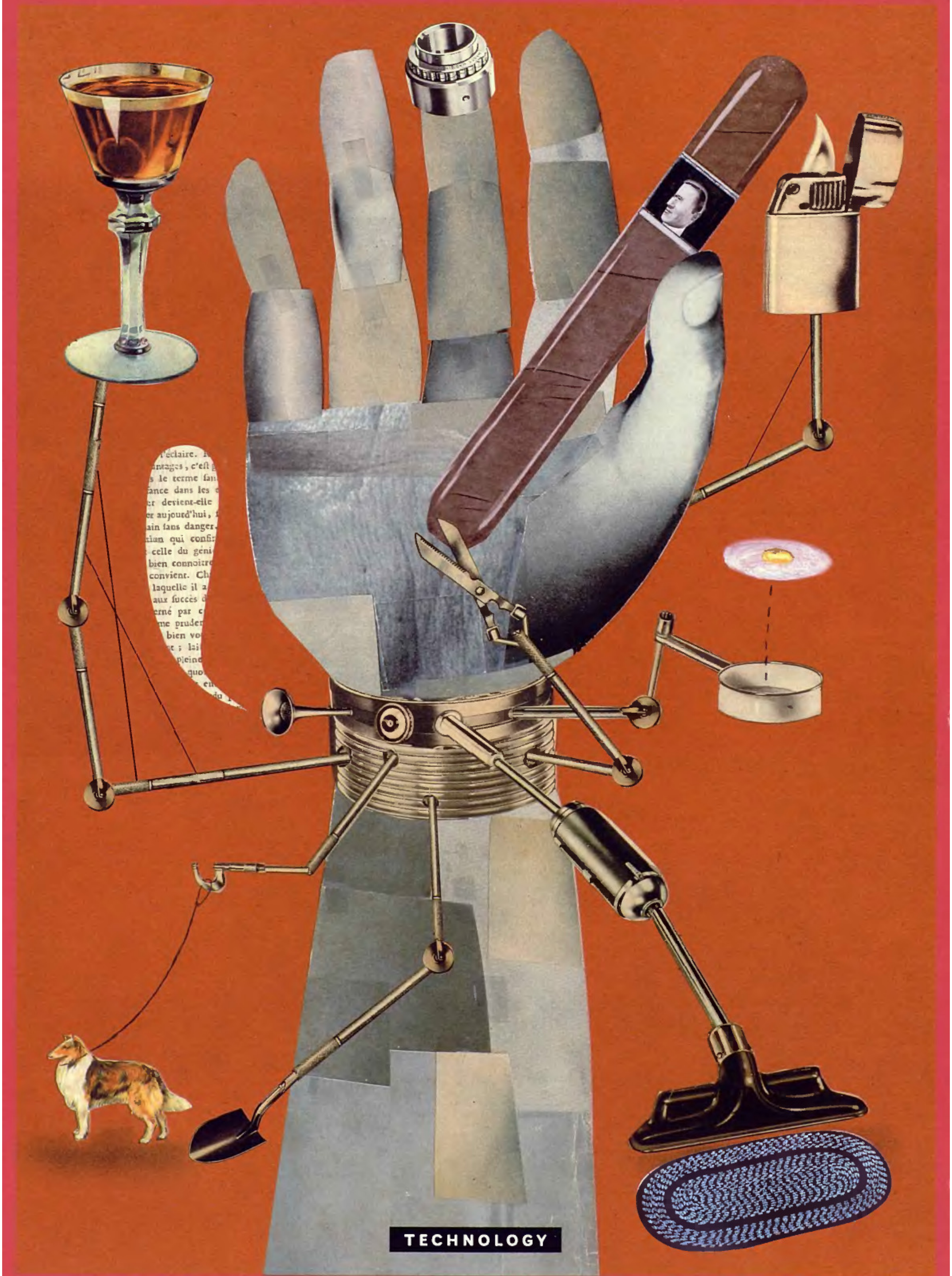
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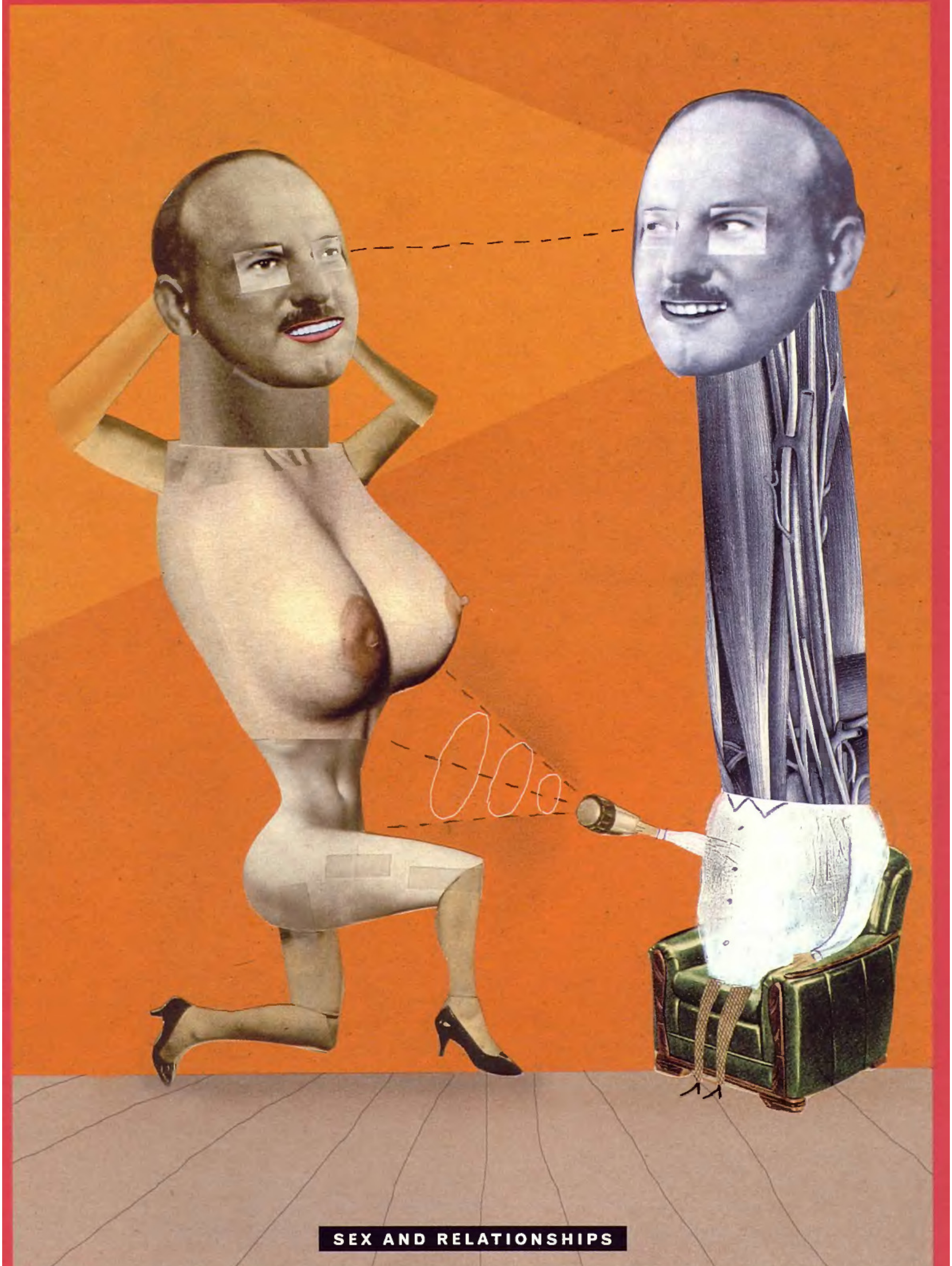


SEX AND RELATIONSHIPS

technology

Gilder: The most common personal computer of the new era will be a digital cellular phone as portable as your watch that will recognize speech, navigate streets, conduct transactions and collect your news and mail and read them to you. It'll have an infinite number of functions, some of which we can't anticipate today. It may not do Windows, but it will open your front door and the door to your safe.

Negroponte: There will be computers with common sense, of which dogs and cats have more than any computer today. Computers are getting more complex, not less, because of creeping features and options, most of which go unused. Future computers will configure themselves based on acquaintance with a specific person.

At the end of the third millennium, we may achieve some forms of teleportation, if only for food products—not people or cars.

Celente: In the short term, the most dramatic changes will come about from a simple improvement of what has been already invented—the videophone. With the advent of broadband, we'll soon see the face behind the voice. This means more people will be working out of their homes full- or part-time, able to interact with their colleagues wherever they are.

Ozzie: The next 100 years will be shaped principally by advancements in biomedical sciences, materials sciences and global telecommunications. The chemical, genetic and physiological bases of human health and behavior will be well understood. Radical new drugs and treatments will be used for disease control as well as human enhancement, including alteration of emotion, memory, sensory acuity and learning ability. Smart materials that will sense and respond to light, temperature, stress, odors and chemicals will be developed. Additionally, there will be major advances in packaging, fabrics and synthetic bones and organs.

Sculley: The Internet makes the leap from useful technology to indispensable service. Digital wireless PDAs (e.g., mobile data phones, organizers, digital wallets, e-mail clients, digital video cameras, digital business cards, etc.) will become ubiquitous.

Popcorn: Shopping of the future: We'll be watching *Ally McBeal* (or another show), like what Ally's wearing, put our hand on the screen to stop the program, and order the clothes, furniture, even the dog right off the screen. Ally will show it to us in all the colors available, we'll order, our credit cards will be billed and the clothes will be shipped to us the next day. We'll have microchips implanted in our brains to become versed in subjects that would take years of traditional schooling to attain. In the new millennium, if you want to be trilingual, just have the language chips of your choice implanted. Chips in every subject—from 18th century Russian history to molecular biology—will be available, but expensive.

Dvorak: Moore's law and its observation that everything doubles in power every 18 months means that every 15 years there is a quantum (1000 times) change. So by 2015 every technological thing you have will be 1000 times more powerful, 1000 times more compact. By 2030, what you have today will be 1 million times more powerful (1000 times 1000). This kind of change will result in everything from cars that drive themselves to toys that think. Imagine a Furby 1 million times more powerful for $29.95. Practical robots should appear by the year 2030 and be part of society by 2045, when the changes (1000 times 1000 times 1000) reach a trillion-fold.

Lea: The major technology trend in the early part of the new century will be the marrying of advances in genetics with those in software. This will lead to a new type of software technology that will support evolution and adaptation in the same way as today's biological systems. Software systems will adapt to the world around them and the changing needs of their users. As the century progresses, this evolutionary software will move from being human-created to being self-created, eventually resulting in machines and devices that create and evolve themselves. While they are unlikely to reach the same level of complexity as human beings, increasingly we will rely on machines and devices that are autonomous and of which we will have little understanding of the inner workings.

Rogers: Even if we find no life beyond the planet earth, physical and biological changes from space will create undreamed-of ways and forms of life. Meanwhile, the wars of the future will be so destructive that many cultures will disappear, as they have been doing over the past 100 years.

Rundgren: Before the year 3000, the trendy concept of technology will evaporate, replaced by ubiquitous knowledge, efficiency, productivity and a restored belief in magic as the only technology worth developing. After all, what is the unified field theory but the alchemist's Rosetta stone?

Barlow: The current main thrusts of technology are communication and expanding the senses vastly beyond the body. This will continue. We are creating a shared nervous system for the planet. I believe that before Y3K every neuron on earth, living or manufactured, will be continuously connected with every other neuron. The world will become a giant brain.

Gibson: I suspect that we will hit a technological singularity some years up the road that will change everything, bringing about, literally, the end of the world as we know it. What the next one will be is anybody's guess. I sort of like that, but I don't have a hell of a lot of choice in the matter, so I might as well.

sports and entertainment

Gilder: Television dies. The only thing that sustains television is politicians. Television is a dog technology and politicians are always the dog's best friend. Television will be replaced by infinite choices of programming of all descriptions that can be summoned from anywhere around the world. Choice is important because choice enhances quality. Lowest common denominator media is always going to be aimed at lowest common denominator tastes and will miss the aspirations, curiosities and creativities of individual human beings. I predict that about half of the programming on the Net will be educational as time passes, because education will be the key wealth creator in the new economy.

Joy: In the next decade we will see the emergence of lifelike quality in immersive entertainment and interactive storytelling, involving characters we can relate to emotionally. With luck, we will see an increasing interest in puzzles and learning at the expense of games and diversions. In the next century new sports should emerge that use some of the new man-made networked objects as an integral part of the game, and which allow players at different levels to compete more closely.

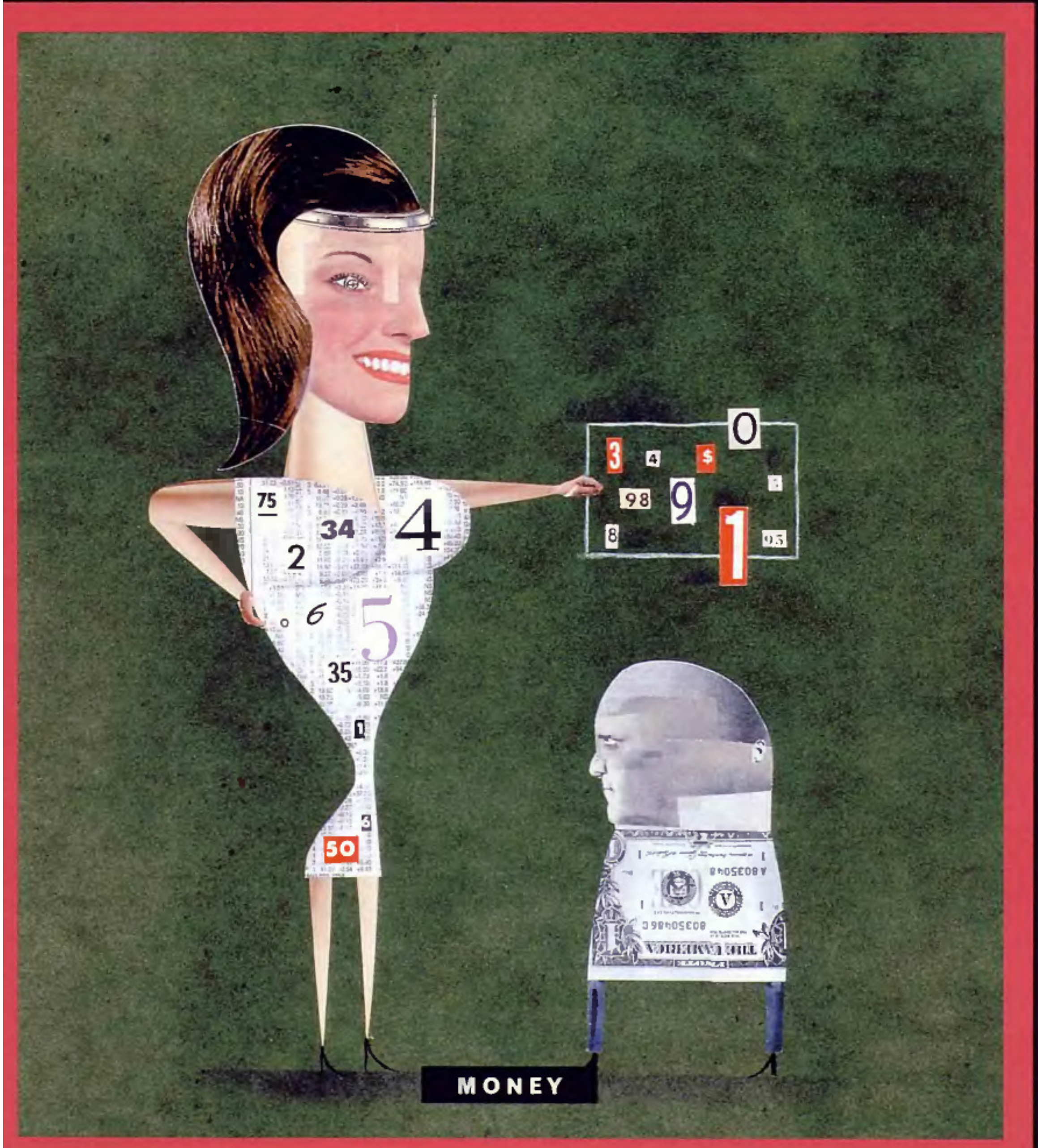
Celente: Today's big-three sports—baseball, basketball and football—will decline in national importance. Not only will fewer youngsters participate in them, spectators will cast their eyeballs toward soccer and the extreme games for their viewing enjoyment. Aging boomers and a new crop of golf enthusiasts will pack the courses beyond capacity. On the entertainment front: a hot new wild club scene. Live music and theater will flourish.

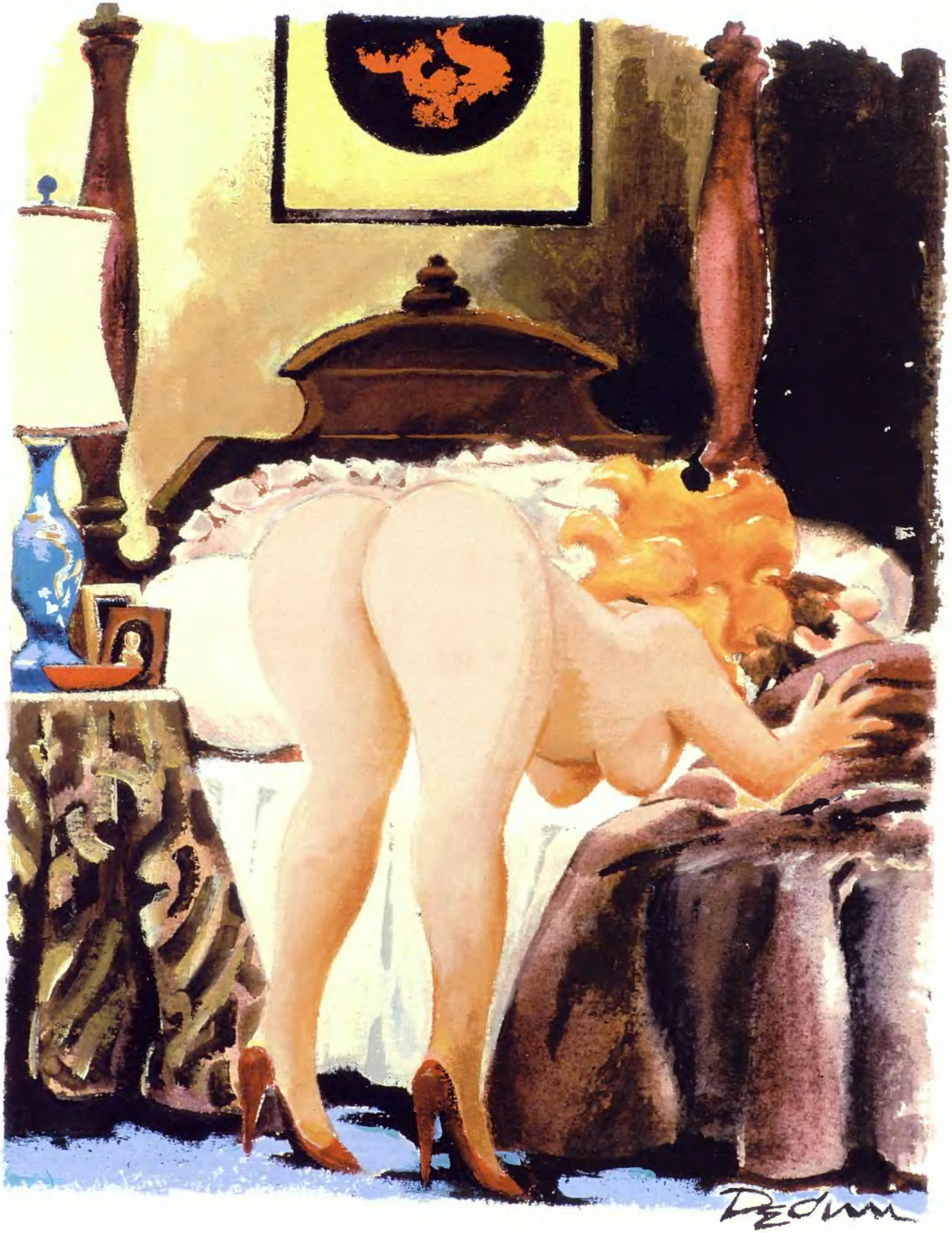
Negroponte: There will be a diminishment of spectator sports in favor of vicarious sports—those in which the average person can compete at Olympic levels from his home. The competitive and exercise aspects of sports will be achieved through simulation. The experiential side, like outdoor touring, will be a highly sought-after luxury, using the likes of real mountains and real outdoors. Entertainment will get bigger and smaller, like all things digital. Epic movies, amusement parks and opera and theater (like archaeological events) will dominate mass media, whereas everything else will be personalized and on demand. Our great-grandchildren will be astonished at the lockstep obedience with which our generation has watched TV in such a highly synchronized manner.

Ozzie: Information technology advances will significantly impact entertainment—from live-looking yet synthetic actors in movies to "better than being there" interactive Net-based live-event coverage. In sports, undetectable prenatal genetic therapy and enhancement will breed generations of superathletes, changing the nature of competition and turning most sporting events into X Games.

Rundgren: A millennial shift represents an opportunity to clarify the distinction between entertainment and performance and to attain a greater understanding of the characteristics required for each. With time on our hands and so many artists offering their talents to the public at large, what standard of greatness do we apply? The distinctions between athleticism, art and entertainment that have been so effectively blurred by professional wrestling will spawn a renewed interest in the circus and in circus performers as superstars. Referring to a sporting event or concert as "a circus" will be high praise and signify that a superlative professionalism has been achieved.

Popcorn: There will be no such thing as a television program guide in the future—we'll be able to watch whatever show we want on the day and at the time we feel like it (on our watches, if we want to). We will simply use our remote controls to type in the name of the show, and there it will be. Also, if we miss a portion of it or want to replay a funny scene, we'll just stop and *(continued on page 132)*





"Wake up George! It's the millennium!"

we looked high,
we looked low.
then we looked
even lower

MINI-HEF

From the XXX Files, Office of the Senior Security Advisor, Morality Police. *Classified*. "Mini-Hef's origins are shrouded in mystery. Various theories attribute his rise to one of many potential factors—errant protozoa fermenting in the spindrift of the Grotto, perhaps, or a poorly timed sneeze during sex, or even a vacuum pump explosion. However, there is no doubt that this shadowy figure served as the inspiration for the character

HEF
SESQUICENTENNIAL - 150 YEARS

Mini-Me in *Austin Powers: The Spy Who Shagged Me*. Fact: During the past few years, sightings of Mini-Hef have gone way up. (It is no coincidence that Viagra arrived on the scene at the same time.) His existence has been increasingly difficult to conceal. It's obvious he took on the role of a violent psychopath and masqueraded in public as one Verne Troyer, movie star, to throw off the scent. But it's clear he is the randy sensualist who has been wreaking havoc with the morals of America for more than four decades—and we have the pictures to prove it." In effect, this portfolio is everything PLAYBOY stands tall for.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY ARNY FREYTAG

Mini-Hef's first confirmed encounter occurs on June 21, 1962. Agent Honey Labia, posing as Miss December, reports hearing strange "snuffling and garumphing noises" in the dark while sleeping in the Chicago Mansion dorm. She is also alarmed by an alien, rhythmic knocking. Flicking on the lights, Agent Labia interrogates a dazed Playmate M______, who describes Mini-Hef as "larger" than she expected. "A foot at least," M______ mutters happily before passing into a tranquil, nonfatal trance.

By the Sixties, many Americans believe Mini-Hef runs the whole Playboy operation. Chain-smoking Mike Wallace had leveled this charge during a TV interview but Hugh Hefner says his philosophy comes from his own—highly rational—mind. Years later, Mini-Hef stages his most daring display yet. He runs rampant at a 1979 Playmate reunion. A record of his high jinks apparently exists in a black book in Mr. Hefner's bedroom. Chief among his misdeeds? Convincing Big Hef to get up on a pair of roller skates.

2000
HAPPY 200

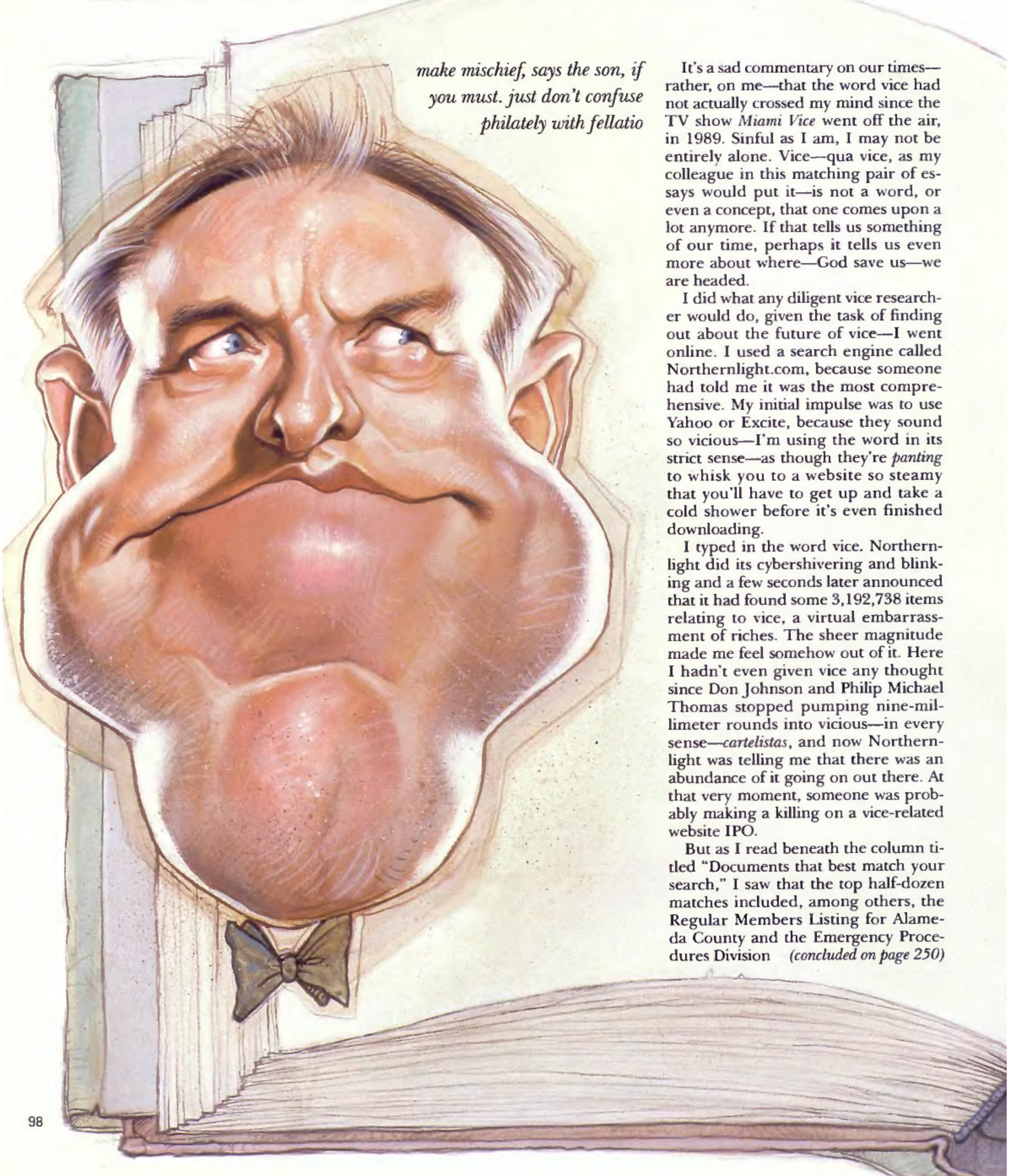
Johnson's baby oil
Johnson's baby

Turmoil reigns in the late Eighties. James Caan threatens to cut off Mini-Hef, then storms out of the Mansion. Shortly after, Hugh Hefner marries. Odd. Then come the Nineties, and all proportion is lost. Mini-Hef and PLAYBOY fever sweep the nation on the eve of the millennium. If these preparty party pictures of Mini-Hef—parading in the boss' PJs chopped off at the knees—are any indication, hedonism will be the theme for New Year's Eve. The conclusion: Mini-Hef hos made short work of those who oppose him.

THE FUTURE OF VICE

ESSAY BY CHRISTOPHER BUCKLEY

make mischief, says the son, if you must. just don't confuse philately with fellatio



It's a sad commentary on our times—rather, on me—that the word vice had not actually crossed my mind since the TV show *Miami Vice* went off the air, in 1989. Sinful as I am, I may not be entirely alone. Vice—qua vice, as my colleague in this matching pair of essays would put it—is not a word, or even a concept, that one comes upon a lot anymore. If that tells us something of our time, perhaps it tells us even more about where—God save us—we are headed.

I did what any diligent vice researcher would do, given the task of finding out about the future of vice—I went online. I used a search engine called Northernlight.com, because someone had told me it was the most comprehensive. My initial impulse was to use Yahoo or Excite, because they sound so vicious—I'm using the word in its strict sense—as though they're *panting* to whisk you to a website so steamy that you'll have to get up and take a cold shower before it's even finished downloading.

I typed in the word vice. Northernlight did its cybershivering and blinking and a few seconds later announced that it had found some 3,192,738 items relating to vice, a virtual embarrassment of riches. The sheer magnitude made me feel somehow out of it. Here I hadn't even given vice any thought since Don Johnson and Philip Michael Thomas stopped pumping nine-millimeter rounds into vicious—in every sense—*cartelistas*, and now Northernlight was telling me that there was an abundance of it going on out there. At that very moment, someone was probably making a killing on a vice-related website IPO.

But as I read beneath the column titled "Documents that best match your search," I saw that the top half-dozen matches included, among others, the Regular Members Listing for Alameda County and the Emergency Procedures Division

(concluded on page 250)

THE FUTURE OF VIRTUE

ESSAY BY WILLIAM F. BUCKLEY JR.

we are living in an age of forgiveness, says the father, and that doesn't bode well for the next century

ILLUSTRATION BY SEBASTIAN KRUGER

To write in PLAYBOY about the future of virtue! What is the governing assumption? That the old virtues, having lost their virginity, are no longer useful? Well, let's walk daintily around the subject of what one of the old virtues called for. I am a guest here and Hugh Hefner opined on that subject in the May 1998 issue of PLAYBOY: "President Clinton has become a sort of sexual Rorschach. I have been in a similar position for more than 40 years." The founder and principal exegete of the Playboy Philosophy declared his willingness to concelebrate the emancipation: "The sexually charged atmosphere of the White House has lit a thousand points of lust—around watercoolers, on the Internet, in bedrooms, on telephones—and a thousand points of tolerance." Does the future envision a revival of virtue between the sheets, the working, perhaps, of some moral Viagra? We won't speculate on that.

But to be fair, no restrictions were even suggested by the editor, who wonders whether there are cultural circumstances in sight that adumbrate the revival of fresh virtues or the repristination of old virtues. He reminded me that President Clinton was detected violating traditional standards that had nothing to do with what one used to call the sins of the flesh. He lied. He showed a lack of self-control, of loyalty and of concern for others. But then the salient deposit of the Lewinsky years (let's call them that) wasn't really Clinton's behavior, it was the toleration of it. True, the polls didn't tell us in so many words that the president's deportment was endorsed by the public. What the American people agreed to do was simply to turn their heads to one side, and to reaffirm Clinton's tenure in office.

So what of the future?

Most virtues are utilitarian (honoring thy father

(concluded on page 256)

humor By Robert S. Wieder

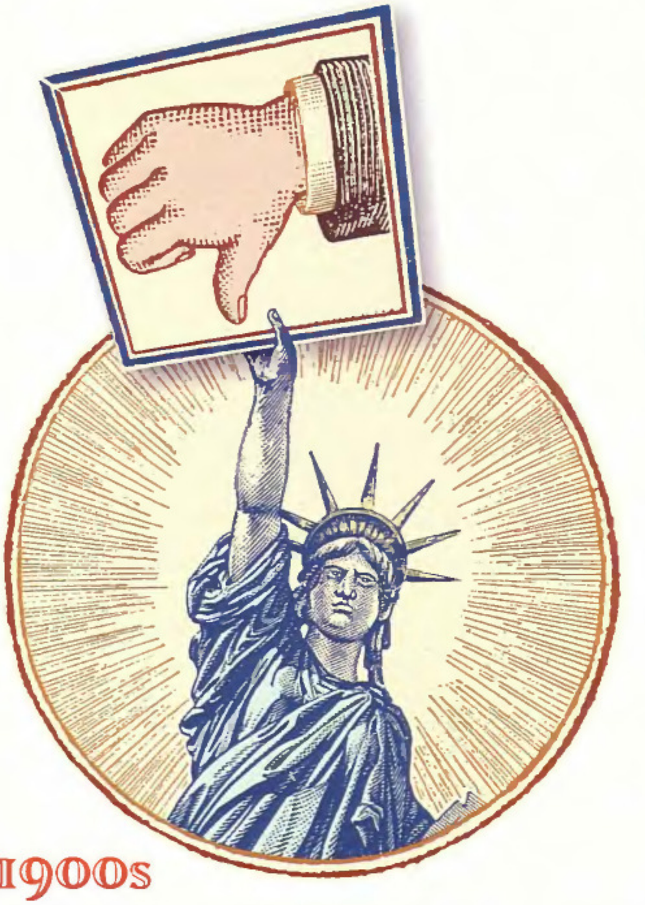
THAT WAS THE CENTURY THAT WAS

the last ten decades proved a number of things, few of them pleasant

Prologue

Another century shot to hell
On striving and confusion;
Its consistent theme has been
Our dogged self-delusion.

From nineteen-aught to now we've bought
The load: "The good don't fail,"
"The future's bright," "We know what's right,"
"The check is in the mail."

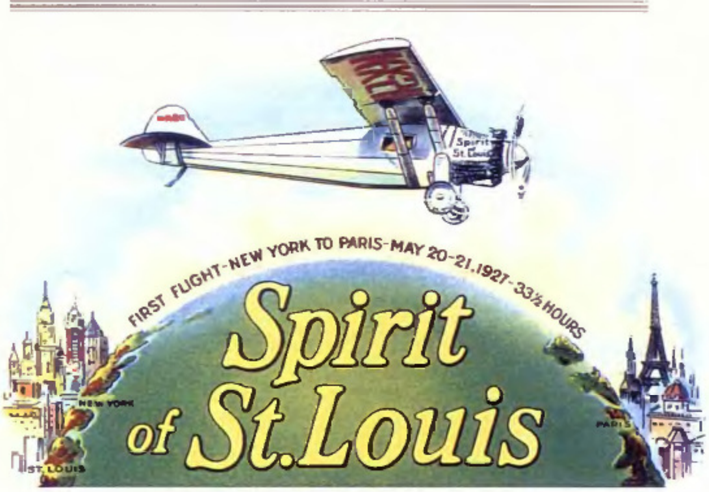


1900s

Our growth was fueled by immigrants
(Whose grandkids, oddly, panic
At "threats to our proud culture" posed
By newcomers Hispanic).

1910s

Morgan, Ford and Rockefeller
Ruled like potentates.
But oligarchy's time has passed.
(Would someone tell Bill Gates?)


FIRST FLIGHT-NEW YORK TO PARIS-MAY 20-21, 1927-33½ HOURS
Spirit of St. Louis
NEW YORK
PARIS
ST. LOUIS

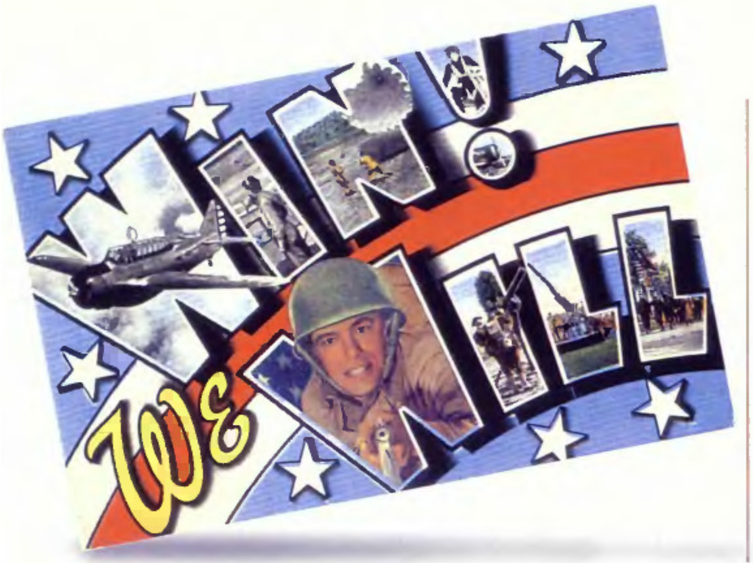
1920s

Lindbergh's grand achievement simply
Can't be overlooked:
A transatlantic budget flight
That wasn't overbooked.

1930s

Social Security was set up
For our retirement days
By folks who thought we'd surely not
Just piss it all away.

SOCIAL SECURITY
ACCOUNT NUMBER
000-00-0000
NOT FOR IDENTIFICATION

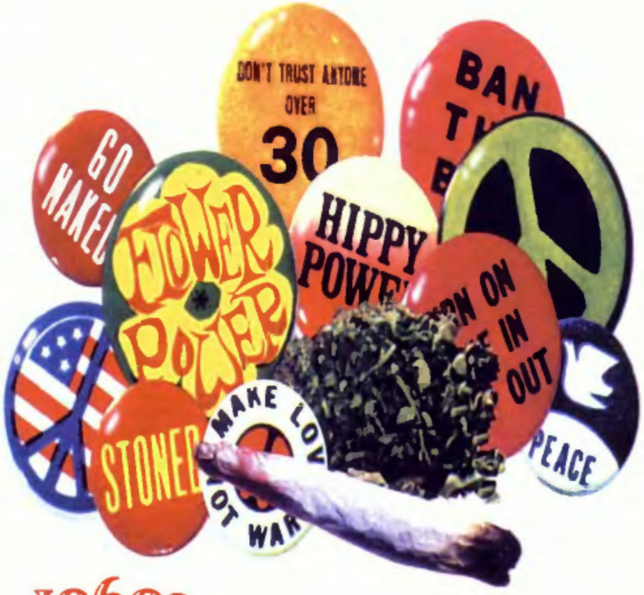


1940s

Danger, bad food, officers: The
Army was the shits, sir.
But all agreed it clearly beat
Our having to heil Hitler.

1950s

Nudity in print? Outlawed!
And talk of sex? Obscene!
In Chicago, though, there was
This brash new magazine. . . .


GO NAKED
DON'T TRUST ANYONE OVER 30
BAN T
FLOWER POWER
HIPPY POWE
N ON
E IN
OUT
MAKE LOV
OT WAR
STONED
PEACE

1960s

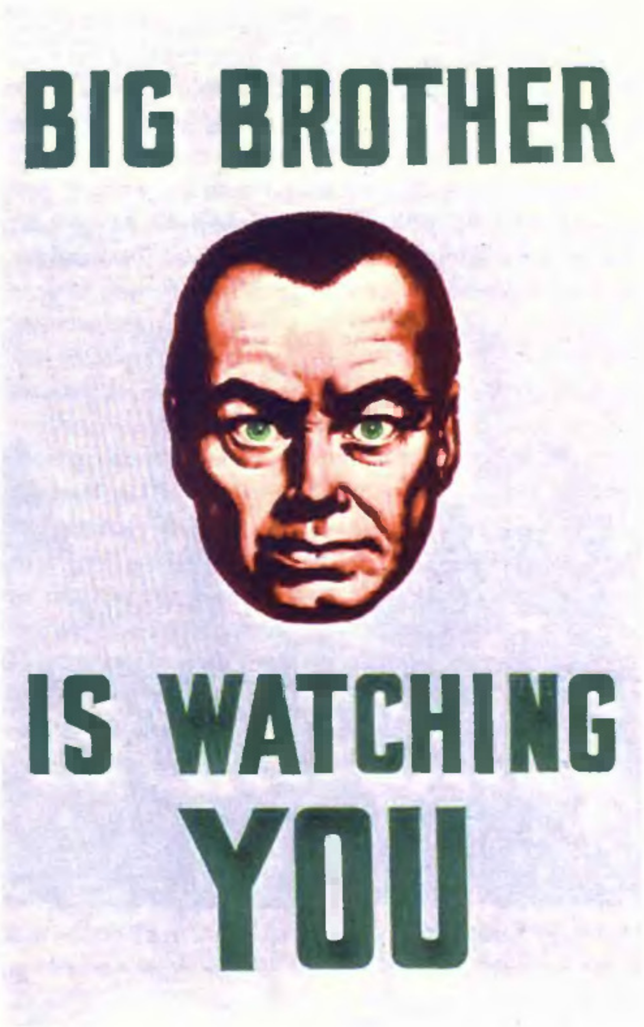
The Sixties: Hippies, free love, peace—
Ah, those were lovely days.
At least we're pretty sure they were;
Our memory's all a haze.

1970s

Great oaks from little acorns grow;
Likewise, it was the fate
Of one small bungled burglary
To grow to Watergate.

1980s

Japan Inc. owned the Eighties, and
Was buying out the store.
As they grew rich, we wondered:
Which side won that goddamn war?


BIG BROTHER
IS WATCHING
YOU

1990s

Orwell, Huxley, Asimov: Not
One could guess the outcome.
Instead of Brave New World, we're
Living in BraveNewWorld.com.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY JOHN CRAIG

The Millennium Express

picasso, einstein and hemingway conspire to blow up the world's masterpieces

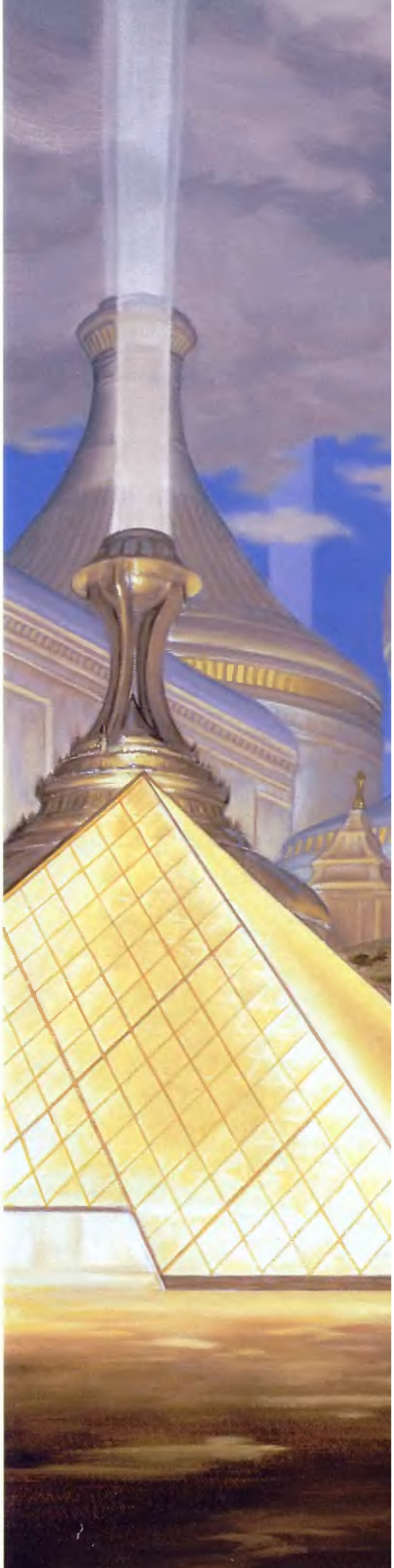
fiction By Robert Silverberg

IN A QUIET moment late in the tranquil year of 2999 four men are struggling to reach an agreement over the details of their plan to blow up the Louvre. They have been wrangling for the last two days over the merits of implosion versus explosion. Their names are Albert Einstein (1879–1955), Pablo Picasso (1881–1973), Ernest Hemingway (1899–1961) and Vjong Cleversmith (2683–2804).

Why, you may wonder, do these men want to destroy the world's greatest repository of ancient art? And how does it come to pass that a man of the 28th century, more or less, is conspiring with three celebrities of a much earlier time?

Strettin Vulpius (2953–), who has been tracking this impish crew across the face of the peaceful world for many months now, knows much more about these people than you do, but he too has yet to fathom their fondness for destruction and is greatly curious about it. For him it is a professional curiosity, or as close to professional as anything can be, here in this happy time at the end of the third millennium, when work of any sort is essentially a voluntary activity.

At the moment, Vulpius is watching them from a distance of several thousand meters. He has established himself in a hotel room in the little



PAINTING BY STEVEN HICKMAN

Swiss village of Zermatt and they are making their headquarters presently in a lovely villa of baroque style that nestles far above the town in a bower of tropical palms and brightly blossoming orchids on the lush green slopes of the Matterhorn. Vulpius has succeeded in affixing a minute spy-eye to the fleshy inner surface of the room where the troublesome four are gathered. It provides him with a clear image of all that is taking place in there.

Cleversmith, who is the ringleader, says, "We need to make up our minds." He is slender, agile, a vibrant long-limbed whip of a man. "The clock keeps on pulsing, you know. The Millennium Express is roaring toward us minute by minute."

"I tell you, implosion is the way for us to go," says Einstein. He looks to be about 40, smallish of stature, with a great mop of curling hair and soft, thoughtful eyes, incongruous above his deep chest and sturdy, athletic shoulders. "An elegant symbolic statement. The earth opens; the museum and everything that it contains quietly disappear into the chasm."

"Symbolic of what?" asks Picasso scornfully. He too is short and stocky, but he is almost completely bald, and his eyes, ferociously bright and piercing, are the antithesis of Einstein's gentle ones. "Blow the damn thing up, I say. Let the stuff spew all around the town and come down like snow. A snowfall of paintings, the first snow anywhere in a thousand years."

Cleversmith nods. "A pretty image, yes. Thank you, Pablo. Ernest?"

"Implode," says the biggest of the men. "The quiet way, the subtle way." He lounges against the wall closest to the great curving window with his back to the others, a massive burly figure holding himself braced on one huge hand that is splayed out no more than five centimeters from the spy-eye as he stares down into the distant valley. He carries himself like a big cat, graceful, loose-jointed, subtly menacing. "The pretty way, eh? Your turn, Vjong."

But Picasso says, before Cleversmith can reply, "Why be quiet or subtle about welcoming the new millennium? What we want to do is make a splash."

"My position precisely," Cleversmith says. "My vote goes with you, Pablo. And so we are still deadlocked, it seems."

Hemingway says, still facing away from them, "Implosion reduces the chance that innocent passersby will get killed."

"Killed?" cries Picasso, and claps his hands in amusement. "Killed? Who worries about getting killed in the year 2999? It isn't as though dying is forever."

"It can be a great inconvenience," says Einstein quietly.

"When has that ever concerned us?" Cleversmith says. Frowning, he glances around the room. "Ideally we ought to be unanimous on this, but at the very least we need a majority. It was my hope today that one of you would be willing to switch his vote."

"Why don't you switch yours, then?" Einstein says. "Or you, Pablo. You of all people ought to prefer to have all those paintings and sculptures sink unharmed into the ground rather than have them blown sky-high."

Picasso grins malevolently. "What fallacy is this, Albert? Why should I give a damn about paintings and sculptures? Do you care about—what was it called, physics? Does our Ernest write little stories?"

"Is the Pope Catholic?" Hemingway says.

"Gentlemen, gentlemen——"

The dispute quickly gets out of hand. There is much shouting and gesticulation. Picasso yells at Einstein, who shrugs and jabs a finger at Cleversmith, who ignores what Einstein says to him and turns to Hemingway with an appeal that is met with scorn. They are all speaking Anglic, of course. Anything else would have been very strange. These men are not scholars of obsolete tongues.

What they are, thinks the watching Vulpius, is monsters and madmen. Something must be done about them, and soon. As Cleversmith says, the clock is pulsing ceaselessly, the millennium is coming ever nearer.

•

It was on a grassy hilltop overlooking the ruins of sunken Istanbul that he first had encountered them, about a year and a half earlier. A broad parapet placed here centuries ago for the benefit of tourists provided a splendid view of the drowned city's ancient wonders, gleaming valiantly through the crystalline waters of the Bosporus: the great upjutting spears that were the minarets of Hagia Sophia and the Mosque of Süleyman the Magnificent and the other great buildings of that sort, the myriad domes of the covered bazaar, the immense walls of Topkapı Palace.

Of all the submerged and partly submerged cities Vulpius had visited—New York, San Francisco, Tokyo, London and the rest—this was one of the loveliest. The shallow emerald waters that covered it could not fully conceal the intermingling layers upon layers of antiquity here, white marble and colored tile and granite slabs, Constantinople of the Byzantine emperors, Stamboul of the Sultans, Istanbul of the Industrial Age: toppled columns, fallen friezes, indestructible fortifications, the vague chaotic outlines of the hilly city's winding streets, the shadowy hints of archaic foundations and walls, the slumping mud-engulfed ruins of the sprawling hotels and office buildings of a much later era that itself was also long gone. What a density of history! Standing there on that flower-bedecked hillside he felt himself becoming one with yesterday's 7000 years.

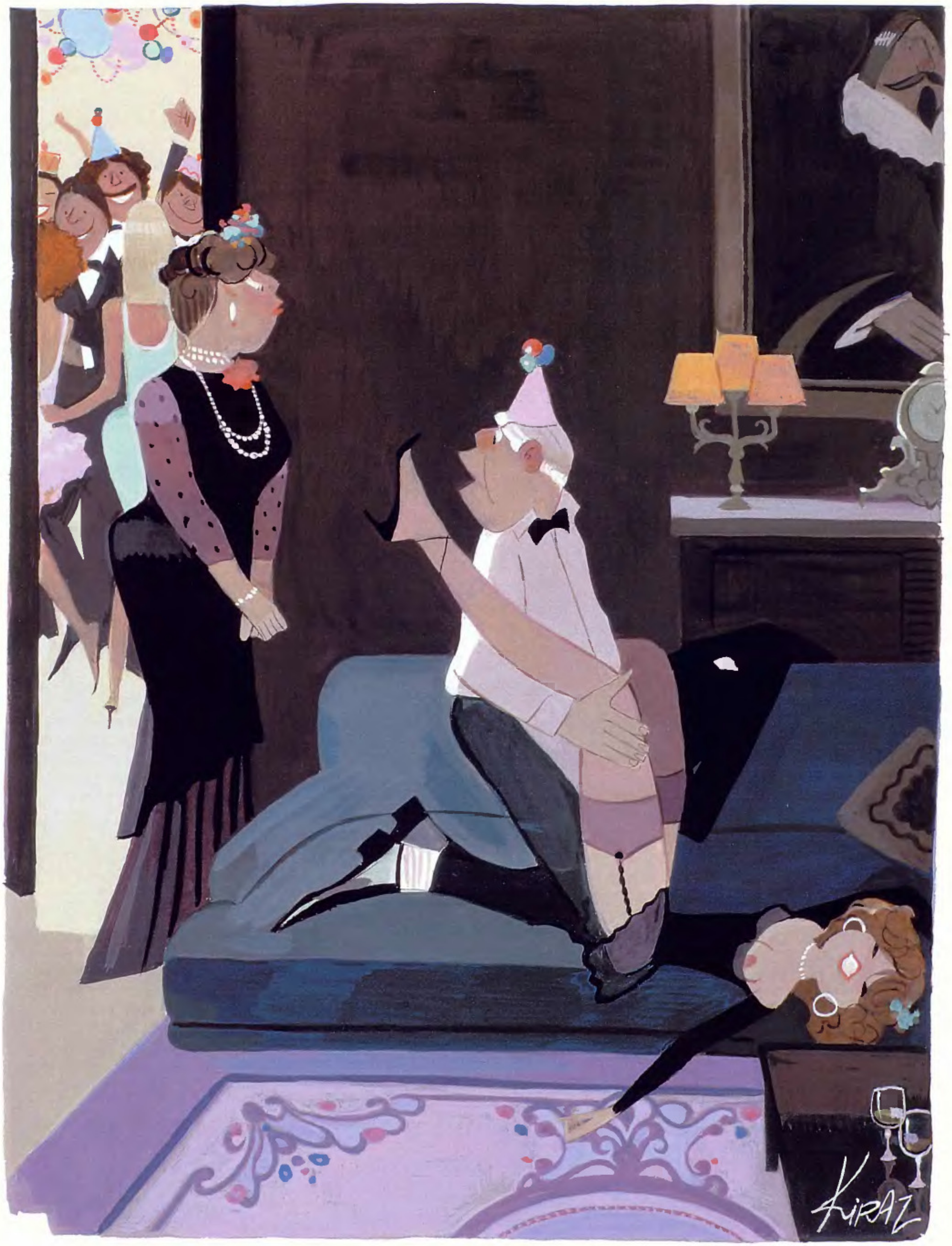
A mild humid breeze was blowing out of the hinterland to the east, bearing the pungent scent of exotic blooms and unidentifiable spices. Vulpius shivered with pleasure. It was a lovely moment, one of a great many he had known in a lifetime of travel. The world had gone through long periods of travail over the centuries, but now it was wholly a garden of delight, and Vulpius had spent 20 years savoring its multitude of marvels, with ever so much still ahead for him.

He was carrying, as he always did, a pocket mnemone, a small quasi-organic device, somewhat octopoid in form, in whose innumerable nodes and bumps were stored all manner of data that could be massaged forth by one who was adept in the technique. Vulpius aimed the instrument now at the shimmering sea below him, squeezed it gently, and in its soft, sighing, semisentient voice it provided him with the names of the half-visible structures and something of their functions in the days of the former world: This had been the Galata Bridge, this the castle of Rumeli Hisar, this the mosque of Mehmed the Conqueror, these were the scattered remnants of the great Byzantine imperial palace.

"It tells you everything, does it?" said a deep voice behind him. Vulpius turned. A small bald-headed man, broad shouldered and cocky looking, grinned at him in a powerfully insinuating way. His obsidian eyes were like augers. Vulpius had never seen eyes like those. A second man, much taller, darkly handsome, smiling lazily, stood behind him. The little bald one pointed toward the place in the water where six graceful minarets came thrusting upward into the air from a single vast building just below the surface. "What's that one, for instance?"

Vulpius, who was of an obliging nature, massaged the mnemone. "The famous Blue Mosque," he was told. "Built by the architect Mehmed Ağa by order of Sultan Ahmed I in the 17th century. It was one of the largest mosques in the city and perhaps the most beautiful. It is the only one with six minarets."

"Ah," said the small man. "A famous mosque. Six minarets. What, I wonder, could a mosque have been? Would you know, Ernest?" He looked over his



"I don't drink and I don't dance, so this is my way of celebrating the new century."

shoulder at his hulking companion, who merely shrugged. Then, quickly, to Vulpius: "But no, no, don't bother to find out. It's not important. Those things are the minarets, I take it?" He pointed again. Vulpius followed the line of the pointing hand. It seemed to him, just then, that the slender towers were gently swaying, as though they were mere wands moving in the breeze. The effect was quite weird. An earthquake, perhaps? No, the hillside here was altogether steady. Some hallucination, then? He doubted that. His mind was as lucid as ever.

The towers were definitely moving from side to side, though, whipping back and forth now as if jostled by a giant hand. The waters covering the flooded city began to grow agitated. Wavelets appeared where all had been calm. A huge stretch of the surface appeared almost to be boiling. The disturbance was spreading outward from a central vortex of churning turmoil. What strange kind of upheaval was going on down there?

Two minarets of the Blue Mosque tottered and fell into the water, and three more went down a moment later. And the effect was still expanding. Vulpius, stunned, appalled, scanned the sunken metropolis from one side to the other, watching the fabled ruins crumble and collapse and disappear into the suddenly beclouded Bosporus.

He became aware then of two more men clambering up to the observation parapet, where they were exuberantly greeted by the first pair. The newcomers—one of them short, bushy-haired, soft-eyed, the other long and lean and fiercely energetic—seemed flushed, excited, oddly exhilarated.

Much later, it was determined that vandalous parties unknown had placed a turbulence bomb just offshore, the sort of device that once had been used to demolish the useless and ugly remains of the half-drowned urban settlements that had been left behind in every lowland coastal area by the teeming populace of Industrial times. A thing that had once been employed to pulverize the concrete walls and patios of hideous tract housing and the squat squalid bulks of repellent cinder-block factory buildings had been utilized to shake to flinders the fantastic fairy-tale towers of the great imperial capital by the Golden Horn.

Vulpius had no reason to connect the calamity that had befallen sunken Istanbul with the presence of the four men on the hillside across the way. Not until much later did that thought enter his mind. But the event would not leave him: He went over and over it, replaying its every detail in a kind of chilled fascination. He was deeply unsettled, of course, by what he had witnessed; but at the same time he could not deny having felt a certain perverse thrill at having been present at the moment of such a bizarre event. The shattering of the age-old city was the final paragraph of its long history, and he, Strettin Vulpius, had been on the scene to see it written. It was a distinction of a sort.

Other equally mysterious disasters followed in subsequent months.

The outer wall of the Park of Extinct Animals was breached and many of the inner enclosures were opened, releasing into the wilderness nearly the entire extraordinary collection of carefully cloned beasts of yesteryear: moas, quaggas, giant ground sloths, dodos, passenger pigeons, aurochs, oryxes, saber-toothed cats, great auks, cahows and many another lost species that had been called back from oblivion by the most painstaking manipulation of fossil genetic material. Though the world into which they now had been so brusquely set loose was as close to a paradise as its human population could imagine, it was no place for most of these coddled and cherished creatures, for in their resuscitated existences at the Park they never had had to learn the knack of fending for themselves. All but the strongest met swift death in one fashion or another, some set upon by domestic cats and dogs, others drowned or lost in quagmires, a few killed inadvertently during attempts at recapturing them, many perishing quickly of starvation even amid the plenty of the garden that was the world, and still others expiring from sheer bewilderment at finding themselves on their own in unfamiliar freedom. The loss was incalculable; the best estimate was that it would take a hundred years of intense work to restock the collection.

The Museum of Industrial Culture was attacked next. This treasury of medieval technological artifacts was only perfunctorily guarded, for who would care to steal from a place that was everyone's common storehouse of quaint and delightful objects? Society had long since evolved past such pathetic barbarism. All the same, a band of masked men broke into the building and ransacked it thoroughly, carrying off a mountain of booty, the curious relics of the harsh and bustling age that had preceded the present one: devices that had been used as crude computers, terrifying medical implements, machines that once had disseminated aural and visual images, weaponry of various sorts, simple vision-enhancing things worn on hooks that went around one's ears, instruments used in long-distance communication, glass and ceramic cooking vessels and all manner of other strange and oddly moving detritus of that vanished day. None of these items was ever recovered. The suspicion arose that they had all gone into the hands of private holders who had hidden them from sight, which would be an odd and troublesome revival of the seeking and secret hoarding of possessions that had caused so much difficulty in ancient times.

Then came the undermining of the Washington Monument, the nearly simultaneous aerial explosion that ruptured the thousands of gleaming windows still intact in the gigantic abandoned buildings marking the watery site where Manhattan island had been in the days before the great warming, the destruction through instantaneous metal fatigue of the Great Singapore Tower, and the wholly unexpected and highly suspicious eruption of Mount Vesuvius that sent new lava spilling down over the excavations at Pompeii and Herculaneum.

By this time Vulpius, like a great many other concerned citizens the world over, had grown profoundly distressed by these wanton acts of desecration. They were so primitive, so crass, so horrifyingly atavistic. They negated all the great achievements of the third millennium.

After all those prior centuries of war and greed and unthinkable human suffering, mankind had attained true civilization at last. There was an abundance of natural resources and a benevolent climate from pole to pole. Though much of the planet had been covered by water during the time of the great warming, humanity had moved to higher ground and lived there happily in a world without winter. A stable population enjoyed long life and freedom from want of any kind. One respected all things living and dead, one did no harm, one went about one's days quietly and benignly. The traumas of previous epochs seemed unreal, almost mythical, now. Why would anyone want to disrupt the universal harmony and tranquility that had come to enfold the world here in the days just before the dawning of the 31st century?

It happened that Vulpius was in Rome, standing in the huge plaza in front of St. Peter's, when a great column of flame sprang into the sky before him. At first he thought it was the mighty basilica itself that was on fire. But no, the blaze seemed to be located to the right of the building, in the Vatican complex itself. Sirens now began to shriek; people were running to and fro in the plaza. Vulpius caught at the arm

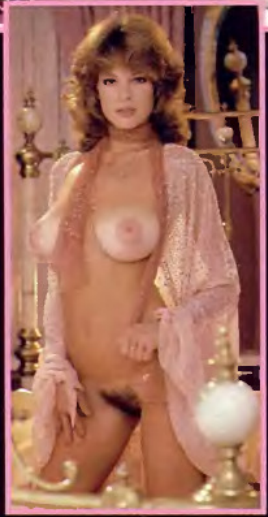
(continued on page 251)

CENTERFOLDS OF THE CENTURY

THE STUFF THAT DREAMS ARE MADE OF

The nude female's silhouette can release and inspire a male's creative drive. Try it. I have. When seeking an exclusive image for the climax of my first novel, long ago, I happened to thumb PLAYBOY open at DeDe Lind's Centerfold, and—shazam!—the metaphor was suddenly there. My mind, entranced by DeDe's national anthem of a face and form, had suddenly flipped from the logical and boring to the creative and unconscious. Where magic lives. Let this maxim stand: Confronted by a pair of luscious, shapely front-end loaders, no normal Joe can sustain rational thought for long. Your unconscious travels along the optic nerve, engages the sensual, and produces an alpha wave

(text continued on page 230)



100. SHAE MARKS

CAUTION
DANGEROUS
UNDERTOW
THUND

99. JEAN BELL

98. SHAUNA SAND

97. JULIE WOODSON

96. SUSAN BERNARD

95. NIKKI SCHIELER

TEST YOUR LOVE TODAY!

94. ELSA SORENSEN

93. JANET LUPO

92. SHARON JOHANSEN

91. MARTHA SMITH

90. FAWNA MacLAREN

89. OLA RAY

88. BRANDI BRANDT

87. JENNIFER JACKSON

86. ROBERTA VASQUEZ

83. JAMI FERRELL

85. SONDRA THEODORE

84. LONNY CHIN

82. MELINDA WINDSOR

81. MARA CORDAY

80. BRITTANY YORK

77. JULIE LYNN CIALINI

79. DOLLY READ

78. LISA BAKER

76. JOYCE NIZZARI

75. CORINNA HARNEY

74. PENNY BAKER

73. HEIDI BECKER

72. AZIZI JOHARI

71. VICTORIA VALENTINO

70. PATRICIA FARINELLI

69. CONNIE KRESKI

68. AVIS KIMBLE

67. ALANA SOARES

66. DAHM TRIPLETS

63. MONIQUE ST. PIERRE

65. CHRISTINE MADDOX

64. ANNA-MARIE GODDARD

62. VAN BREESCHOOTEN TWINS

61. DONNA D'ERRICO

60. BARBARA EDWARDS

59. KATHY SHOWER

58. ELLEN STRATTON

57. CONNIE MASON

56. ANGELA DORIAN

55. KAREN PRICE

53. STACY SANCHES

54. LINDA GAMBLE

52. TERRI WELLES

51. PETRA VERKAIK

50. LISA MATTHEWS

49. CHINA LEE

48. ALLISON PARKS

47. JAIME BERGMAN

46. EVE MEYER

45. MARGUERITE EMPEY

44. KAREN McDOUGAL

43. GWEN WONG

42. BEBE BUELL

41. COLLINSON TWINS

40. JANICE PENNINGTON

39. JULIE McCULLOUGH

38. KAREN VELEZ

37. RENEÉ TENISON

36. YVETTE VICKERS

35. KIMBERLY McARTHUR

34. CYNDI WOOD

32. MARIANNE GRAVATTE

33. JUNE COCHRAN

31. HEATHER KOZAR

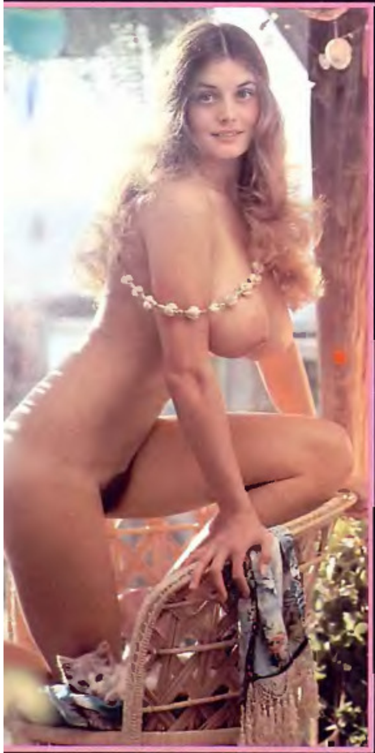
30. NANCY CAMERON

28. DONNA EDMONDSON

29. LISA WINTERS

25. VICTORIA SILVSTEDT

27. MARILYN LANGE



26. ERIKA ELENIAK

23. CLAUDIA JENNINGS

24. LIV LINDELIND

22. KAREN CHRISTY

21. MARILYN COLE

20. DEDE LIND

19. DEBRA JO FONDREN

18. CHRISTA SPECK

17. JO COLLINS

16. LILLIAN MÜLLER

15. ANNA NICOLE SMITH

14. KIMBERLEY CONRAD

13. STELLA STEVENS

11. SHANNON TWEED

12. PATTI McGUIRE

10. CYNTHIA MYERS

9. DONNA MICHELLE

8. DOROTHY STRATTEN

7. JENNY McCARTHY

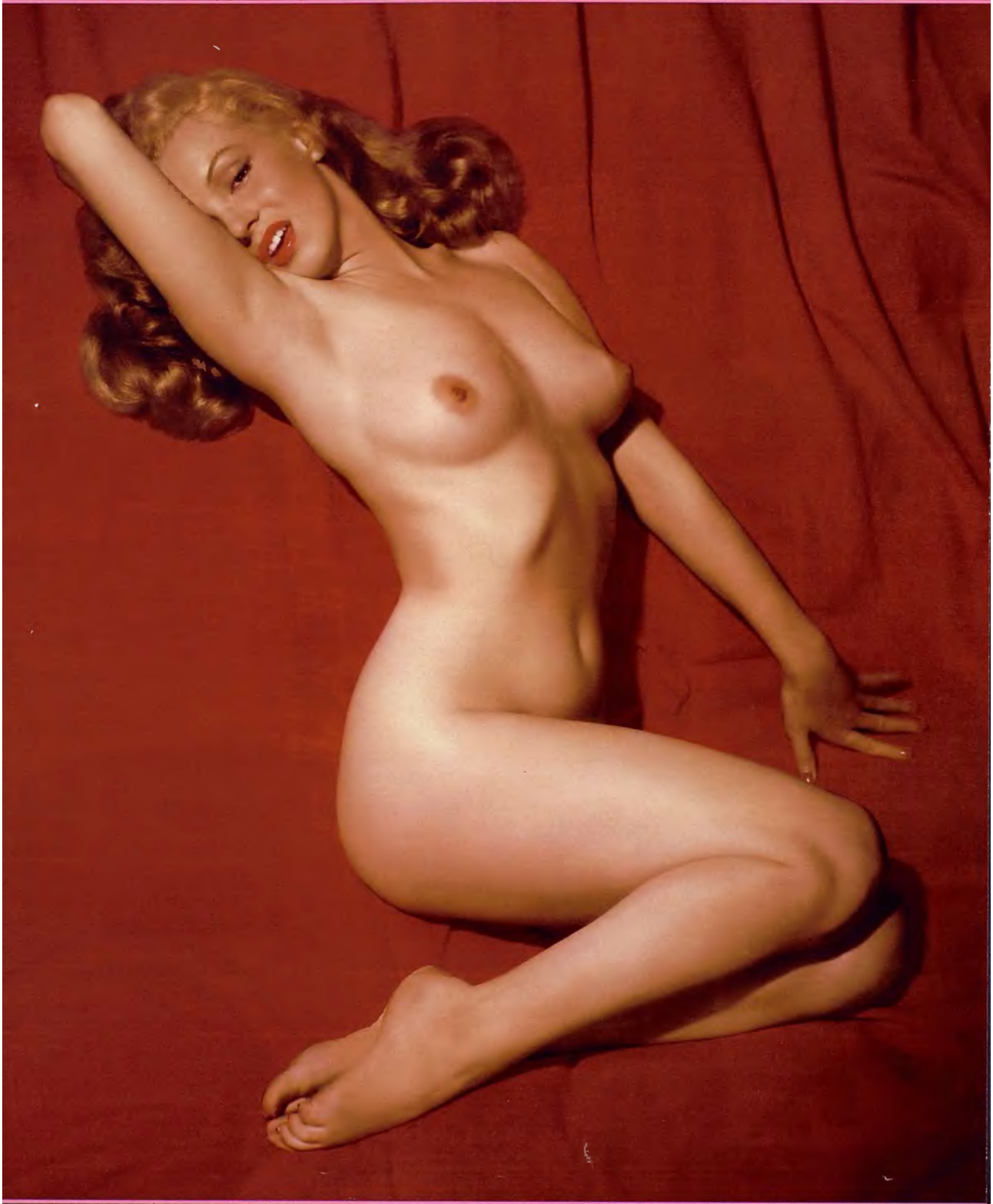
6. CANDY LOVING

4. PAMELA ANDERSON

3. JAYNE MANSFIELD

2. JANET PILGRIM

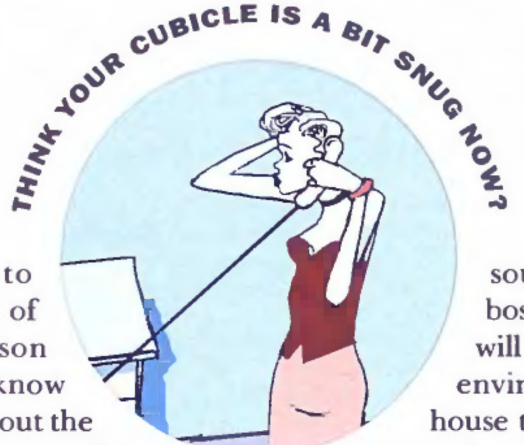
5. BETTIE PAGE



1. MARILYN MONROE

The Office Of The Future

humor By Scott Adams



THINK YOUR CUBICLE IS A BIT SNUG NOW?

The most important thing to understand about the future of the workplace is that a person can't have sex with a fish. I know what you're thinking—what about the blowfish? Technically, that's not sex, because it won't produce offspring, thanks to a little thing called evolution. Evolution works at such a leisurely pace that humans haven't had to worry about it much. But thanks to genetic engineering, the pace of evolution will accelerate in the new millennium. And it will have a big impact on the workplace. I'm here to tell you how.

In the short term, we'll see a continuation of the current trend of corporate frugality—until logical limits have been reached. Employees complain about budget cuts, but after the initial whining they seem to adjust to anything. For example, cubicles got smaller every year during the Nineties. I don't think that trend will stop. I predict you'll see cubicles shrink to the size of your torso, fitting snugly around your body, so you can wear your cubicle to work instead of clothing. Formfitting cubicles will solve both the real estate expense problem and the dress code debate.

It will all be made possible by what I call the goggleputer. Imagine a pair of goggles with a built-in computer that displays three-dimensional images on the lenses, creating a virtual reality for the user. Special headphones will provide mood-elevating nature sounds—such as the sound of dingoes killing your boss. Workers with goggleputers will be indifferent to their physical environment, so management can house them anywhere: in abandoned quarries, nuclear waste dumps, crack houses—wherever the rent is cheap.

Employee motivation will be a huge challenge in the future. That's why I predict that each worker's goggleputer will be outfitted with a fantasy simulator controlled by management. When workers have been productive, management will allow them to run virtual fantasy programs as their reward. I don't know what fantasy the women will see in their goggleputers, but I'm guessing it will involve pirates in torn shirts who taste like chocolate. I think men will see PLAYBOY Playmates who are inexplicably happy to see them. It will probably go something like this:

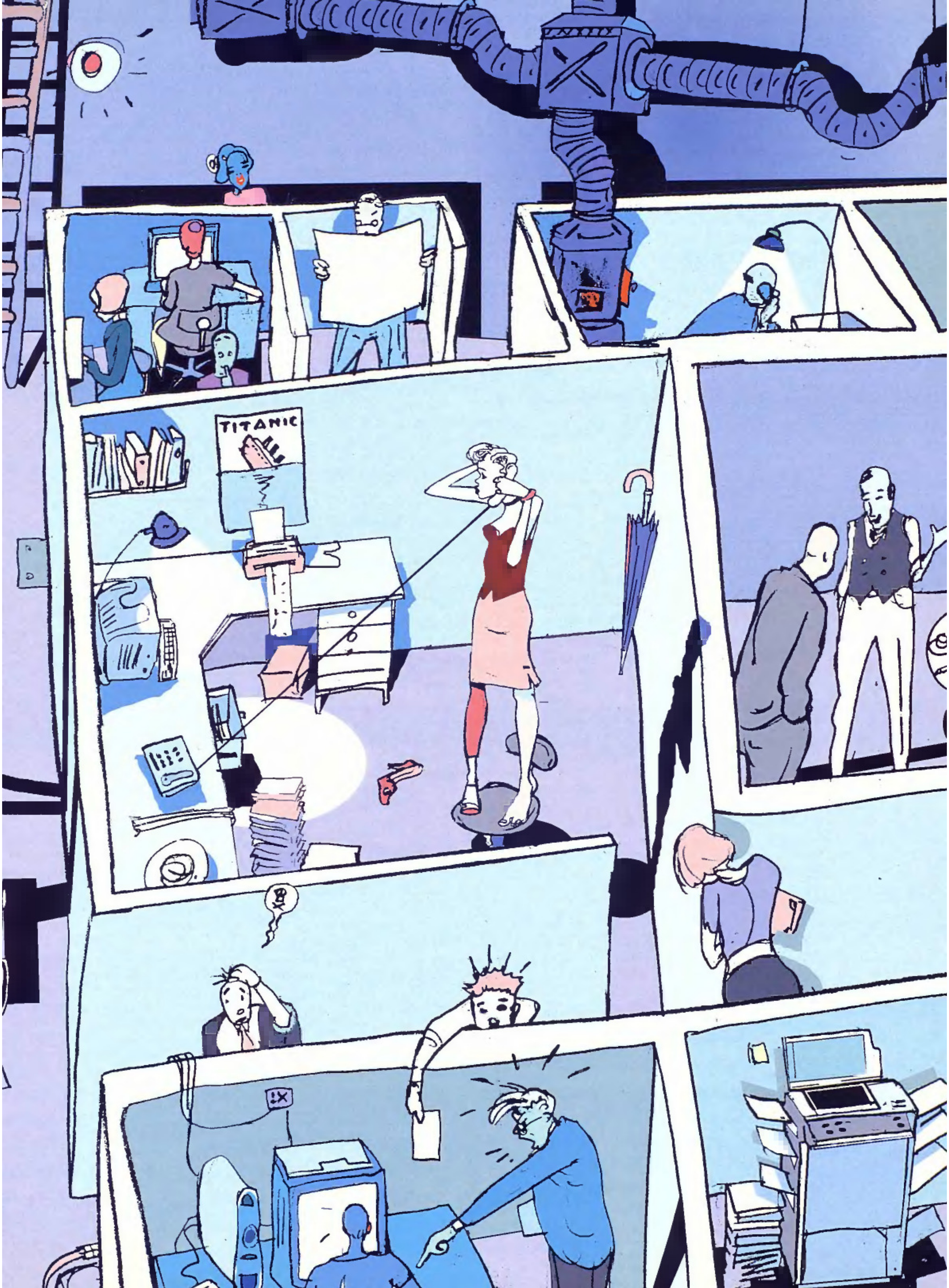
Virtual Playmate: "You look so handsome, [employee's name], wearing that cubicle. If your work log shows that you have been productive, I want to invite my bi-curious girlfriends over to your mansion so we can frolic in your grotto."

Employees will never tire of fantasy-based motivation, thanks to breakthroughs I'm predicting in aphrodisiac technology. Sexual stimulants will be released throughout the workplace in fine aerosol mists. Everyone will be in the mood for virtual loving all the time. I also expect the gap to widen between the

(concluded on page 262)

ILLUSTRATION BY ISTVAN BANYAI

EXIT
$3600
~~4000~~
Sold
Coce
VACATION


TITANIC

THE FUTURE

(continued from page 86)

rewind right from our remotes—no need to record it.

DVORAK: Right now there is no reason—other than corruption—for umpires to be behind a baseball player calling balls and strikes when a computer can do it more accurately. Officiating technologies will be implemented after one too many bad calls forces change. As for entertainment, many actors will be replaced by realistic computer images. Nonexistent people will have fan clubs. Online entertainment will continue to grow and become a primary form of entertainment for everyone.

LEA: Consumers will have interactive, highly personalized TV and web content delivered to their homes. Broadcast TV will alter radically as television sets become smart enough to mix and match content sourced from traditional broadcasters, in-home storage devices and the web to provide personalized TV. Traditional sports will lose popularity as consumers increasingly stay home for their entertainment or participate in virtual shared sports via their TVs. Both trends will manifest themselves in a population that is more and more fractionalized, lacking the major broadcast or sports events to provide a common theme. This will have profound effects on the notion of society and community within America. In the middle to late 21st century a backlash against this trend will occur, driven partly by the human desire to socialize and partly by technology changes that will lead society into a more community-oriented model. Such a move will result in sports and entertainment returning to their roots as social events, albeit with far more technological support.

ROGERS: No teams or leagues have ever survived 300 years. The games we know will disappear over the next 1000 years and be replaced with new concepts.

BARLOW: We won't watch the quarterback. We will be the quarterback (or whatever the equivalent becomes). Also, humans have always liked to scare the shit out of themselves. Adrenaline is one of our favorite drugs. Through advances in engineering we will get better and better at approaching and perhaps even crossing the precipice of death without actually dying. This will be important since genetic redesign will make death harder and harder to achieve naturally.

GIBSON: Entertainment will be even more like politics than it is now.

POLITICS AND GOVERNMENT

NEGROPONTE: Today, countries tend to be the wrong size. They are too small to be global and too big to be local. In the future, governance will be both bigger and smaller, attending to the well-being of the planet in tandem with local and cultural needs. In the next millennium, the nation-state as we know it will be far less meaningful. Nationalism will need to disappear.

JOY: The Internet will increasingly cause major functions of society to be performed by self-organized communities unconstrained by physical geographies. These communities will evolve new forms of democratic action on both small and medium scales. As technology increases the abundance of material goods, the Net will also act as a strong force to deconstruct centralized government, which should devolve to be a simpler guarantor of basic liberties and principles such as equality of opportunity, and to thereby protect us from the excesses of global capitalism.

CELENTE: A third-party movement, combining progressive economic and social philosophies with laissez-faire libertarian approaches to personal privacy and foreign policy, will gather steam and overtake obsolete Republican and Democratic machines. The U.S. government will become more democratized as the Internet brings the town hall, the state capital and Washington into the public's living rooms. Rather than put their future in the hands of politicians, people will vote in elections and will cast their votes on specific issues.

OZZIE: Decisions will be influenced, formally or informally, by electronically assisted referenda. Strife will continue to occur due to enormous gaps in prosperity between developed and developing countries, and among the ranks of citizens within any given region. Because of biomedical advances and lengthening life spans, age will be as significant a societal issue as any encountered in America during this century. Religious institutions and governments worldwide will be forced to confront the moral, ethical and legal consequences of advances in the biomedical sciences, as the question "Can we?" becomes "Should we?" over and over again.

BARLOW: Governance will replace government. In a world where everything and everybody is connected to all else and other, we will respond to problems as organically as the body (or, for that matter, a beehive) responds to damage, automatically rushing the appropriate resources to the point of injury. This will be done on a self-organizing basis, as it is in nature, and indeed as it already is in society to a greater extent than we recognize. Things will get weird, and yet some essential qualities of the human condition may remain, particularly the eternal struggle between the seven deadly sins and the three graces.

SCULLEY: Government as we have known it is an anachronism. One can only hope that the old institutions that have been until now immune to change (e.g., schools, IRS, health services and other bureaucracies) will give way to innovators and entrepreneurs. Today's political organizations will become increasingly irrelevant, with Generation Y inventing entirely new ways to create communities of interest and support for solutions to societal challenges.

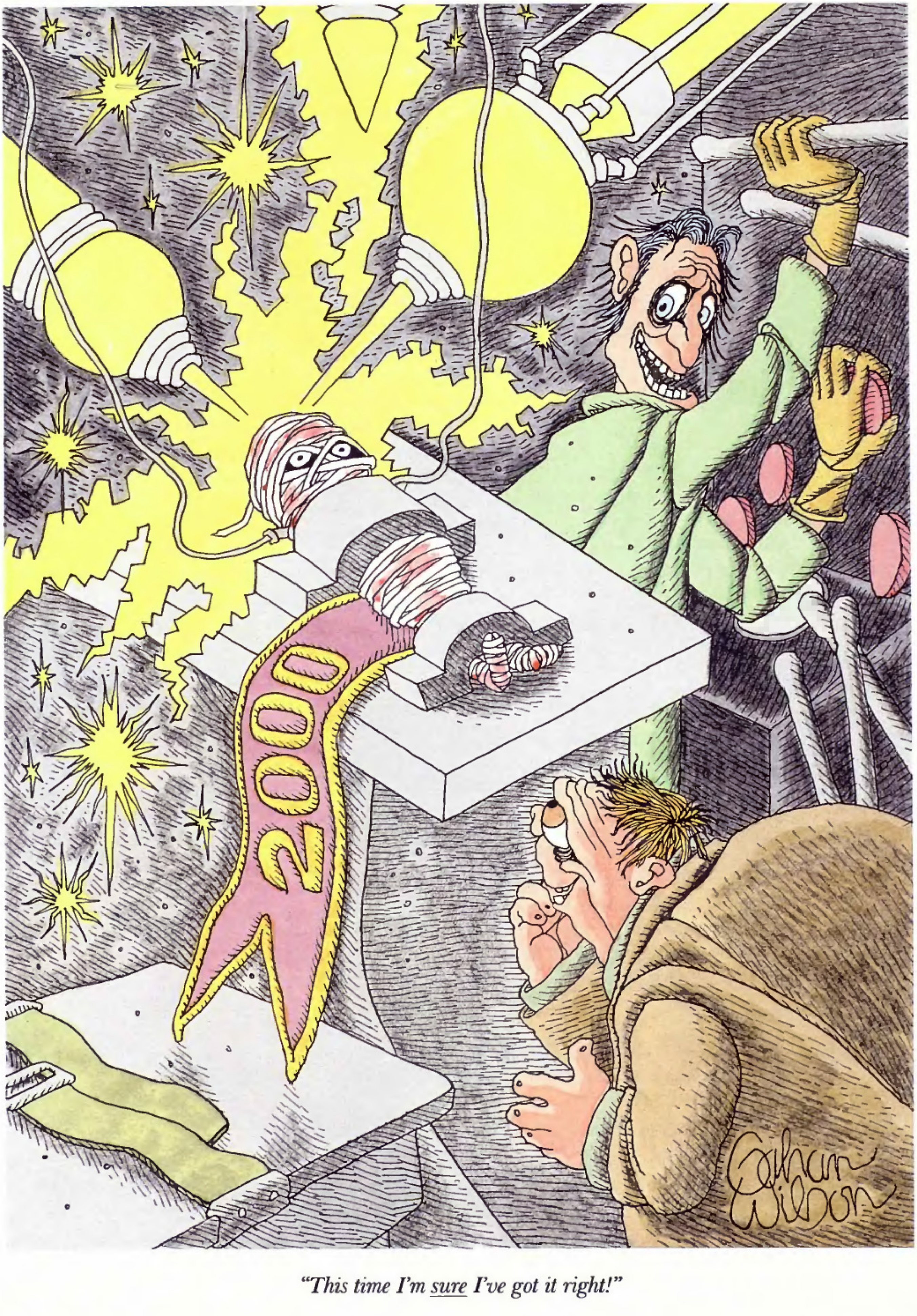
POPCORN: We'll vote at ATMs, through e-mail, on the TV screen—anywhere but at the polls. Our voyeuristic fascination with the private lives of politicians will be taken to new heights: Nothing will be off-limits. Imagine MTV's *The Real World*, but with a cast of politicians, interns and staffers. More and more, Hollywood and government will blur. If Jesse Ventura can be governor, imagine who could be president! (We're predicting a Hispanic female in the White House in the early 2000s.)

DVORAK: Online voting will happen. Serious experiments will begin by 2015, and it won't be considered unusual by 2030. In some ways today's politics, which are poll dependent, are operated this way. Unfortunately, this idea does nothing to encourage the old-fashioned ideal of leadership. It's instead a true democracy and essentially leaderless. The cynics will see it as mobocracy. In fact it will result in new kinds of leadership in which opinion makers and propagandists will be the true leaders, as they will sway the real-time voters.

LEA: The growing trend toward single-issue politics will drive government in the next few decades. This will accelerate as global communications allow pressure groups to rapidly form to promote issues. On the positive side, voters will have a more direct influence on government. But this will be offset by the stagnation that such politics causes. The reemerging megacorporations will come to dominate politics and government in the latter part of the century and will replace nation-states by attracting the allegiance of their workers. These megacorporations, because they transcend physical boundaries, will cause a blurring of nations and will effectively become the constituents in a de facto global government.

ROGERS: I doubt Plato's basic four types of government will change significantly over the next millennium, since they have changed little over the past 3000

(continued on page 237)



"This time I'm sure I've got it right!"

Porn-O-Rama!

an intrepid friend toured the tomorrowland of sex and returned a happier man

article By AL FRANKEN

The moment PLAYBOY told me I could tackle any subject for its millennium issue, I immediately chose pornography. Now, you may assume that I picked pornography because I believe PLAYBOY is pornography. Far from it. PLAYBOY is erotica.

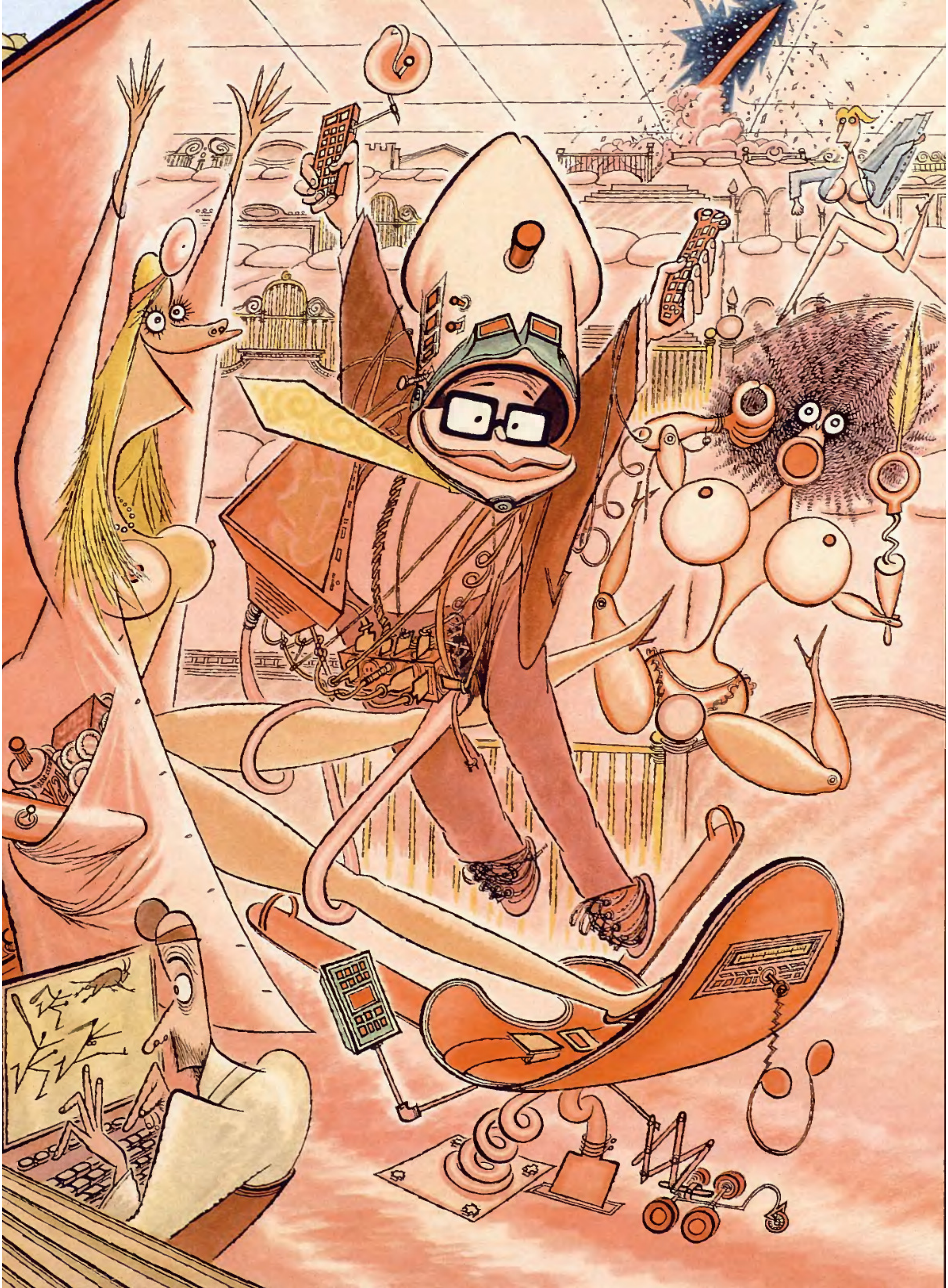
Indeed, if PLAYBOY were pornography, Hugh Hefner would be a pornographer, which he most definitely is not. Hugh Hefner is a sensualist. Larry Flynt is a pornographer. And when I say that, I don't necessarily mean it as a pejorative. (Although I have to admit feeling a little uncomfortable when Flynt and I were on the same side during the Clinton–Lewinsky scandal. So I did some research, and it turns out that Larry Flynt has done some positive things. For example, thanks to Flynt, every sex shop in California is required to have a wheelchair access ramp.)

Now you may be asking: What exactly is the difference between erotic (PLAYBOY) and pornographic (*Hustler*, *Big Butt*, *Barely Legal*)? Thanks to research at the Institute for Pornographic Studies in Northridge, California, scientific techniques have been applied to the study of pornography so that such distinctions can be drawn on a totally quantifiable basis.

For example, in addition to pictures of lovely young nude women in various come-hither poses, PLAYBOY offers humor, helpful lifestyle information and journalism (such as this piece). While *Hustler* also provides these alternatives to mere pulchritude, it is the balance as measured by researchers at IPS that makes PLAYBOY erotica and *Hustler* pornography.

(concluded on page 200)

ILLUSTRATION BY ARNOLD ROTH


Y2K

LISTS of the CENTURY

top fives, top tens, who's counting?

AMAZING!

MOMENTS TO SAVOR

- LINDBERGH'S FLIGHT
- JAPANESE SURRENDER ON THE *MISSOURI*
- JACKIE ROBINSON SIGNS WITH THE DODGERS
- THE "I HAVE A DREAM" SPEECH
- THE MOON LANDING
- MANDELA GOES FREE
- THE BERLIN WALL COMES DOWN

BEST WHOPPERS

- I am not a crook.
- I was out chipping golf balls in the driveway.
- Read my lips—no new taxes.
- I never had sex with that woman.
- I was only following orders.

THINGS THAT SEEMED LIKE GOOD IDEAS AT THE TIME

- NEW COKE
- BELIEVING NEVILLE CHAMBERLAIN
- DRAFTING SAM BOWIE AHEAD OF MICHAEL JORDAN

GREATEST MOMENTS IN SPORTS

- Colts beat Giants in sudden death, 1958
- 1980 Miracle on Ice
- Jordan's sixth championship
- Thrilla in Manila
- Ruth calls his shot
- Secretariat
- Jack Johnson beats Jim Jeffries
- Jesse Owens wins four gold medals
- Carlton Fisk's homer captures greatest World Series game ever played
- Bobby Thomson's homer seals Giants' great comeback
- The Packers–Cowboys Ice Bowl game
- The Flutie–Kosar college game

MODERN BREAKFASTS WE LOVE

- Carnation Chocolate Instant Breakfast
- Kudos bars
- Granola bars
- Pop Tarts
- Froot Loops
- Cap'n Crunch
- Tang
- Budweiser

BEST LOOKS

- John Wayne's cowboy hat
- Sinatra's snap-brim hat
- DiMaggio's Yankees uniform
- Edward R. Murrow's trench coat
- Allen Ginsberg's Uncle Sam hat
- Eldridge Cleaver's leather jacket
- Kojak's head

Products Men Love and Women Hate

- *CIGARS*
- *THONGS*
- *REMOTE CONTROLS*
- *VIDEO GAMES*
- *MONSTER SPEAKERS*

Best Labor-Saving Devices

Gillette Mach 3 · *USA Today* · Duct tape · Cordless power screwdriver · Microwave · Blow job

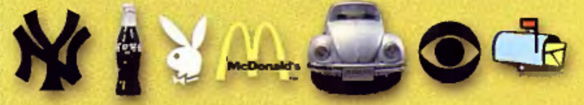
TOP REAL MEN

- Jackie Chan
- Sir Winston Churchill
- Clint Eastwood
- Fiorello LaGuardia
- Hef
- Thurgood Marshall
- Harry Truman
- Frank Sinatra
- Muhammad Ali
- Hemingway

ACTORS WHO HIT THE MARK

- Jimmy Stewart
- Robert De Niro
- Marlon Brando
- Spencer Tracy
- Dustin Hoffman
- Jack Nicholson
- Humphrey Bogart
- Ed Norton
- Kevin Spacey
- Anthony Hopkins

ENDURING ICONS



TOP ELEVEN GUY MOVIES WITH GREAT PLOTS

Blade Runner
Bridge on the River Kwai
Usual Suspects
Maltese Falcon (Sydney Greenstreet, Peter Lorre—character actors who make old movies better than new movies)
Unforgiven
Godfather I and *II* (The best movie of all time? Sure. We just can't decide which installment.)
Apocalypse Now
Treasure of the Sierra Madre
Goldfinger
Pulp Fiction
Chinatown

BEST BOY TOYS

GTO
Orvis fly rod
Snowmobile
Indian motorcycle
Hot Wheels
The Clapper
Game Boy
PlayStation
Chriscraft
Official Paul Tagliabue NFL regulation-size football
Jet Ski
Hot melt glue gun
Anna Nicole Smith

Best Porn Movies to Keep Us Busy as We Wait for an X-rated CGI Love Scene Between Julia Roberts and Nicole Kidman

Deep Throat
Behind the Green Door
Talk Dirty to Me
Night Trips
Chameleons, Not the Sequel
Buttman Goes to Rio
Zazel (more fun with paints than that Robin Williams–goes-to-heaven flick)
Insatiable
The Masseuse
The Opening of Misty Beethoven
Debbie Does Dallas
The Devil in Miss Jones (Georgina Spelvin—not too foxy but funky as hell)

THE BEST OF
FRANK
Sinatra
THE CAPITOL YEARS

albums to SHAG by

PORTISHEAD—Dummy • PATSY CLINE—Greatest Hits • MARVIN GAYE—Let's Get It On • FRANK SINATRA—The Capitol Years • BOB MARLEY—Exodus • PRINCE—Sign O' the Times • PRIMAL SCREAM—Screamadelica • DINAH WASHINGTON—For Those in Love • VAN MORRISON—Moondance • NAT KING COLE—The Nat King Cole Story • SADE—Love Deluxe • WILLIE NELSON—Stardust • ROXY MUSIC—Avalon

UNFORGETTABLE FADS

Rubik's Cube
Hula Hoops
Yo-yos
Pet Rock
Raccoon hats
Beaver coats
Zoot suits
Spats
Ross Perot
Bull Moose Party
Cunnilingus

Cars That Lived Up to Their Names

Corvette
Mustang
Charger
Viper
Thunderbird
Camaro
Roadrunner
Edsel

BEST LITERARY SMUT

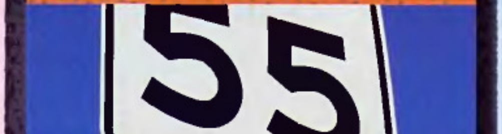
Women in Love by D.H. Lawrence
Ada by Vladimir Nabokov
Tropic of Cancer by Henry Miller
Sophie's Choice by William Styron
Couples by John Updike
Ulysses by James Joyce
Thy Neighbor's Wife by Gay Talese
An American Dream by Norman Mailer
Story of O by Pauline Reage
Princess Daisy by Judith Krantz

THINGS THAT NEVER CAUGHT ON

Communal living
League of Nations
Quadraphonic sound
Zeppelins
The Great Society
Spruce Goose
Smaller government
Journalistic ethics
Right to privacy
American soccer
Heaven's Gate (movie and cult)
World music
Betamax
Greater East Asian Co-Prosperity Sphere
Oxygen bars
Mini-CDs

things we wish had never caught on

Speed limits
Andrew Lloyd Webber
War on drugs
Call waiting
Strip malls
AIDS
German militarism
Christian fundamentalism
Michael Bolton
The word like
Kudzu
Zebra mussels
Global warming
Sexual harassment lawsuits
Poodles



SEX TERMS THAT WILL DISAPPEAR DURING THE NEXT MILLENNIUM

Merkin
Felching
Onanism
Pasties
Prophylactic
Teabagging
Frottage
Spunk
Pessary
Spooge
Swiving
That Thing With the Cup

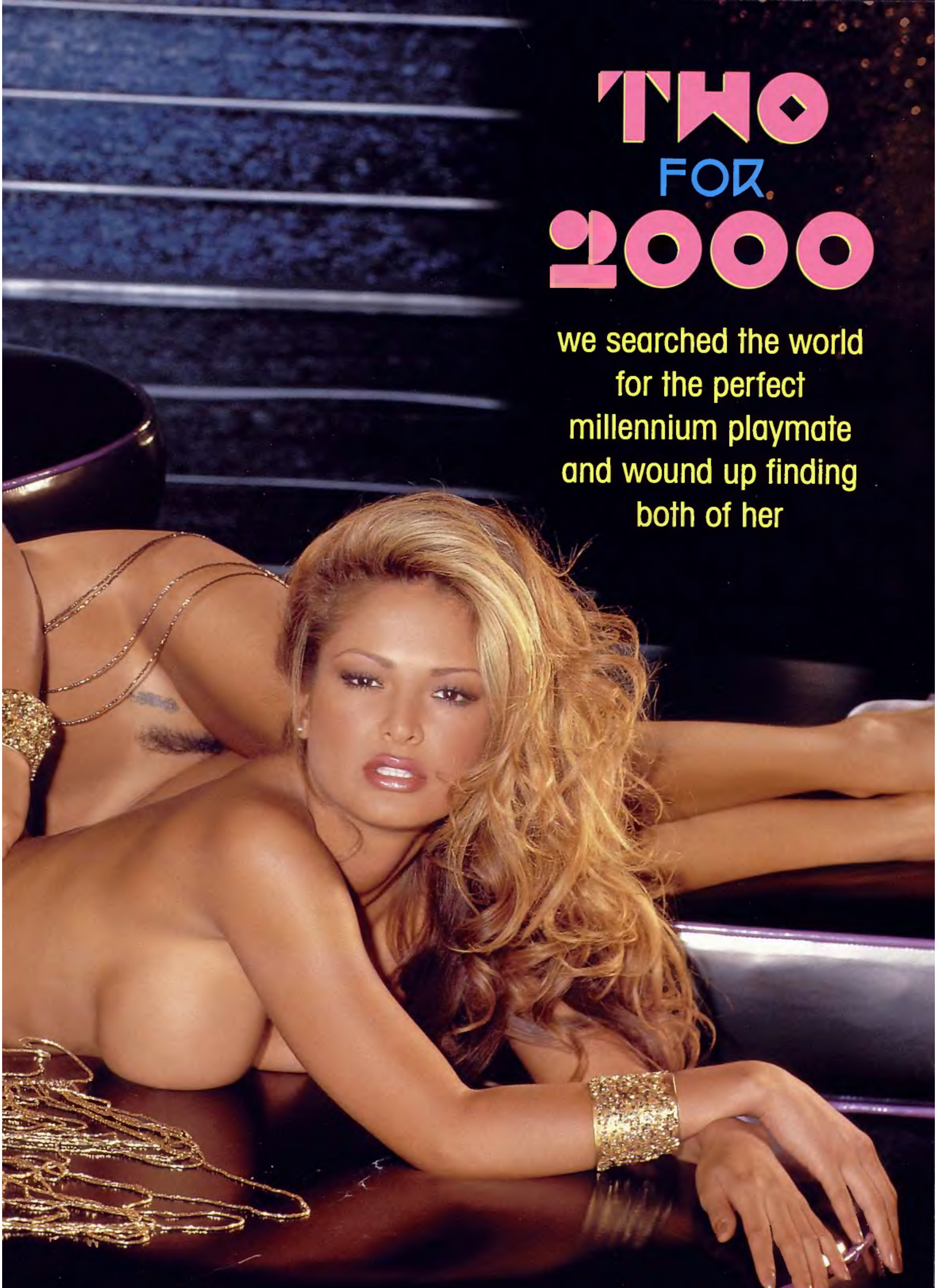
(concluded on page 224)

DAY AND
DUREX
NIGHT SERVICE
DUREX
DUREX
DUREX
DUREX
SURGICAL

PHOTOGRAPHY BY
ARNY FREYTAG

TWO FOR 2000

we searched the world for the perfect millennium playmate and wound up finding both of her



Darlene Bernaola is scanning her date book, shaking her head at page after page of appointments. "I am *so* busy," she says with a grin, "I have no life." She's selling herself short: At the age of 23, Darlene and her twin sister, Carol, have led extraordinary lives. From the jungles of Peru to the beaches of Miami to the pages of PLAYBOY, they've overcome poverty, isolation, terrorism, language barriers and physical calamity to become our first Playmates of the new millennium. Now the twins are enjoying the whirlwind and taking pride in the drive and determination that got them here. "After the lives we've led, with all the hard work, everything has paid off," says Carol. "This is our dream."

Q: You were born in Los Angeles, but raised in——

CAROL: Chanchamayo, Villa Rica, Peru.

DARLENE: In the jungle.

CAROL: It was a little town. There was one phone booth where everybody had to make calls. It was an area that had been settled by people fleeing World War II, so in one town there were nothing but German people, the next town would be all Yugoslavian, the next town Spanish.

Q: What did you do there for entertainment?

CAROL: You could play with the monkeys, hang from vines, climb trees and eat the fruit at the top, go to the river or the lake, fish, hunt, ride horses.

Q: Why did you leave?

"There's a beat in the street in Miami," says Carol (left, on her bike). "I would never live anywhere else. It's where my mom and my friends are, where the sun is." But the Bernaola sisters don't take their new surroundings (including the motorcycles at left—gifts from Kawasaki) for granted. "What are the odds," asks Caral, "of someone with our background ending up here and getting this kind of chance in life?"

DARLENE: Terrorism.

CAROL: Peru had a revolution, and we fled because of that. It was too dangerous. So our mom sent us to Miami to start a new life. We were 16-year-olds, on our own, didn't know the language. We were scared. Our first job was at McDonald's. I was a dishwasher, and Darlene was a cleaner. Until they promoted us to the drive-through.

DARLENE: [*Laughs*] We were that good.

CAROL: She would take the money at one window and I'd give them their food at the next window, and people would say, "You're so fast!" I'd say, "No, that was my sister." But we have had a lot of different jobs.

Q: What brought you to PLAYBOY?

CAROL: My husband owns a nightclub in Miami, and he was hosting a party for the Playmate 2000 search. Someone said to him, "Why don't you tell Carol to try out?" PLAYBOY West Coast Photo Editor Marilyn Grabowski saw me and said, "I'm going to make you rich and famous." And I thought, Wow, I didn't even have to take off my clothes! When I said I had a twin sister, she flipped.

DARLENE: But I couldn't do anything at the time—I was paralyzed. I was in an auto accident the day before I was supposed to get married. My fiancé passed away, and I was paralyzed. I broke my pelvis in two places, my left hand in 20 places. The doctor told me it was going to take a year to recuperate and another year to learn how to walk again. But I started walking three months later.

Q: And now you're representing Latin women in PLAYBOY.

CAROL: It's an honor to be Latin.

DARLENE: I'm proud to be Latin and to be American.

CAROL: Now is the time to recognize our differences. The year 2000 is not about whether you are white, black, yellow, brown or blue. It's about a mix of cultures.

MISSES JANUARY

Carol Bernaola

PLAYMATE DATA SHEET

NAME: Carol and DARLENE BERNAOLA

BUST: 32C WAIST: 23 HIPS: 34

HEIGHT: 5'7" WEIGHT: 111

BIRTH DATE: 08/27/76 BIRTHPLACE: Los Angeles

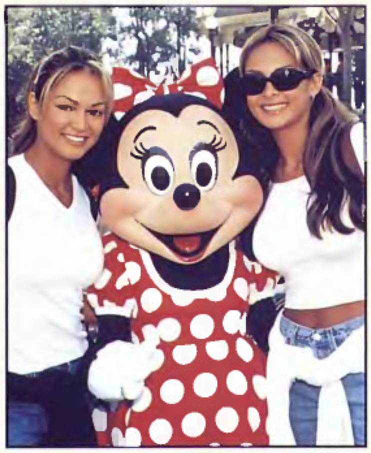
AMBITIONS: BE SUCCESSFUL AT EVERYTHING WE DO — Public relations, modeling and being a Good mother.

TURN-ONS: INTELLIGENCE, ROMANCE, honesty and Courage.

TURNOFFS: IGNORANCE, LACK OF CLASS, LIES and Weak personalities.

OUR HEROINE: Everything We've Achieved we owe to our best Teacher and our biggest Cheerleader, our Mother. Thanks, Mamita.

THE LESSON WE'VE LEARNED: THERE IS NOTHING YOU CANNOT OVERCOME, NO DREAM YOU CANNOT ACHIEVE, BECAUSE THERE'S ALWAYS HOPE. WE'RE THE LIVING PROOF OF it.



Carol + Darlene
Having the Best
Times Together

We're 23.
Do you Enjoy what
you see?

Darlene and Carol's
Birthday Bash
!! Party!!

PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

Prince Charming walked dejectedly into a tavern. The bartender asked what the problem was. "I was riding through the Enchanted Forest," the prince began, "when suddenly I saw Snow White fast asleep on a bed of straw. The dwarf next to her told me that she had eaten a poisonous apple and could only be revived by a kiss from me. I gave her a peck on the cheek. Nothing. So I gave her a real deep kiss while running my fingers through her hair. Nothing. So I started making passionate love to her right there in the woods. Suddenly, she moaned, 'Oh yes, ohhh yes.'"

"That's great!" the bartender replied. "Then she's alive?"

"Nah," the prince said, shrugging, "she was faking it."

Do you know how many Vietnam vets it takes to screw in a lightbulb? No? Well, I guess you weren't fucking there!

Harry Moses Abramovitz wanted to join the Greenvale Country Club, a place known not to admit Jews. First, Harry went to court and had his name changed to Howard Trevelyan Frobisher. After that, he flew to a plastic surgeon in Switzerland who transformed his Semitic profile into a Nordic one. Next, he hired an elocution tutor from England to teach him to speak like a native Brit. And finally, Harry worked his way into the graces of several well-established members of the Greenvale Country Club.

Two years after embarking on his project, Howard Frobisher appeared before the membership committee. "Please state your name," the chairman said.

In a clipped Oxfordian accent, Harry replied, "I'm Howard Trevelyan Frobisher."

"And, tell us, where were you educated, Mr. Frobisher?"

"Eton and Oxford."

The chairman beamed. "And what is your religious affiliation?"

"Goy."

Bumper sticker of the month: MY INFERIORITY COMPLEX IS NOT AS GOOD AS YOURS.

THIS MONTH'S MOST FREQUENT SUBMISSION: Two little girls were sitting in the lunchroom of an elementary school in Beverly Hills. "Guess what?" one said. "Mommy's getting married again, so I'll have a new daddy."

"Really?" said the other girl. "Who's she marrying?"

"Winston James, the famous director."

"Oh, you'll like him," her friend exclaimed. "He was my daddy last year."

LeRoy Neiman

A plane was flying over the Atlantic when an armed hijacker burst through the cockpit door, startling the pilot, co-pilot, navigator and a flight attendant. He held a gun to the pilot's head and shouted, "Take this plane to Iraq or I'll shoot you."

The pilot pushed the man's gun aside. "Look here, buddy," he said, "if you shoot me, this plane will crash and you'll die along with the rest of us."

The hijacker then turned the gun to the co-pilot's head. "Take this plane to Iraq or I'll shoot you."

But the co-pilot also calmly pushed the gun aside. "Listen, pal, the pilot's got a bad heart, and if you shoot me, he could keel over from shock. This plane will still crash and you'll die along with the rest of us."

The hijacker turned to the navigator. "All right, take this plane to Iraq or I'll shoot you."

"Without me here, those guys won't know where they're flying," he said. "So if you shoot me, this plane will still crash and you'll die along with the rest of us."

The hijacker turned to the flight attendant. "Take this plane to Iraq or I'll shoot you." She whispered something into the hijacker's ear. He dropped his gun and ran out of the cockpit in a panic. The captain asked what she had said. "I told him that if he killed me, he'd be the one who would have to give you guys blow jobs."

The young Scotsman went to study at an English university and was living in a residence hall with other students. After he had been there a month, his mother came to visit him. "How do you find the English students, Donald?" she asked.

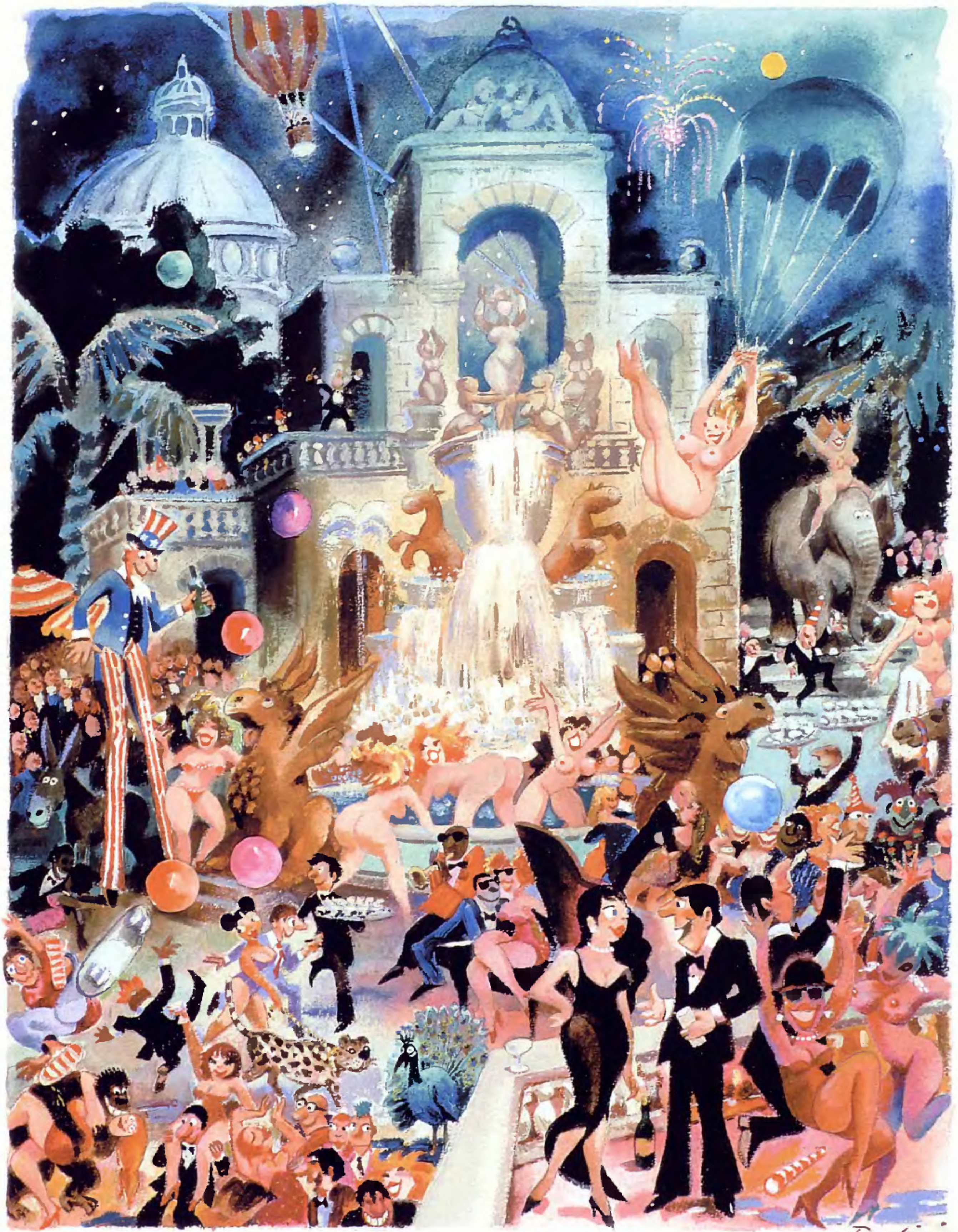
"Mother," he replied, "they're such noisy people. The one on that side keeps banging his head on the wall and the one on the other side screams all night."

"How do you manage to put up with such noisy neighbors?"

"I ignore them," he said. "I just mind my own business, playing my bagpipes."

Why does a blonde keep empty beer bottles in her fridge? They're for nondrinkers.

Send your jokes on postcards to Party Jokes Editor, PLAYBOY, *680 North Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Illinois 60611, or by e-mail to jokes@playboy.com. $100 will be paid to the contributor whose submission is selected. Sorry, jokes cannot be returned.*



"Clinton got it right. Spend the surplus on a millennium party for everybody!"

CITIES on the MOON

OUR CRANKY SEER TELLS HOW TO MAKE THE NEXT CENTURY A BETTER ONE

OPINION BY

RAY BRADBURY

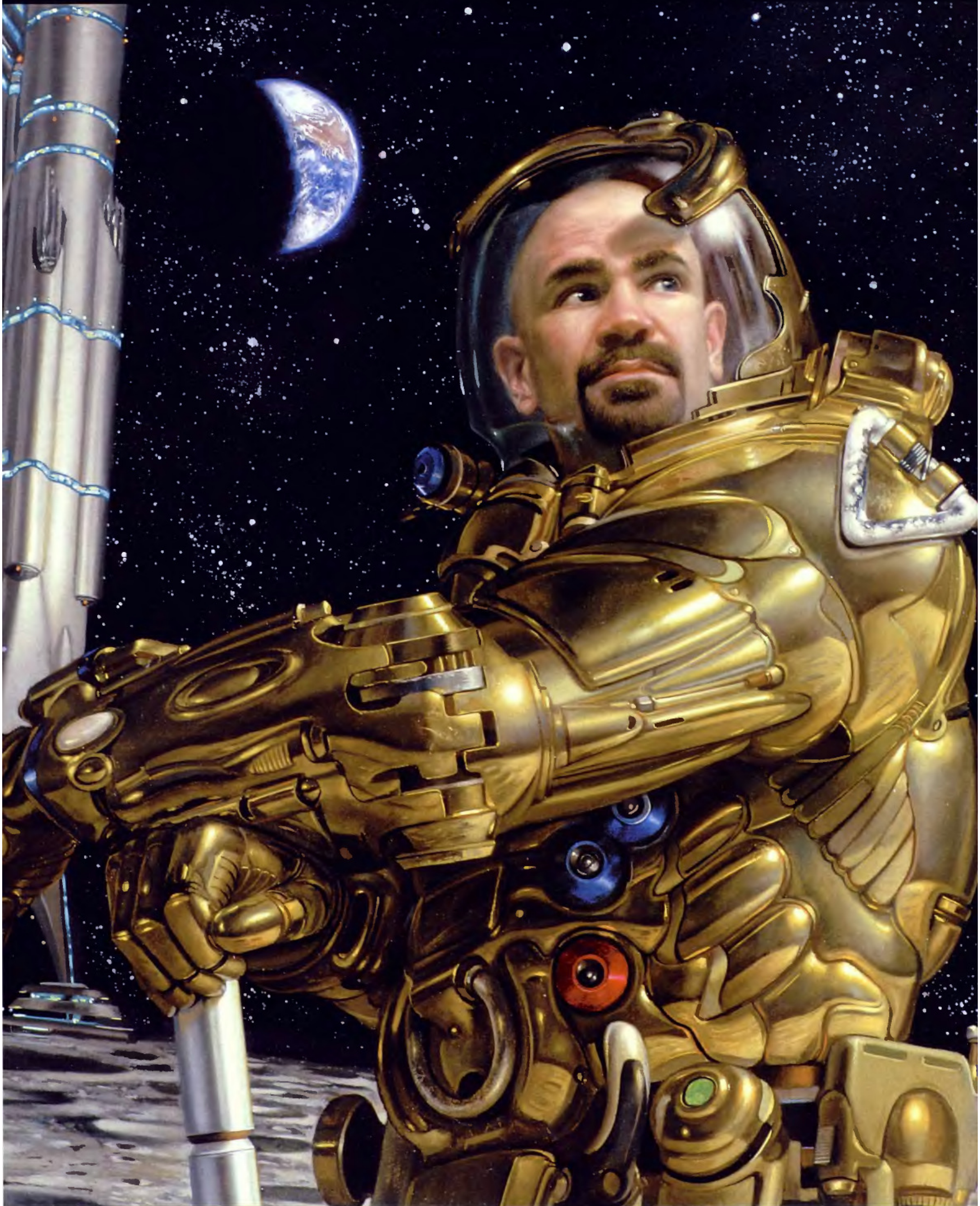
I'm mad as hell and I'm not going to take it anymore! Forgive my borrowing Peter Finch's cry in *Network*. But I *am* mad as hell. Because on December 31, 1999 a mob of gullible freaks will douse their tonsils and jubilate their bods shouting, "Happy 21st century!"

A half billion champagne cocktails will drown those dimwits cramming hotels in Paris, New York and Las Vegas to speed the new millennium, their wives ripe with the first 21st century babes. Damn!

I've preached to the maniac ostriches all year. But, heads sunk in millennial sand, they pop more corks and bake more embryos. Now hear this:

Stash the confetti. Recoil the ticker tape. Eiffel Tower, kill those mile-high numbers counting down to 2000. Millennial Santa just crashed with an empty sack.

And while you caution your eager embryo to tread water another year, *(continued on page 168)*



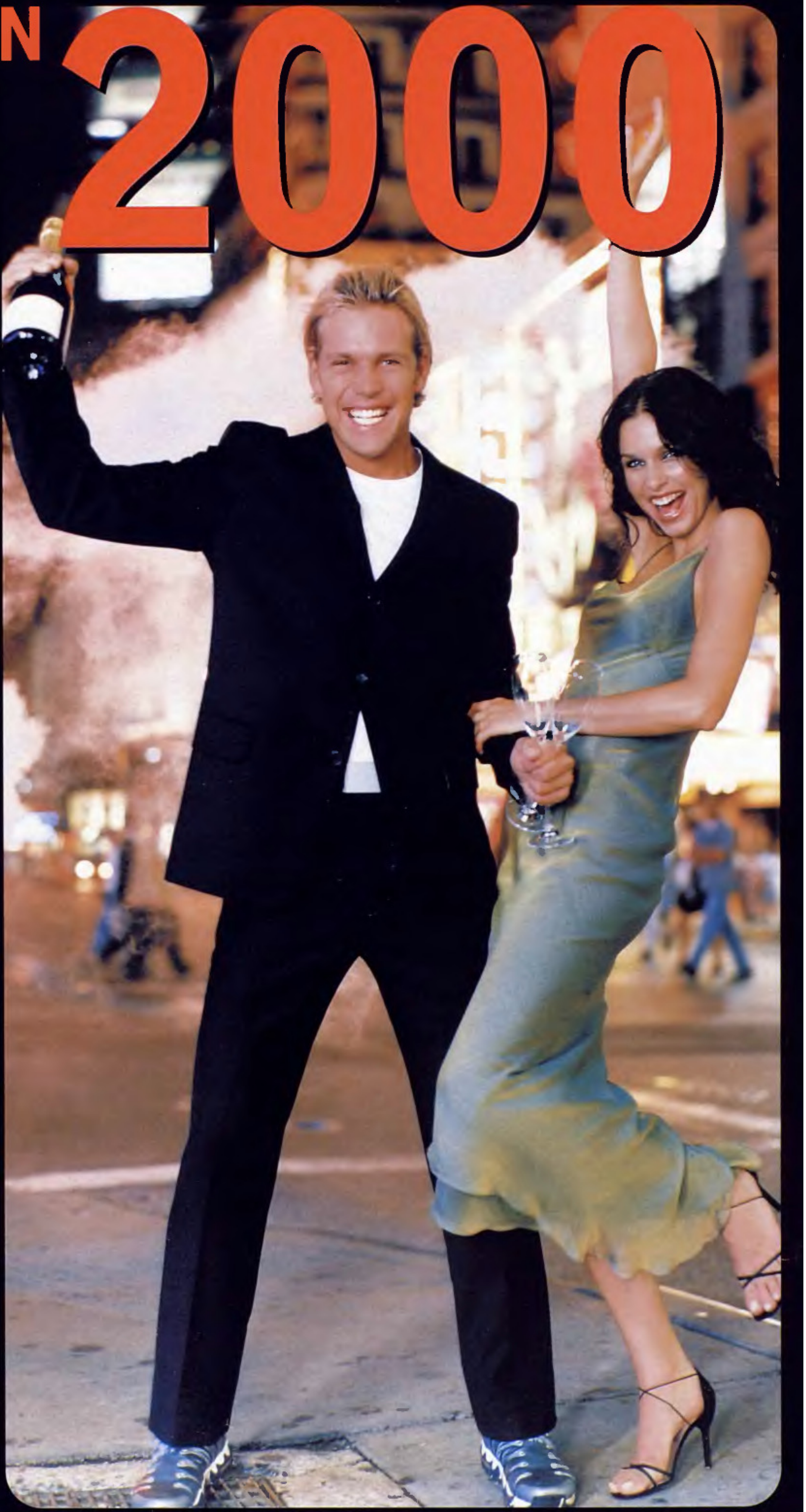
PAINTING BY DONATO GIANCOLA

FASHION 2000

By Hollis Wayne

MIDNIGHT AT THE MILLENNIUM— LAST CHANCE TO GET IT RIGHT

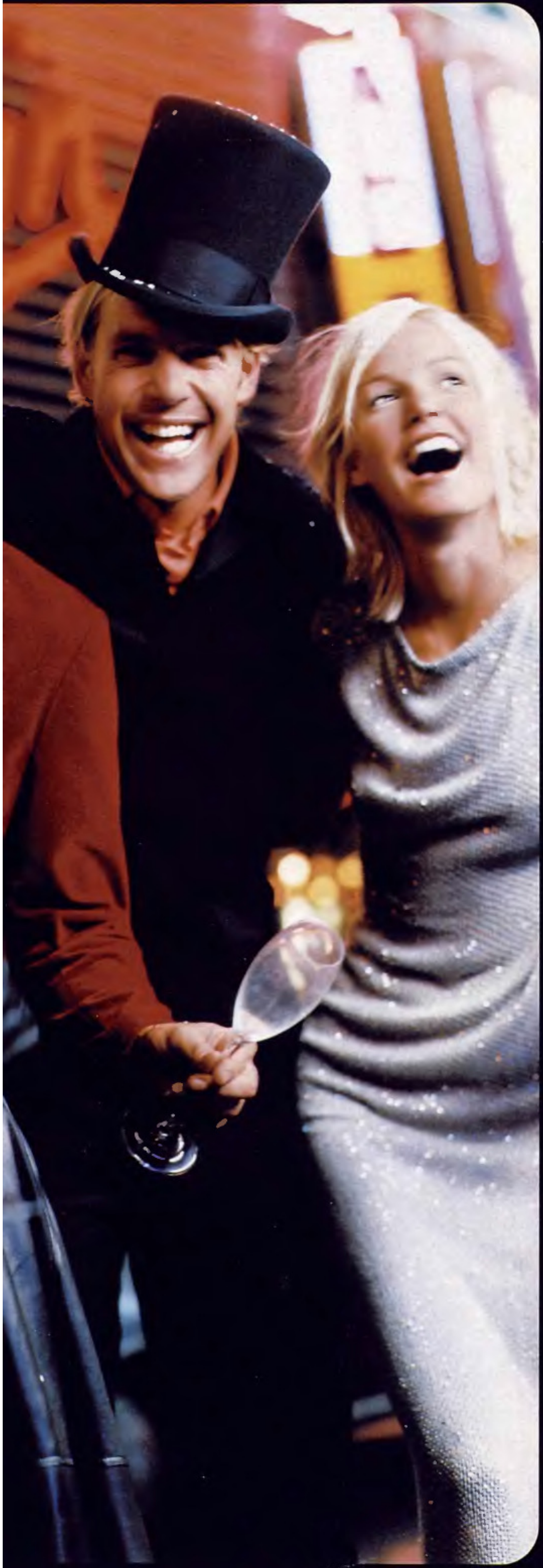
The pressure of millennial madness. What to wear? You don't need reminding: It's your last chance this century to get it right. But here's the good news. All the rules have changed. When the invite says black tie optional, you can chuck the penguin suit. Go for a nighttime look that's elegant and sharp. Try a velvet jacket with a monochromatic shirt. Work in a tie as a catchy accessory. Dress down a tuxedo with a T-shirt and 21st century sneakers. Don't forget to unbutton your collar. Show some chest. Nothing's sexier than an unbuttoned ruffled shirt. It's so Prince.



He's toasting the future in a three-button wool suit by Nicole Farhi ($970) and leather belt by Gene Meyer ($80). She's effervescent in a silk gown by Robert Danes and shoes by Stuart Weitzman. OPPOSITE: He's in a three-button tie-dyed velvet tuxedo jacket by Fiorella Venezia ($1295), complemented by a sheer T-shirt by Dolce & Gabbana ($160) and wool stretch pants by Verri ($245). On the blonde honeys: a black and gold dress by Marc Bower and a lavender dress by Robert Danes.

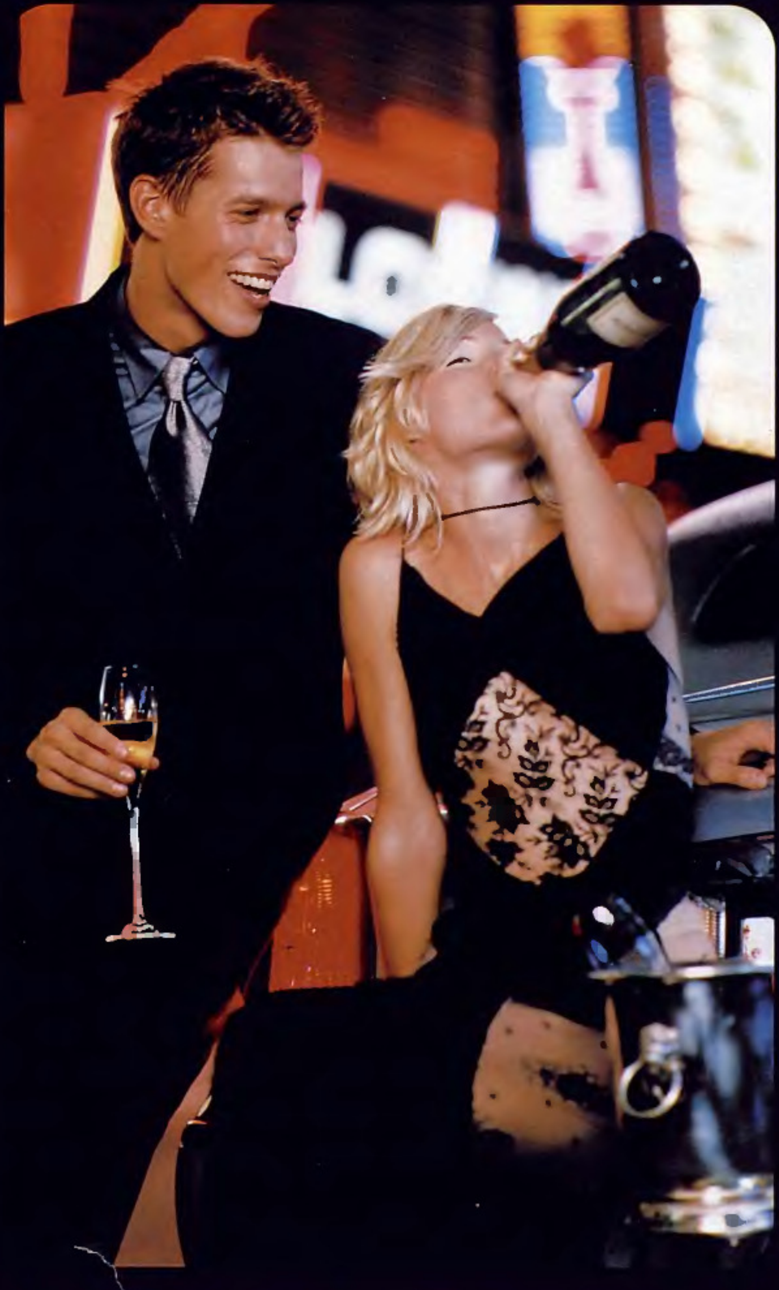
PHOTOGRAPHY BY CHUCK BAKER

FASHION 2000

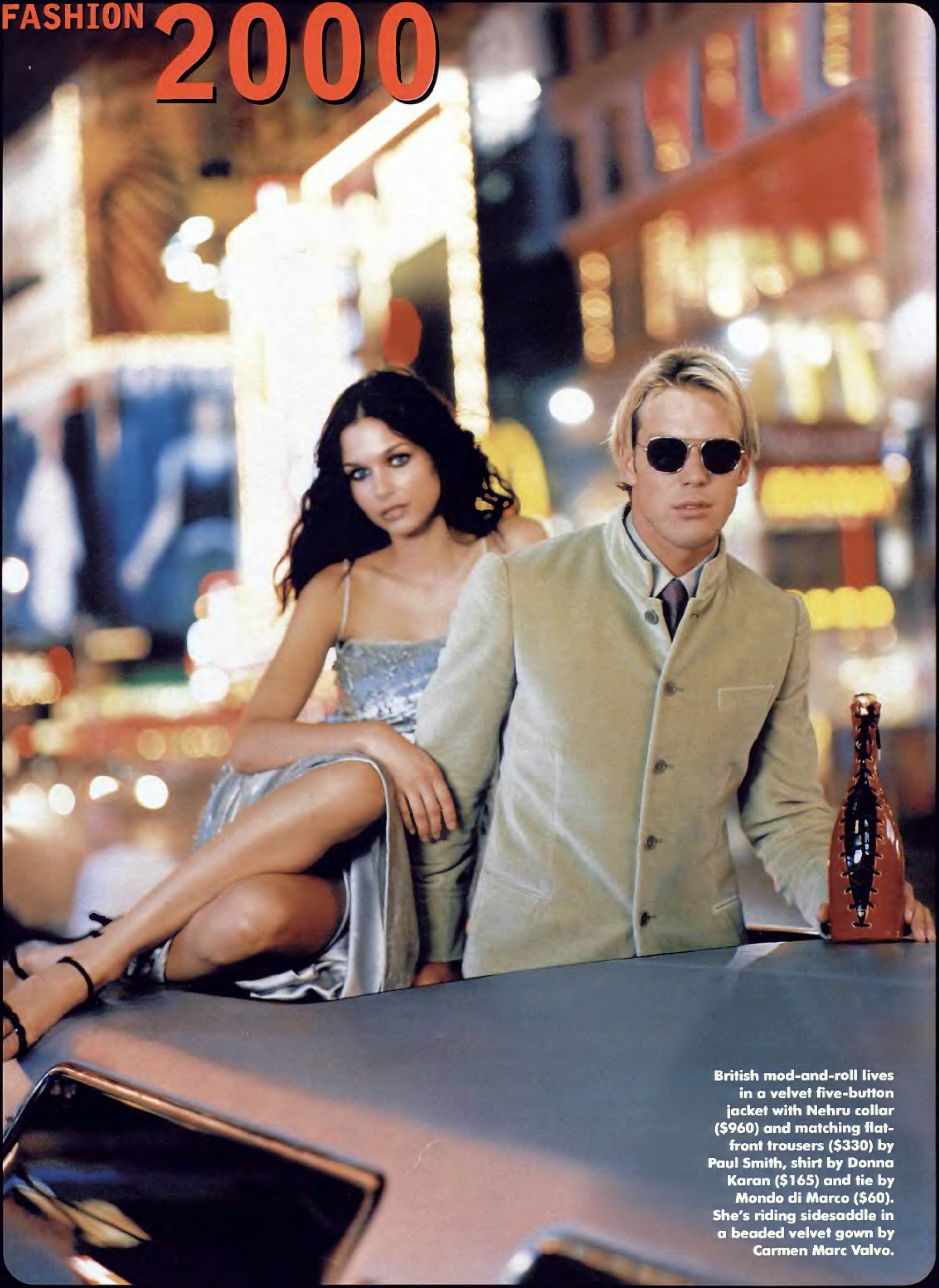


Last time the clock turned over three zeros the guys wore sewn hides and celebrated with fermented goat's milk. This millennium even the Piper-Heidsieck champagne is dressed by Jean-Paul Gaultier ($100). FROM LEFT TO RIGHT: The keeper of the bubbly needs a special look—in this case, a two-button velvet jacket and shantung pants by Joseph Abboud ($850 and $265), shirt by Donna Karan ($165) and tie by Best of the Class by Robert Talbott ($110). The monkey in the middle is wearing a velvet five-button jacket with stand-up collar by Krizia Uomo ($1050) and tuxedo pants by Dolce & Gabbana ($435). Slash has on a four-button tux by Dolce & Gabbana ($1540). The shirt is a cotton and spandex blend by Gene Meyer ($170). The top hat is by New York Hat Co. ($70).

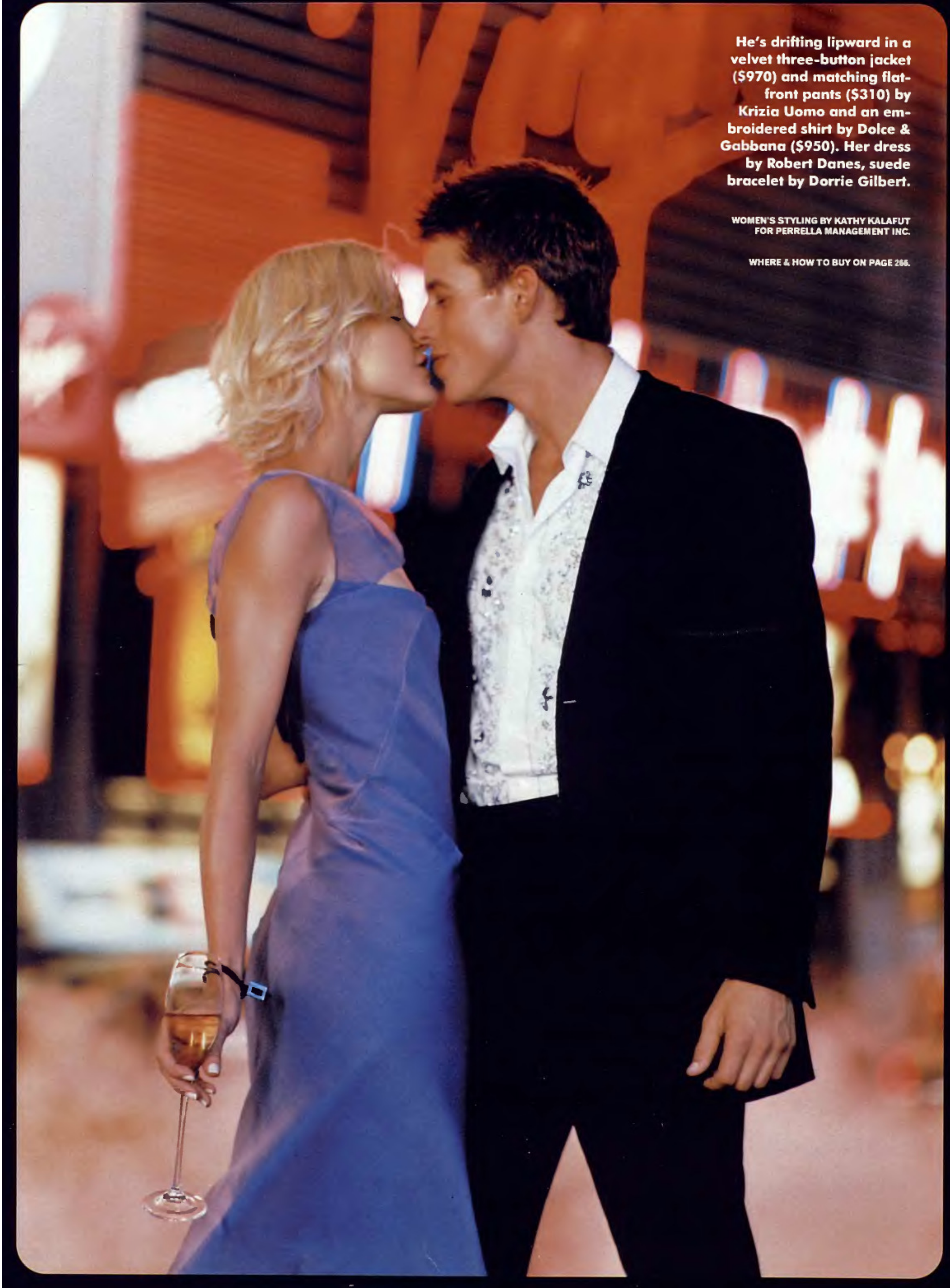
HAIR BY RHEANNE WHITE FOR ARTISTS
MAKEUP BY HELENE MACAULAY FOR ARTISTS



Forget glasses. Let's party like it's $19.99. Mr. Lucky watches his stock rise in a three-button tuxedo by Verri ($1375), shirt by Gene Meyer ($125) and tie by Mondo di Marco ($60). She's previewing the ceiling in a patchwork chiffon gown by Roberto Cavalli and necklace by Dorrie Gilbert.



British mod-and-roll lives in a velvet five-button jacket with Nehru collar ($960) and matching flat-front trousers ($330) by Paul Smith, shirt by Donna Karan ($165) and tie by Mondo di Marco ($60). She's riding sidesaddle in a beaded velvet gown by Carmen Marc Valvo.



He's drifting lipward in a velvet three-button jacket ($970) and matching flat-front pants ($310) by Krizia Uomo and an embroidered shirt by Dolce & Gabbana ($950). Her dress by Robert Danes, suede bracelet by Dorrie Gilbert.

WOMEN'S STYLING BY KATHY KALAFUT
FOR PERRELLA MANAGEMENT INC.

WHERE & HOW TO BUY ON PAGE 266.

Smut Talk

when folks get together in a bar, what's there to talk about but sex?

The Draco Tavern isn't just a pub. It's how and where humanity interacts with at least 28 sapient species throughout the galaxy. Somewhere among these trillions of alien minds are the answers to all of the universal questions.

So it's worth the expense, but costs are high. Keeping supplies in hand grows more difficult every time a new species appears. And Siberian weather tears the Draco Tavern down as fast as we can rebuild it.

When a year passed without a *chirpsithra* ship, we were glad for the respite. The tavern got some repairs. I got several months of vacation in Wyoming and Tahiti. Then that tremendous *chirpsithra* soap bubble drifted inward from near the Moon, and landers flowed down along the Earth's magnetic lines to Mount Forel in Siberia.

For four days and nights the Draco Tavern was *very* busy.

On the fifth morning, way too early, 124 individuals of ten species boarded the landers and were gone.

The next day both Gail and Herman called in sick. I didn't get in until midafternoon, alone on duty and fighting a dull headache.

•

We weren't crowded. The security programs had let the few customers in and powered up various life-support systems. All of them were gathered around one of our biggest tables. Eight individuals, five—make it four—species, including a woman.

I'd never seen her before. She was dressed in a short-skirted Italian or American business suit. Late 20s. Olive Arabic features. Nose like a blade, eyes like a hawk. I thought she was trying to look professionally severe. She was stunning.

The average citizen, human or otherwise, never reaches the Draco Tavern. To get here this woman must have been approved by her own government, then by the current UN psychiatric programs, Free Siberia and several other political entities. She'd be some variety of biologist. It's the most common credential.

Old habit pulled my eyes away. The way I was feeling, I wasn't exactly on the make, and I didn't need to wonder what a human would eat, drink or breathe. *Tee tee hatch nex ool*, her *chirpsithra* life-support code was the same as mine. My concern was with the aliens.

I recognized the contours of a lone Wahartht from news coverage. They're hexapods with six greatly exaggerated hands, from a world that must be all winds. They'd gone up Kilimanjaro in competition with an Olympic climbing team. Traveling Waharthts are supposed to be all male. This one had

fiction By Larry Niven

PAINTING BY JAMES WARHOLA

turned a high-back chair around and was clinging to it, looking quite comfortable. He was wearing a breather.

The three Folk had been living in the Kalahari, hunting with the natives. They looked lean and hungry. That was good. When they look like Cujo escaped from Belsen with his head on upside down, they're mean and ravenous and not good bar company.

Gray Mourners are new to Earth. They're spidery creatures, with narrow torsos and ten long limbs that require lots of room, and big heads that are mostly mouth. I'd at first taken them for two species; the sexual disparity is that great. Two males and a female; the little ones were males, if that protrusion was what I thought it was.

In this gathering of species all seemed to be getting along. You do have to watch that in my line of business.

As I stepped into the privacy bubble the woman was saying, "Men mate with anything——" and then she sensed me there and turned, flushing.

"Welcome," I said, letting the translator program handle the details of formality. "Whatever you need for comfort, we may conceivably have it. Ask me. Folk, I know your need."

One of the Folk (I'd hunted with these and still never learned to tell their gender) said, "Greetings, Rick. You will join us? We would drink bouillon or glacier water. We know you don't keep live prey."

I grinned and said, "Whatever you see may be a customer." I turned to the woman.

She said, "I'm Jehaneh Miller."

"I'm Rick Schumann. I run this place. Miller?"

"My mother was American." So was her accent. Briskly she continued, "We were talking about sex. I was saying that men make billions of sperm, women make scores of eggs. Men mate with anything, women are choosy." She spoke as if in challenge, but she was definitely blushing.

"I follow. There's more to be said on *that* topic. What are you drinking?"

"Screwdriver, light."

"Like hers," the Wahartht said. Aliens rarely order alcoholic drinks twice, but some just have to try it.

The female Gray Mourner asked, "Did our supplies arrive?"

They had. I went back to the bar.

Beef bouillon and glacier water for the Folk. Screwdrivers, light, for the woman and the Wahartht, but first I checked my database to be sure a Wahartht could digest orange juice. I made one for myself, for the raspy throat.

The Gray Mourners were eating stuff I'd never seen until that afternoon, an orange mash that arrived frozen. Tang sherbet?

I assembled it all quickly. I wanted to hear what they were saying. A great many aliens had left Earth very suddenly, and I hoped for a hint as to why.

And, given the conversational bent, I might learn something about Jehaneh Miller.

As I set down the drinks the Wahartht was saying, "Our childbearers cannot leave their forests, cannot bear change of smells and shading and diet, nor free fall nor biorhythm upset. We can never possess much of our own planet, let alone others. The females send us forth and wait for us to bring back stories."

A Folk said, "You travelers are all male. Do you live without sex?"

The Wahartht jumped; he tapped his translator. "'Survive without impregnation activity?' Was that accurately your question?"

"Yes."

"Without scent and sonic cues, we never miss it."

Jehaneh nodded and said to me, "Most life-forms, the mating action is wired in." To the Wahartht, "Does that hold for sapient species too?"

The Wahartht said, "Impregnation is a reflex to us. Our minds almost do not participate. Away from our females, we take a tranquilizing biochemical to inhibit a sometimes suicidal rage."

I said, "I'm not surprised."

"But what should I miss?"

A Gray Mourner male cried out, "To return from orgasmic joy and be still alive!"

The other male chimed in. "Yes, Wajee! It always feels like we're getting away with something." I grinned because I agreed, but he was saying, "We think this began our civilization. Species like ours, female eats male just after he takes his generative pellet."

I think I flinched. The woman Jehaneh didn't. She cogitated, then asked, "What if you shove a beefsteak in her mouth?"

They're not insects, I wanted to say. *Aliens!* But nobody took offense. All three Gray Mourners chittered in, I assumed, laughter.

Wajee said, "Easy to say! No male can think of such a thing when giving generative pellet. Like design and build a parachute while riding hurricane! But what if two males? One male have sex. The other male, he put turkey in Sfillirrath's mouth."

Jehaneh jumped. "A whole turkey?"

The female smiled widely. Yike! Her jaw hinges disjointed like a snake's. Sfillirrath was twice the mass of either male, and her smile could have engulfed my head and shoulders too.

She said, "On Earth, a turkey or dog will serve. Taste wrong, even if feed spices to the animal, but size is right. Size of Wajee's head, or Shkatht's head. See you the advantage? Can have sex twice with the same male! Get better with practice, yes, Shkatht?"

"Almost get it right," Shkatht said complacently. "Next time for sure."

Wajee said, "Got to get one part right every time."

They chittered laughter. Wajee said, "Accident can happen. Turkey can escape. Resting male can be distracted, or remember old offense and not move quick."

Sfillirrath said, "But see antiadvantage? Males don't die. Too many males. Soon every female must have many mates, or else rogue males tear down cities."

Wajee said, "Mating frequency rises too. Too many mouths. Must invent herding."

"Herd, then tend crop to feed herd. Then cities and factories. Then barrier bag over placer tube," Sfillirrath said, "so don't make a clutch of infants every curse time! Now we mate without mating, but need cities to support factories to make barrier bags, laws and lawmakers to enforce use. Control air and water flow, cycle waste, spacecraft to moons for raw resources, first contact with *chirpsithra*, beg ride to see the universe and here are we. All for a perversion of nature."

Jehaneh asked the Folk, "How do you keep your numbers in bounds?"

"Breed more dangerous prey," one answered.

The female Gray Mourner asked, "How do human beings pervert sex practice?"

I asked the woman, "Shall I take this?" She gestured, *Go*.

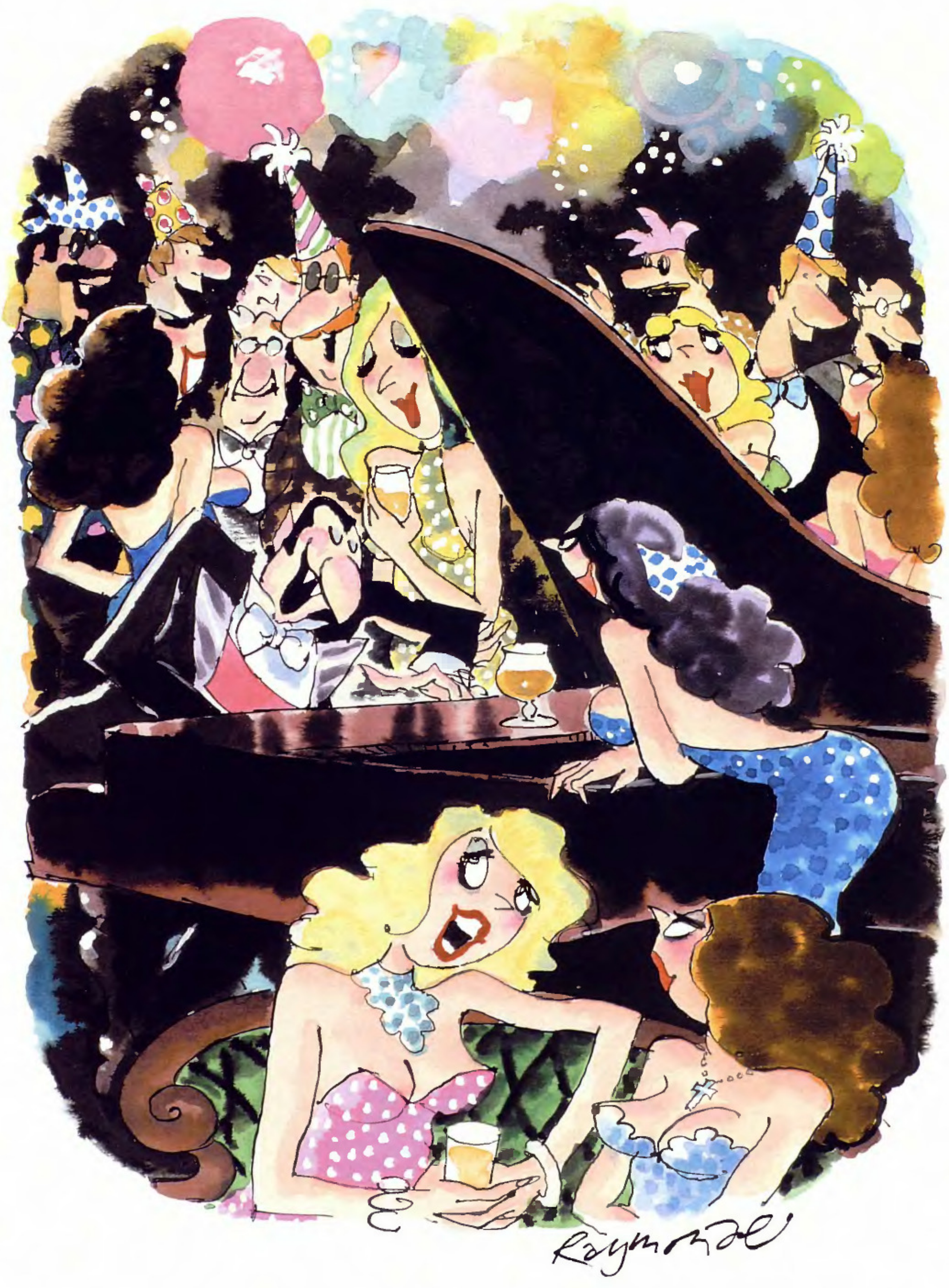
I suppose I shaded the truth a bit toward what she might want to hear. "What Jehaneh said isn't all true. Most of us don't mate with anything but adults of the other gender. Most men know that most women want one mate. Most women know that any man can be seduced. We make bargains and promises and contracts. We compromise. To go against human nature is the most human thing a human being can do."

The Folk all laughed. Jehaneh was watching me. I said, "We're a young species. In an older species the sexual reflexes would be hardwired." I wasn't sure that would translate, but none of the devices paused. Any space traveler uses computers. "But with us, sex involves the mind. We're versatile."

"We have barrier bags too," Jehaneh said. A moment's eye contact—*condoms, of course*, and *had I caught the reference?* I flashed a smirk.

Still, I wouldn't be needing a barrier bag tonight. The rasp at the back of my

(continued on page 226)



"The Count's a sweetie at holiday time, but the rest of the year he sucks."

Will Women Change?

As the roles of men and women in society evolve, relationships between the sexes change as well. The liberation of women in the 20th century is a prelude to more significant shifts in the future.

This trend does not mean that traditional male and female characteristics will disappear. In general, women will still be more nurturing than men, and men will be more competitive. Men will want to fix a problem rather than just listen sympathetically, and women will want to share their feelings regardless of how disinterested their men may be.

While much of what we are is wired into us, many of our actions are motivated not by basic instinct but rather by the times in which we live. As the Wild West was tamed, the role of men in our society went from protectors and providers to simply providers. The pioneer man of 18th century America became the rugged, individualistic male of the 19th century. In the 20th century, his role evolved into the working man: the *Father Knows Best* guy who left for work early and came home late. The ideal man was greeted after a long day with a kiss from his wife, slippers from his daughter and the sports section of the newspaper from his son (or dog).

This man, like many of our fathers, stayed in the same job for 30 years and was completely perplexed by his wife whenever she lamented that "something was missing." How could that be? He was the man his father told him to be, the man the world expected of him: He was a good provider. Then, millions of women began to enter the workforce in the Seventies (some in search of a better standard of living, some pursuing their own career goals) and the role of the male as provider began to change again.

In 50 years we have witnessed a remarkable transformation in females—from the sexually frustrated woman portrayed in *Pleasantville* to the sexually enlightened woman of the year 2000. Yet the sexual awareness of today is only a prelude to the evolution of the woman of tomorrow. The most significant shift will come as women attach

(concluded on page 275)

BY JOHN GRAY

Martians, Beware: Venusians of the Next Millennium Have a New Agenda

ILLUSTRATION BY JANET WOOLLEY

CITIES on the MOON

(continued from page 154)

here are my predictions for the *real* start of the millennium, January 1, 2001.

Once I asked Edith Head, Hollywood's foremost costume designer, to foretell the future.

"In 2033," I said, "how will men and women dress?"

"No," she said. "If I promise fashions, they happen. Tomorrow arrives by noon today, and you must start over, imagining the impossible."

"Just guessing causes an instant tomorrow?"

"We imagined the Moon, didn't we? And the *Eagle* landed. We wished for Mars; the *Viking* cameras followed. So, predictions ensure. What do you want from the universe? Dream, then shout it loud and clear or there will *be* no new New Year's. But watch it! You may get what you shout."

I dare to shout our future now.

First, we must wish ourselves back to the Moon.

There we must build space stations on hard lunar rock, escaping the gravities of raw space. Why? More of this later.

Meanwhile——

In the first hundred years of the third millennium, a few dozen new universities will be added to our educational rosters. Let's name a few. The University of Sing Sing. The campus of the Illinois Penitentiary and San Quentin College and Alcatraz U.

Strange?

Strange, yes, because new.

Beyond 2001 we will learn what we should always have known: Punishment is not enough.

Repentance through education might suffice.

By the gate of each penal school we will retranslate the Statue of Liberty's demand: Give me your vacant minds and useless passions, lend me your rootless self-destroyers, let all books be bibles, in monks' cells where the study of mankind will prevail.

And when these empty heads are full and these brutal hands can write, let there be tests, and those who at last can read, remember and understand what they read, let the portals open to set them free, punished but replenished, on their feet, not on their knees.

It's worth a try.

And now, a further wish and hoped-for resolution. Let all the nations and cities of the world for a little while be governed by women. We have ingested testosterone from the mouth of the cave, to the burned library of Alexandria, to unending world wars. Even as men are lousy drivers (check your insurance statistics), so are they lousy politicos who, guarding their ravenous egos, ignore their teeming brains. Not back-of-the-bus for men, no, but as side-seat advisors on how to get lost. For a few years, why not? Let women "man" the wheel.

And, please, no women who are macho-male clones with incipient biceps. Just ordinary, which means extraordinary, females who can mother-nurse-teach the world, with all that those labels imply. Men, confronted by problems, often depart. Women stay to sort baggage, clean souls and mend tempers.

Which is a natural lead-in to computers, Internets, e-mails and wide-screen-wall-to-wall-eyeball TVs. The world I depicted in *Fahrenheit 451* in the early Fifties is fast targeting ground zero, not like an express train but like a brain meltdown rocket. Women must make a takeover power grab because men-who-would-be-boys are now bigger boys with bigger toys. The virtual realists invade us, and if Bill Gates isn't Big Brother, he is a distant subliminal cousin. We are being urged to transistorize our entire households with factoid basement kindergartens and empty high school attics that graduate students with comic strip diplomas.

When I was speaking at a local library last year, I saw that Bill Gates had signed the guest book. Under his name I wrote:

I don't do Windows.

How come this fuddy-duddy neo-Luddite reaction?

Aren't I supposed to be a true inhabitant of the future, born on Mars, flung from Saturn's rings, flying ahead of the saucers?

True. I am H.G. Wells' bastard son, by Mary Wollstonecraft Shelley. Which means I truly believe in a future, while the Internet people stay up late maundering and whimpering to morons in Moscow and lunatics in Louisiana. Today's electronic male is enmeshed with his genitalia, fighting for freedom to be lost on the Internet. Millions of calls per hour crisscross continents, sent and received by 42-year-old boy mechanics eager to trade vacuum tubes and dead transistors with similar boobs in Bangkok and Barcelona. Well, at least it keeps them out of harm's way, giving the grand chance for the women to seize power, while the giant kids' midlife frenzy broadcasts hot-air cartoon balloons pacing *Telstar* to land on fallow ground.

My response: Turn off everything. Patrol your house to pull the plugs on the TV, radio, fax, the e-mail-transmitting computer and its ingrown Internet. Go sit on your porch with a glass of vodka lemonade, a pad and pencil, and truly think.

To test my notion, plant me in a room with 200 chaps at 200 computers, give me a number two Ticonderoga pencil and a Mohawk Red Indian ten-cent pad, and I will outthink and outcreate the whole damn bunch.

Some years back, addressing a virtual reality congress of special affects (that word misspelled to illustrate people who *affect* to be bright but are simply the fuse lighters for sky explosions that blow off emptily in winds), I cautioned them to get brain transplants.

Their creations having suffered triple bypasses away from the cerebrum to the groin or, perhaps worse, sheer emptiness, I pleaded for true information, not false shows. They were serving Chinese dinners—you were hungry an hour later!

No more vacuum-packed *Jeopardy* displays of nonfacts (Napoleon was born so-and-so, died thus and such) but *who* was he, *what* was he, *why* was he. Not dodo sums but biographical analysis and philosophy.

Think! Do you really want to be in lightning-strike instant contact with every Nellie, Ned and Noodge in the Universe? Do you wish e-mail by the bushel and ton or wish to send bags of boredom to friends innocently thinking they might get through the day without being struck senseless by your homespun gimcrack inspirations? Why not instead pierce two empty tin cans, insert 30 yards of twine, hold one can to your ear, give the other to a pal across the street so he can shout his revelations so loudly you don't need the can. Then do the reverse, as you did when you were a kid patrolling the neighborhood and waking neighbors with your yells.

Let William Faulkner be your guide. He was fired as postmaster in a Southern town because he didn't want to be at the beck and call of any s.o.b. with a two-cent stamp.

Pick up the phone. Give friends a chance not to answer. Use your car, go visit. But warn Aunt Nell or Cousin Billy Bob you're coming so they can chug-alug the gin.

Computer games? Family competitions to prove that everyone's brains were left behind in their mother? Why not prove that in a single night you can move from nursery to kindergarten with aplomb?

Laptops as bedtime companions? Laptops cannot be cuddled like a babe in your arms. Laptops cannot bed down with you midnights with Madame Bovary or Long John Silver or Hamlet's father's ghost. Pour salt on the laptop batteries and watch them sizzle like snails. Get a life.

Call your cat to help you kill that laptop mouse.

(concluded on page 246)

the eleventh-hour Santa

IT'S NEVER TOO LATE TO SPLURGE

Above: Although we don't suggest testing its durability on a double-black-diamond run, Atlantic Luggage Co.'s Hardside upright bag is made of the same material as downhill skis. That means the 30-inch piece of luggage can withstand rough handling and extreme temperature changes while offering plenty of space to stash your belongings. Wheels and a pullout handle make it easy to haul. Price: $190. (A 27-inch case is available for $180.) Italjet's Velocifero, a vintage-style motor scooter with a 49cc engine, is owned by Puff Daddy, Martha Stewart and, apparently, Santa ($3150).

PHOTOGRAPHY BY RICHARD IZUI

Above left: You won't know whether to drink Mazzetti's le Tre Rose grappa or just admire it. Each handblown glass bottle of the spirit (made from the pomace of rare arneis grapes) contains a dried rose encased in its own chamber, from Laird & Co. ($95 for a 375 ml bottle).

●

Above: In the battle to create the slickest-looking computer, NEC takes the lead with its superslim Z1, a muscular machine that requires less desktop space than a laptop. Features include a 15-inch flat-panel color monitor, a 450-megahertz Pentium III processor, 96 megabytes of SDRAM, 8.4 gigabytes of storage, a 56 kbps modem and a DVD-ROM drive. The Z1 is easily upgraded, and you can even replace the LCD monitor with new digital variations ($2500).

●

Left: Philips' model 13PT30L 13-inch stereo television in steel gray has more curves than Jennifer Lopez and performs a variety of bedroom-friendly functions. In addition to keeping time via a backlit analog clock display, the TV's feet double as night-lights with multiple dimmer settings. It also has inputs for a VCR or DVD player. A timer lets you rise to a television show or to one of three sound effects: a harp, a xylophone or a crowing rooster ($250).

Above: Now in its third generation, the Acoustic Wave Music System Series III by Bose ($1079) combines an AM/FM tuner with 12 station presets and a CD player in a new black color. Patented signal processing technology balances tone automatically when the volume is adjusted. An optional power case ($150) allows you to take the Wave Series III on the road.

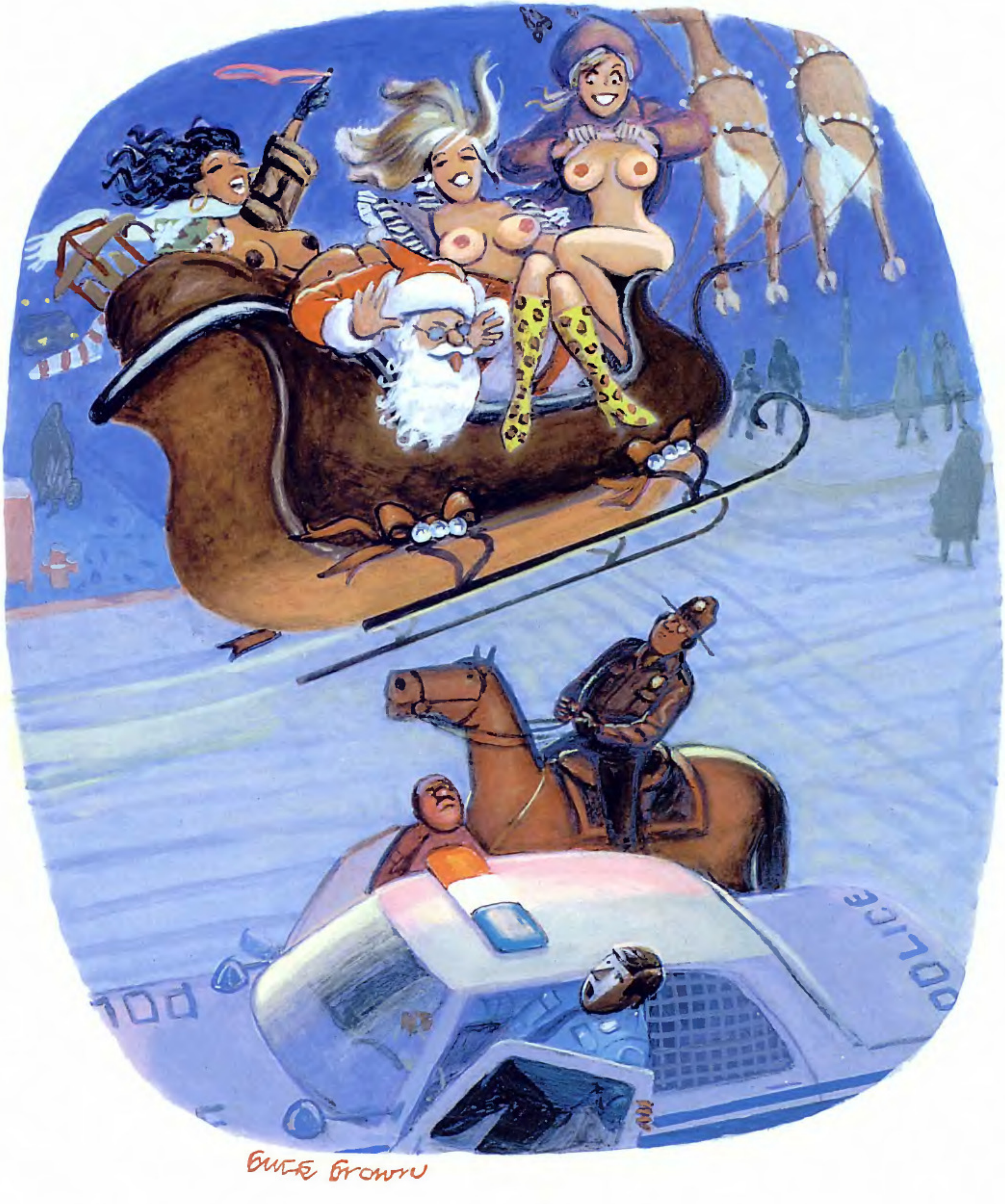
•

Above right: Ebonite International claims its Fun Ball Zebra III has an 82D to 84D hardness rating (enabling the ball to roll extraordinarily straight) and a 1.0 differential rating for excellent pin action. Whatever. The limited-edition bowling ball looks striking in black, orange and green stripes. And it glows in the dark, too ($140).

•

Right: Sony's Cyberframe has a 5½-inch color screen for displaying digital photographs individually or in slide-show mode. It also offers voice recording capabilities (for adding audio commentary) and a sensor that enables you to turn the device on or off with the wave of a hand (about $900). In front is Bang & Olufsen's BeoCom 6000, a cordless telephone that stores 200 phone numbers and doubles as an intercom system (about $475).

WHERE & HOW TO BUY ON PAGE 266.

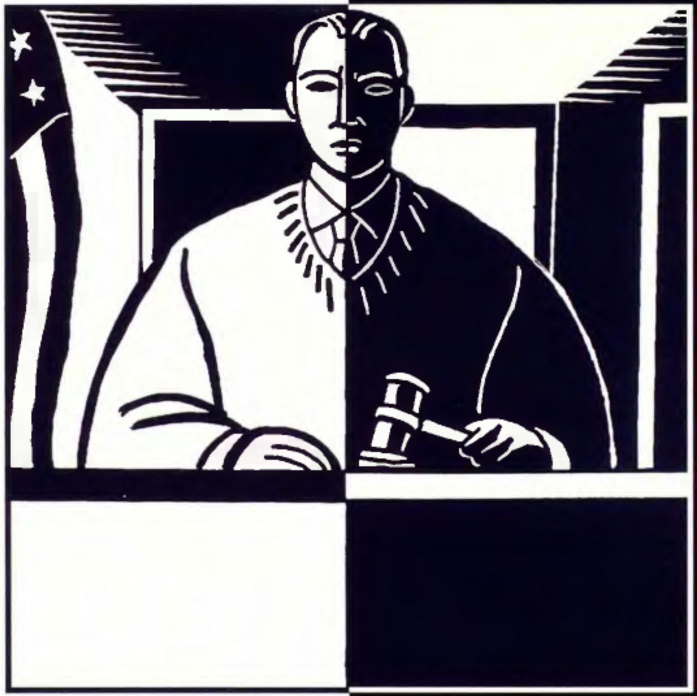

POLICE
Buck Brown

"If he doesn't land, I think he's out of our jurisdiction!"

JUSTICE IN THE 21st CENTURY

TO FIX OUR COURTROOMS, WE NEED TO TACKLE RACISM FIRST

article by JOHNNIE COCHRAN



At the dawn of the 20th century, a prophetic W.E.B. Du Bois wrote, "The problem of the 20th century is the problem of the color line." At the century's midpoint, Martin Luther King Jr. came forward with a dream for the betterment of everyone, including justice and equality for all. As this century ends, one wonders what Du Bois or Dr. King would say today. Would they say that racial equality and justice have progressed? While both men would likely acknowledge some movement, they would be disheartened.

On the verge of the 21st century, America remains a nation divided by race—a nation whose noblest ideals are clouded by misunderstanding stemming from racial separation. Some whites bemoan what they perceive as black ingratitude, while many blacks believe whites will never genuinely share power.

If America is to progress, we must all first acknowledge that racial separation still exists. Fortunately, overt Jim Crow laws have been eliminated. Unfortunately, covert Jim Crow—call it Jim Crow Jr.—is still in practice.

Our nation's greatness is diminished by too many examples of racism and injustice. We cherish the right to travel freely within our borders. But how universal is that right when a recent study of police stops on a Maryland interstate shows that African Americans accounted for 73 percent of all police searches, though African Americans were only 17 percent of the drivers?

How can we say that we have evolved when last year our largest city was rocked by the brutalization of Abner Louima and the killing of Amadou Diallo? Both men were guilty only of having dark skin, as was Tyisha Miller, gunned down by police in Riverside, California while sitting in her car. These offenses are reminiscent of mob lynchings of more than 50 years ago. But there is a crucial difference: Unlike lynchings, these actions were carried out by uniformed officers of the state, sworn to uphold the law.

It is not surprising that African Americans believe they cannot receive justice. How would you feel if you had the pervasive sense that you, your family and your neighbors could not use the courts to redress wrongs?

We know the judicial system isn't flawless. It is uneven and, at times, unfair. Witness my 27-year struggle to free Geronimo Pratt, or consider the cases of inmates now winning belated freedom because of DNA evidence.

Despite their imperfections, the courts remain our best hope. We do not have a state religion, but the courts serve as our civic temples. They are where the most vexing questions are resolved, and where the state's power is held in check. Sometimes, courts are willing to correct their mistakes. The rule of law is even taking hold on a global scale, with international tribunals probing genocide in the Balkans and in Rwanda.

More than 30 years ago, Dr. King wrote, "This is no time for romantic illusions and empty philosophical debates. This is a time for action. What is needed is a strategy for change, a tactical program that will bring black people into the mainstream of American life as quickly as possible."

Today such idealism seems both refreshing and naive. In the midst of unprecedented prosperity, the government has ceased caring about the poor and the disenfranchised. Tragically, we are still far away from King's tactical program. The first business of the 21st century must be completing the unfinished business of the 20th century. There is one small step we can all take toward completing the century's agenda. It does not involve expensive government programs. No TV cameras, personal computers or cell phones are required.

What we must do is have men and women, black and white, Asian and Hispanic, young and old, rich and poor, reason together. It is time for us as a nation, and for all of us as individuals, to engage. Let there be a frank exchange of views. Four decades of practicing law all over this country convinces me that most people will conclude that we are all the same beneath the skin.

A simple call for community may seem mundane in the face of the next century's technological onslaught. But without an exchange of ideas, there is only fear and ignorance. The calendar tells us we're into the next century, but the day-to-day experiences of many people show us that we have not erased the color line Du Bois eloquently identified when the century began.

ILLUSTRATION BY ANTHONY RUSSO

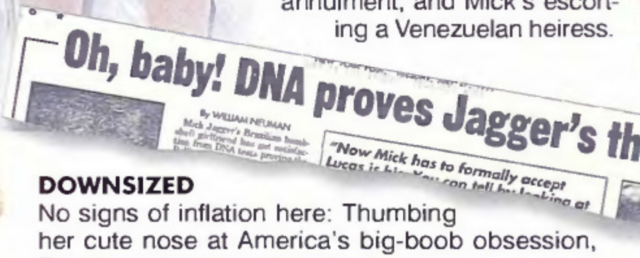
THE YEAR

Tricky Mick: Jerry and I never wed

PLEASE, NO BANANA CREAM
Gross + grosser = grossest: Promo items for the teen jerkfest (and box office hit) *American Pie* included a cock sock and an ad guaranteed to ruin Mom's apple pie.

HAVE YOU HAD A PORTION
?
AMERICAN PIE
COMING SOON
AMERICAN PIE

FULL OF THE OLD MICK
Mick Jagger's nine-year, four-child marriage to Jerry Hall crashed when he knocked up Brazilian model Luciana Gimenez Morad, who let it all hang out (left) on a Carnaval float in Rio. Luciana had a boy, Jerry agreed to an annulment, and Mick's escorting a Venezuelan heiress.

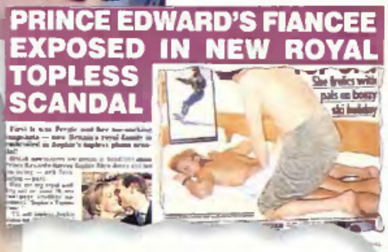


Oh, baby! DNA proves Jagger's the dad

By WILLIAM NEUMAN

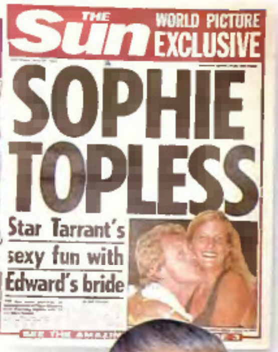
Mick Jagger's Brazilian bomb-shell girlfriend has got satisfac-tion from DNA tests proving th

"Now Mick has to formally accept



PRINCE EDWARD'S FIANCEE EXPOSED IN NEW ROYAL TOPLESS SCANDAL

She frolics with pals on boozy ski holiday



THE Sun WORLD PICTURE EXCLUSIVE

SOPHIE TOPLESS

Star Tarrant's sexy fun with Edward's bride

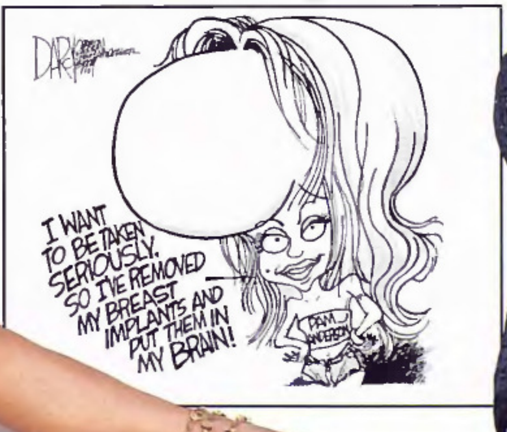
ROYAL PAIN
Despite a miniscandal resulting from the release of an 11-year-old topless photo, Sophie Rhys-Jones finally got Prince Edward to the altar. In Argentina, dancer Adriana Vasile got a leg up on Prince Charles, who may have had his mind on his paramour, Camilla Parker-Bowles.

WORLD EXCLUSIVE

At last! Charles to wed Camilla

DOWNSIZED
No signs of inflation here: Thumbing her cute nose at America's big-boob obsession, Pamela Anderson had her implants reduced. In ensuing weeks, other stars hit the talk show circuit with their own remembrances of tits past.

Esquire
"WHEN GOD SAYS KILL, YOU KILL"
The Triumph of Cleavage Culture


DARCY
I WANT TO BE TAKEN SERIOUSLY, SO I'VE REMOVED MY BREAST IMPLANTS AND PUT THEM IN MY BRAIN!
PAM ANDERSON

IN SEX

ups and downs and the old in-and-out. what a way to end a millennium!

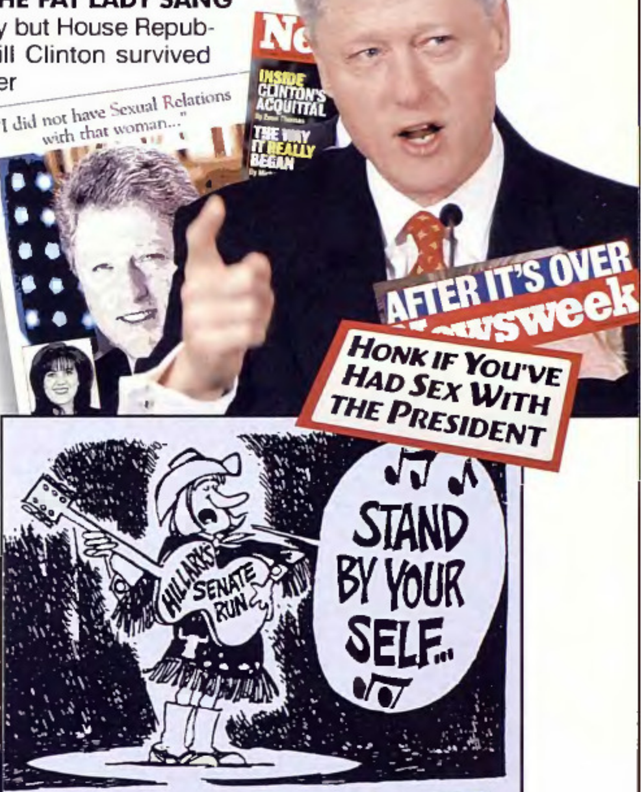
DAILY NEWS
NEWT'S CHOIRGIRL
Gingrich's wife wants to grill girlfriend
Oh, behave!

EYE OF NEWT, HEART OF STONE

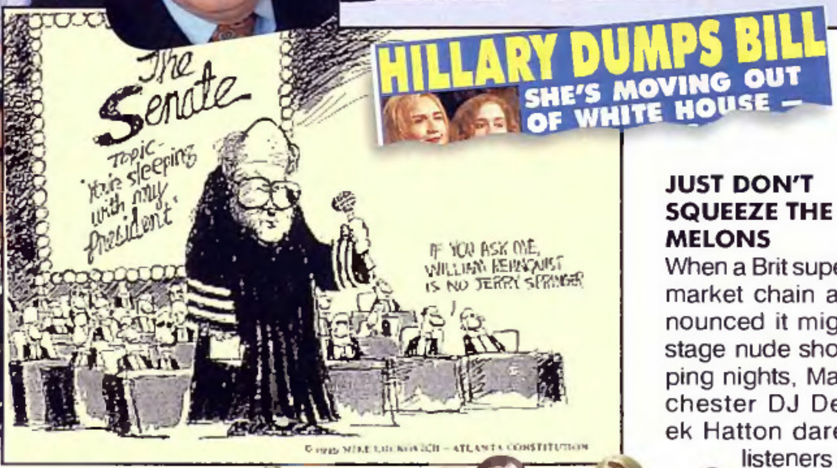
So much for family values: In 1980 Newt Gingrich asked his first wife, then ill with cancer, for a divorce and soon married Marianne Ginther (above left). Now he's dumping Marianne for House aide and church singer Callista Bisek.

IT WAS OVER WHEN THE FAT LADY SANG

To the surprise of nobody but House Republicans and Ken Starr, Bill Clinton survived impeachment, even after Monica Lewinsky's testimony proved him a big fibber as well as a big creep. After all was said and done—and all the bumper sticker humor was exhausted—Hillary began a Senate run, Monica launched a handbag business and cash-poor Abkhazia authorized a set of topical postage-stamp look-alikes.


"I did not have Sexual Relations with that woman..."
INSIDE CLINTON'S ACQUITTAL
THE WAY IT REALLY BEGAN
AFTER IT'S OVER
Newsweek
HONK IF YOU'VE HAD SEX WITH THE PRESIDENT
HILLARY'S SENATE RUN
STAND BY YOUR SELF..

100
200
300
400
600
700
900
АБХАЗИЯ


HILLARY DUMPS BILL
SHE'S MOVING OUT OF WHITE HOUSE —
The Senate
Topic- 'You're sleeping with my President'
IF YOU ASK ME, WILLIAM REHNQUIST IS NO JERRY SPRINGER
© 1999 MIKE LUCKOVICH - ATLANTA CONSTITUTION

JUST DON'T SQUEEZE THE MELONS

When a Brit supermarket chain announced it might stage nude shopping nights, Manchester DJ Derek Hatton dared listeners to try it.

UPSIZED?

Did she or didn't she? Reports claim teen singer Britney Spears had her breasts enhanced, but she's not owning up to it. Guess she just had a growth spurt between spring (at left) and fall (right). If so, it sure was a swell summer.

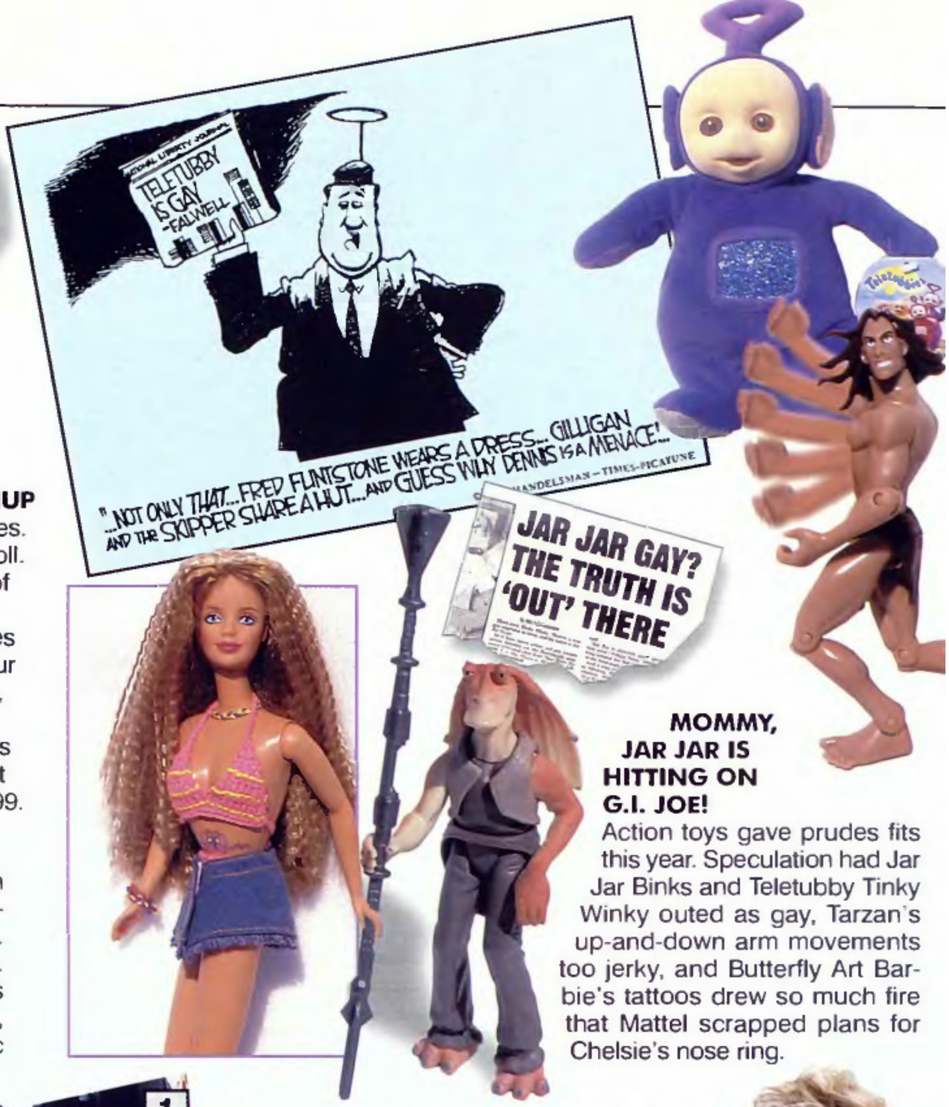
real DOLL
リアル
THE WORLD'S FINEST LOVE DOLL
• NEWS
• INFORMATION
• CATAL

AND YOU DON'T NEED A PRE-NUP

Forget inflatables. RealDoll (realdoll.com) is made of high-grade silicone and comes delivered to your door with a bra, panties, minidress, stockings and cleaning kit for a mere $5699.

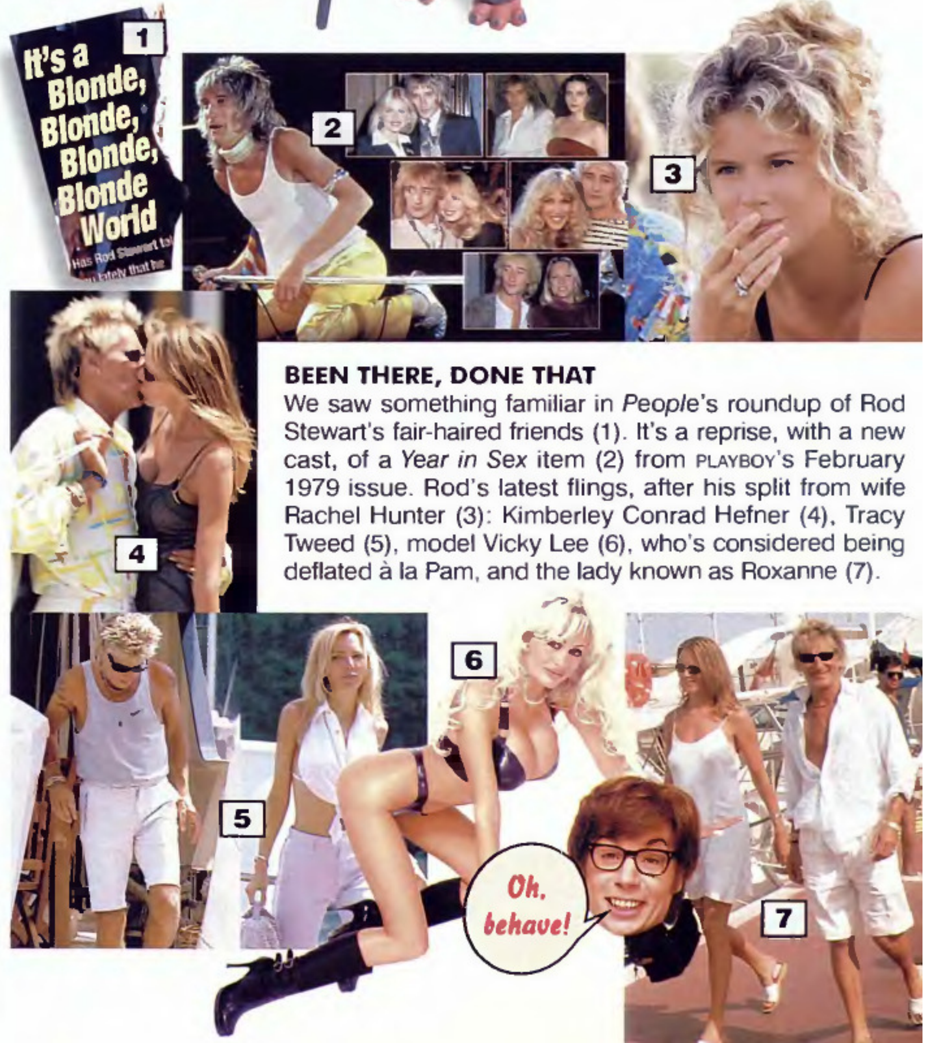
YOU CAN'T BEAT THE CLASSICS

"Show us your tits!" yelled rowdy fans when Playmate Bebe Buell returned to her rocker roots at the Manhattan nitery Don Hills. "Don't ask for that," she retorted. "They're an institution at this point." As a public service, we present the historic hooters, circa 1974.


TELETUBBY IS GAY -FALWELL
"...NOT ONLY THAT...FRED FLINTSTONE WEARS A DRESS...GILLIGAN AND THE SKIPPER SHARE A HUT...AND GUESS WHY DENNIS IS A MENACE!"
MANDELSMAN – TIMES-PICAYUNE
JAR JAR GAY? THE TRUTH IS 'OUT' THERE

MOMMY, JAR JAR IS HITTING ON G.I. JOE!

Action toys gave prudes fits this year. Speculation had Jar Jar Binks and Teletubby Tinky Winky outed as gay, Tarzan's up-and-down arm movements too jerky, and Butterfly Art Barbie's tattoos drew so much fire that Mattel scrapped plans for Chelsie's nose ring.


1
It's a Blonde, Blonde, Blonde, Blonde World
Has Rod Stewart
lately that he
2
3
4
5
6
7
Oh, behave!

BEEN THERE, DONE THAT

We saw something familiar in *People*'s roundup of Rod Stewart's fair-haired friends (1). It's a reprise, with a new cast, of a *Year in Sex* item (2) from PLAYBOY's February 1979 issue. Rod's latest flings, after his split from wife Rachel Hunter (3): Kimberley Conrad Hefner (4), Tracy Tweed (5), model Vicky Lee (6), who's considered being deflated à la Pam, and the lady known as Roxanne (7).

DOWNSIZED

Gone but not forgotten: the bountiful (but, she says, painful) breasts formerly sported by Sally Kirkland (above, in 1995). At right, Sally as she appeared at 1999's Academy Awards ceremony.

SHOCK ROCK

Was it something in the (overpriced) water? Revelers at Woodstock '99, billed as a 30th anniversary celebration of peace and understanding, began in a festive mood but ended up making war, not love.

NEW YORK POST

NUDESTOCK

Troopers

CAREFUL WITH THAT CHOPSTICK!

For $1200 each, guests at one *nyotaimori* feast dine from the body of a naked woman. Virginity is no longer required, but she does have to wax, pluck and lie still for eight hours.

THE FURTHER ADVENTURES OF CARMEN AND DENNIS AND TOMMY AND JENNA AND PAM AND OTHERS WE COULDN'T FIT IN

On and off switches turned by celebrity couples Carmen Electra and Dennis Rodman and Pamela Anderson and Tommy Lee gave the tabloids a field day, with ever-more-lurid headlines linking Dennis with a model and a masseuse, Carmen with Tommy, and Tommy with the world's top-paid porn star, Jenna Jameson (bottom left). The Rodmans appear to be history, but the Lees are reunited.

REVEALED! SECRETS OF HOLLYWOOD MADAM

She's set to tell all on her superstar clients and their kinky $3,000 nights of passion

HEIDI FLEISS, THE SEQUEL

Her aunt, Georgia Gibbs, sang *Dance With Me Henry*, but Jody "Babydol" Gibson may be warbling *Jailhouse Rock*. Cops charged the latest "Hollywood madam" with pimping.

Oh, behave!
Candie's

Carmen in love nest with Tommy Lee

Dennis Rodman: I'll kill Tommy Lee for sleeping with my wife

After the drinking, cheating, beating & jailing...

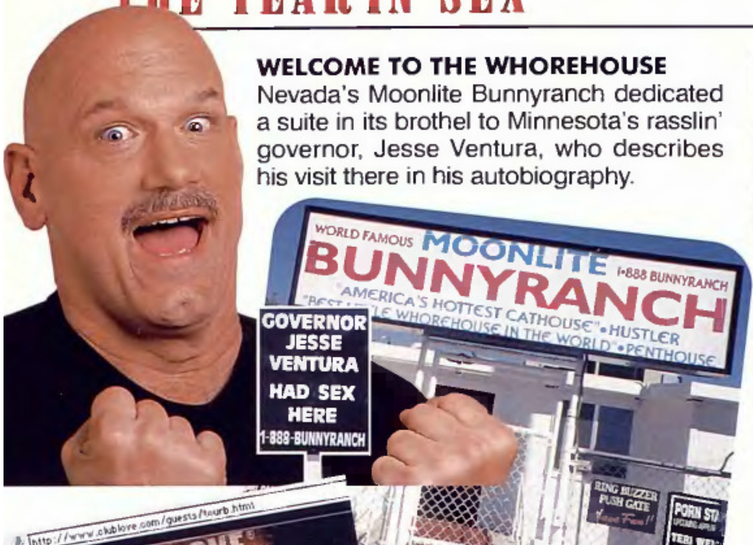
PAM & TOMMY KISS 'N' MAKE UP

Tommy Lee's new squeeze is a porno queen Pam look-alike

Wild rocker Tommy Lee has gone from Pam to porn:

I was in a wild threesome with Dennis Rodman

...and then his wife burst in!

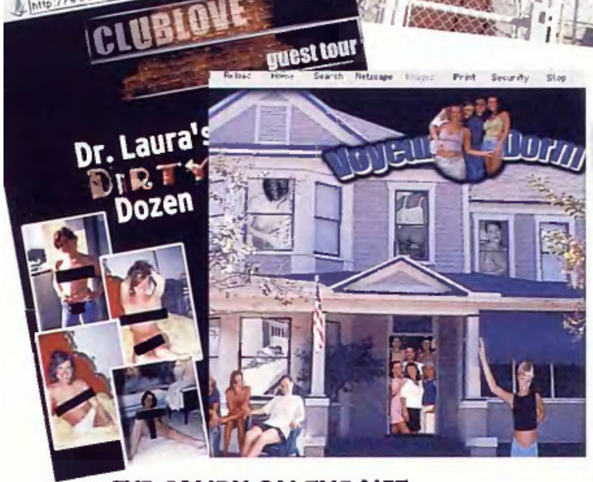

WORLD FAMOUS MOONLITE BUNNYRANCH
1-888 BUNNYRANCH
AMERICA'S HOTTEST CATHOUSE" • HUSTLER
"BEST LITTLE WHOREHOUSE IN THE WORLD" • PENTHOUSE
GOVERNOR JESSE VENTURA HAD SEX HERE 1-888-BUNNYRANCH
RING BUZZER PUSH GATE
PORN STA
TERI WE
MILA

WELCOME TO THE WHOREHOUSE

Nevada's Moonlite Bunnyranch dedicated a suite in its brothel to Minnesota's rasslin' governor, Jesse Ventura, who describes his visit there in his autobiography.

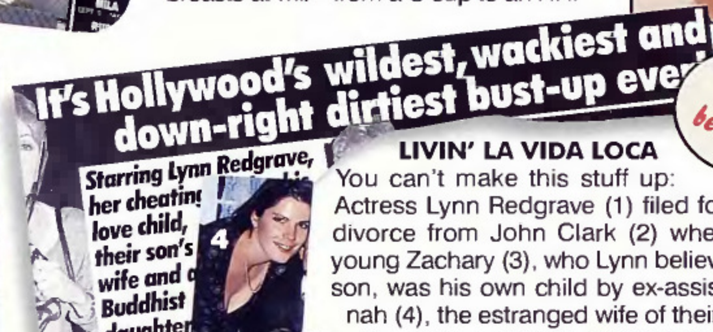
UPSIZED!

Caution: Contents Under Pressure. Model Ashley Bond demonstrates the technology that allows her to pump up her breasts at will—from a C cup to an HH.


http://www.clublove.com/guests/tourb.html
CLUBLOVE
guest tour
Reload Home Search Netscape Images Print Security Stop
Dr. Laura's DIRTY Dozen
Voyeur Dorm

EYE CANDY ON THE NET

Unauthorized photos of porn foe Dr. Laura Schlessinger showed up on IEG's Club Love site, while Tampa officials tried to block Voyeur Dorm's 24-hour cameras.



It's Hollywood's wildest, wackiest and down-right dirtiest bust-up eve

Starring Lynn Redgrave, her cheatin love child, their son's wife and a Buddhist daughter who is also gay!

LIVIN' LA VIDA LOCA

You can't make this stuff up: Actress Lynn Redgrave (1) filed for divorce from John Clark (2) when he blabbed that young Zachary (3), who Lynn believed was their grandson, was his own child by ex-assistant Nicolette Hannah (4), the estranged wife of their son, Ben (5). John then accused Lynn of dallying with Brian Dennehy (6). Meanwhile, the Clarks' daughter, Kelly (who her dad says is a lesbian) (7), bore twins. No scandal yet on sister Annabel (8).

5

7

6

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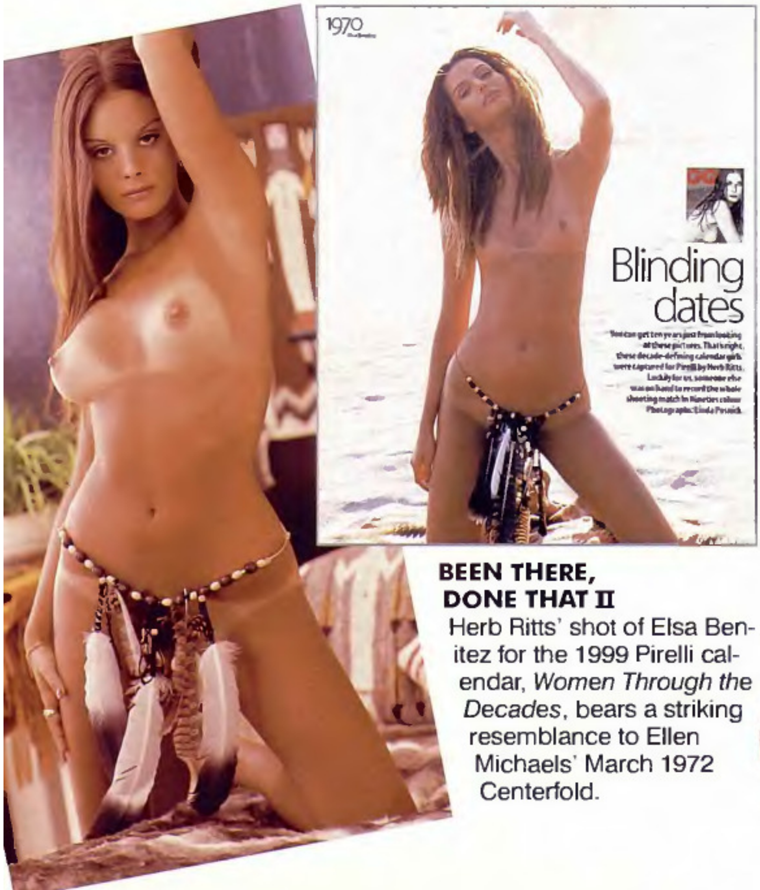
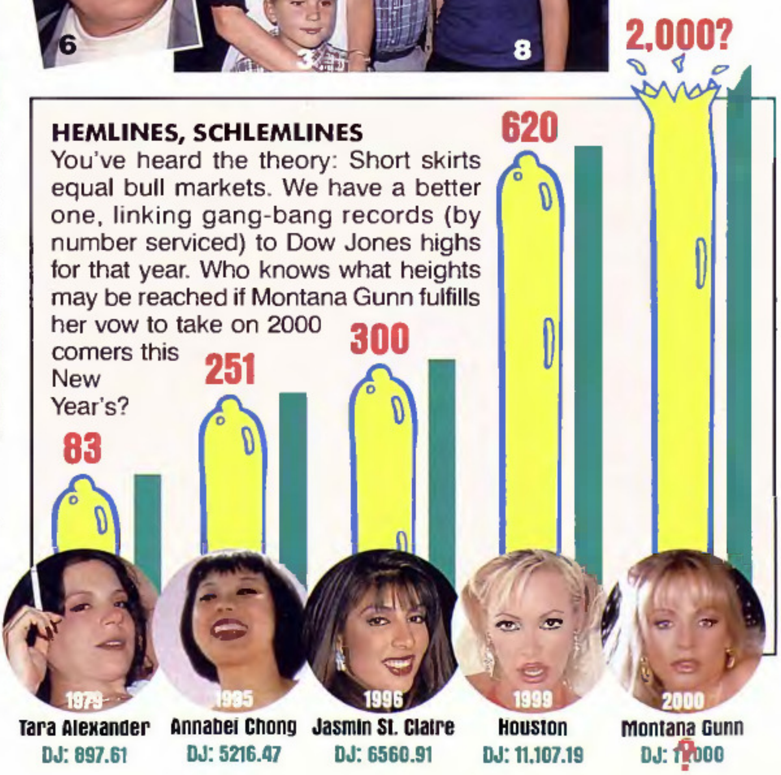

1970
Blinding dates

BEEN THERE, DONE THAT II

Herb Ritts' shot of Elsa Benitez for the 1999 Pirelli calendar, *Women Through the Decades*, bears a striking resemblance to Ellen Michaels' March 1972 Centerfold.

HEMLINES, SCHLEMLINES

You've heard the theory: Short skirts equal bull markets. We have a better one, linking gang-bang records (by number serviced) to Dow Jones highs for that year. Who knows what heights may be reached if Montana Gunn fulfills her vow to take on 2000 comers this New Year's?



ay men are expecting £200,000 twins

Take two gay men, two donor eggs, and one surrogate mum. What do you get? A family

BE FRUITFUL AND MULTIPLY

Mum's the word for California surrogate Rosalind Bellamy, carrying twins—a boy and a girl—for Brit gays Barrie Drewitt, an ex-nurse, and Tony Barlow, a dermatologist.

THE SHOCKING UNTOLD STORY DR. J's LOVE CHILD

THE DOCTOR WAS IN

Rumors were aced when basketball's Dr. J., Julius Erving, was fingered as the dad of tennis pro Alexandra Stevenson.

TITS FOR TOTS

The news that Disney drones apparently inserted two frames of a topless woman into *The Rescuers* forced the studio to recall 3.4 million videotapes.

1
2
3
4
WORLD CUP
YOU PLAY LIKE A GIRL!
REMEMBER WHEN THAT WAS AN INSULT?
USA

WILD, WILD GIRLS OF SPORTS

No wonder guys are taking an interest in women's sports. Check out tennis babes Martina Hingis (1), Anna Kournikova (2) and Jennifer Capriati (3); soccer's Brandi Chastain (4), who shed her shirt in victory (and had earlier doffed much more for a photographer); and a pair of PLAYBOY pictorial picks, wrestler Rena "Rhymes With Able" Mero (5) and boxer Mia St. John (6).

THE GOAL-DEN GIRLS
5
6

2000

drink BY JOHN MARIANI WHAT THEY'RE POURING NEW YEAR'S EVE AT TOP BARS WORLDWIDE

MIDNIGHT SPECIAL

STAY US with flagons, the 21st century is here! Come midnight on December 31, millions will welcome the new millennium with the predictable pop of a champagne cork. But those lucky enough to be partying at, say, the Bubble Lounge in San Francisco or the Ritz in Paris can toast the next thousand years with drinks created just for this night. So if you can't drop by the Bubble, the Ritz or other great bars serving signature millennium cocktails, here's a sneak peek at what they've concocted.

MILLENNIUM A-GO-GO
(MAUNA LANI BAY HOTEL, KOHALA COAST, HAWAII)

1¼ ounces Bacardi light rum
¾ ounce rock candy syrup
2 ounces Calamansi lime juice
½ mango, peeled
Lime wedge
Sprig of mint
Orchid

Combine rum, syrup, mango and lime juice in a blender with crushed ice and blend until smooth. Pour into a tall glass and garnish with lime wedge, mint and orchid.

MILLENNIUM MELTDOWN
(TONY'S, HOUSTON)

1 ounce Godiva chocolate liqueur
2 ounces vodka
½ ounce white crème de menthe
White chocolate shavings

Combine chocolate liqueur, vodka and crème de menthe in a shaker with ice cubes. Shake until well blended and strain into a martini glass. Garnish with chocolate.

TRU ROSE 2000
(TRU, CHICAGO)

¾ cup raspberries
½ teaspoon pink peppercorns
¼ cup sugar syrup
6 ounces Billecart-Salmon Brut Reserve champagne

Combine berries, peppercorns and syrup in a blender and puree until smooth. Strain through a fine sieve. Pour champagne slowly into a flute and add four drops of the puree.

SNOWBALL
(THE HEMINGWAY BAR AT THE RITZ, PARIS)

2 ounces vodka
1 ounce Galliano liqueur
1 ounce crème de cacao
1 egg yolk
2 ounces lemonade
1 ounce heavy cream

Combine all ingredients in a blender with crushed ice and blend until smooth. Pour into a tall glass. Optional garnish: a lighted sparkler.

FIVE M'S AND AN N
(LOUIE'S BACKYARD, KEY WEST)

½ ounce Myers's rum
½ ounce Mount Gay rum
½ ounce Malibu rum
½ ounce Captain Morgan rum
½ ounce Captain Morgan spiced rum
2½ ounces Coco Lopez
2 ounces pineapple juice
¼ ounce Nassau Royale liqueur

Combine all ingredients except Nassau Royale rum in a blender with ice cubes, blend until smooth and strain into a hurricane glass. Pour Nassau Royale on top.

IMPERIAL DUO
(THE BUBBLE LOUNGE, SAN FRANCISCO)

¼ ounce Rémy Martin V.S.O.P. cognac
5½ ounces Piper-Heidsieck Brut champagne
Orange twist

Combine cognac and champagne in a flute and garnish with orange twist.

THE FLAMBEAU
(THE LOA BAR AT THE INTERNATIONAL HOUSE, NEW ORLEANS)

2 ounces Captain Morgan rum
1 ounce Grand Marnier liqueur
1 ounce Chambord liqueur
Twists of lemon and lime

Combine all ingredients except twists in a shaker with ice cubes, shake until well blended and strain into a martini glass. Garnish with the twists. Heat a little additional Grand Marnier in a small pan, carefully light with a match and pour it, flaming, into the cocktail.

THE CALYPSO
(D.C. COAST, WASHINGTON, D.C.)

3 ounces Bacardi Limón rum
½ ounce blue curaçao liqueur
Juice of half a lime
Green-colored sugar
Twists of orange and lemon

Combine rum, curaçao and lime juice in a shaker with ice cubes, shake until cold and strain into a martini glass rimmed with green sugar. Garnish with twists dipped in sugar.

THE RED SQUARE 2000
(THE RED SQUARE, LAS VEGAS)

2 ounces Moskovskaya vodka
Splash of sweet vermouth
Olive stuffed with blue cheese

Combine vodka and vermouth in a shaker with ice cubes, shake until cold and strain into a martini glass. Garnish with olive.

LILLET ROUGE
(CAFÉ ROUGE, PHILADELPHIA)

4 ounces champagne
1 ounce red Lillet aperitif
Lemon twist

Chill champagne and Lillet until cold and pour into a flute. Garnish with twist.

ASIAN ORANGE
(FUSEBOX, ATLANTA)

2 ounces Absolut Mandarin vodka
½ ounce Grand Marnier liqueur
½ ounce orange juice
Orange slice

Combine vodka, Grand Marnier and orange juice in a shaker with ice cubes, *(concluded on page 272)*

1950

when nothing was the same

the eminent journalist, author and social commentator reminds us how far we have come since the middle of the century

article by DAVID HALBERSTAM

THE PACE of life in America at mid-century was infinitely more languid than it is today. The population of the U.S. was just 151,325,798 in 1950, compared with 248,764,170 in the latest census. In both its demographics and, perhaps far more important, its self-image, America 50 years ago was dramatically whiter.

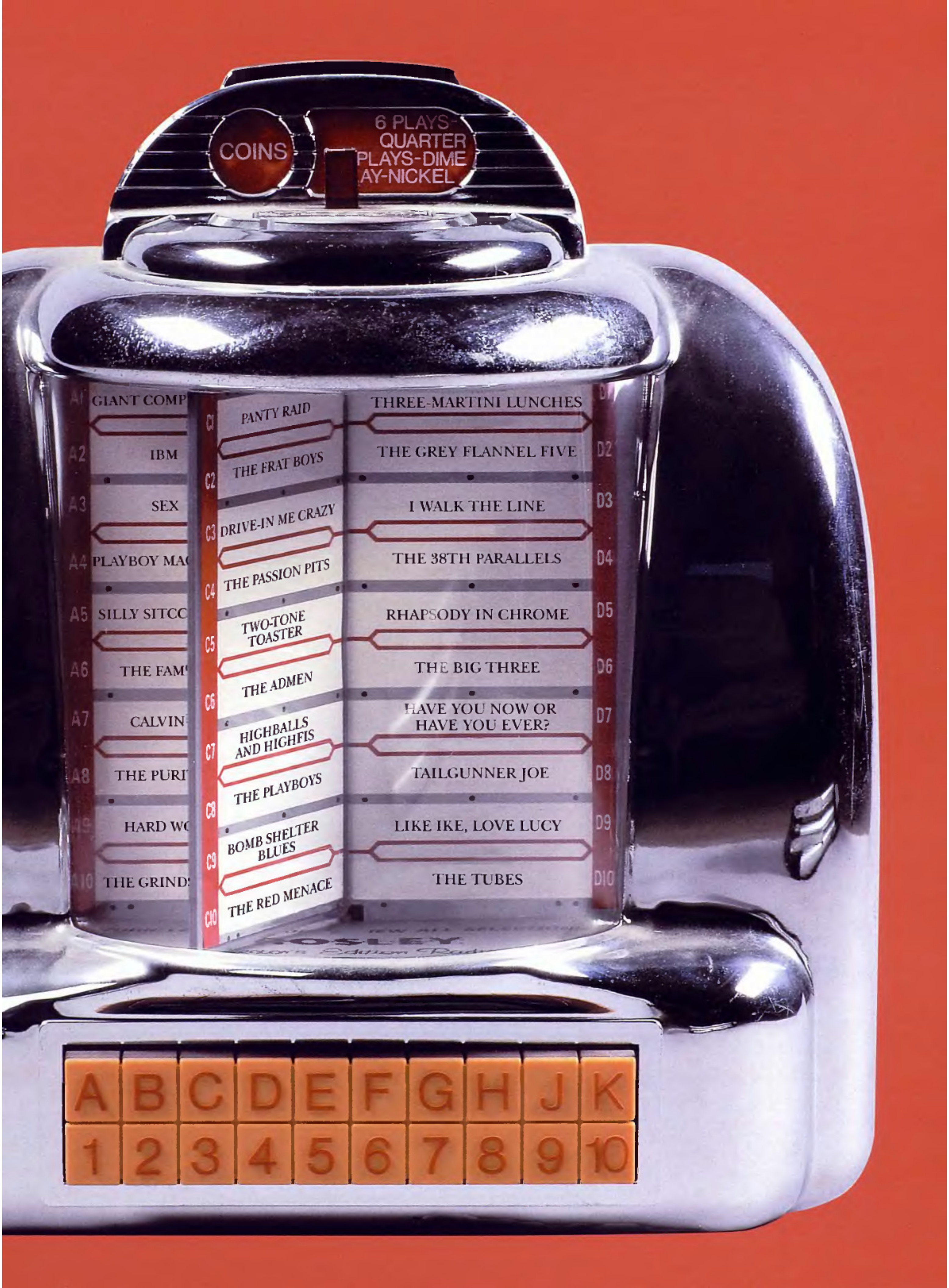
The pace of business in this precomputer, prefax, pre-Internet era paralleled the pace of technology: Not by chance was it the age of business lunches that often featured three martinis. In June 1951, when I graduated from high school, the Dow stood at 250. Yes, 250.

Geographic distances were far more imposing. In general, people communicated with one another less often and far more slowly. On the rural outskirts of Winsted, Connecticut, where I grew up, our family still had a party telephone line (1987-J3, three rings for our phone), which meant your neighbors could listen in on your calls and in fact sometimes did. If you wanted to call someone long distance, a call that was considered something of an important and expensive event in those days, you always placed the call through the operator and made it person to person.

There were no cell phones and only a handful of computers, primarily in the hands of the Department of Defense. The room in the Defense Department where the first computer was stationed was always hot. In the mid-Forties, Tom Watson Jr., of the IBM Watsons, had visited the giant room and asked Pres Eckert, one of the computer's inventors, why it was always so uncomfortable in there. Because we're sharing the place with 18,000 radio tubes, Eckert answered.

Air travel for most Americans was still an exception. My 19-year-old daughter has flown hundreds of times; I took my first commercial airplane ride when I was 23. Commercial flight aboard jet planes did not exist. Fittingly enough, major league baseball defined the country and travel was done by train. Washington was a Southern city, and St. Louis a Western one. America for all intents and purposes was based in the East, and a person who lived in California but had come East to college was considered a curiosity of sorts, almost as exotic a specimen of human life as someone from, say, American Samoa.

The federally blessed and financed


COINS
6 PLAYS-QUARTER
PLAYS-DIME
AY-NICKEL
A1 GIANT COMP
A2 IBM
A3 SEX
A4 PLAYBOY MA
A5 SILLY SITCO
A6 THE FAM
A7 CALVIN
A8 THE PURI
A9 HARD WO
A10 THE GRINDS
C1 PANTY RAID
C2 THE FRAT BOYS
C3 DRIVE-IN ME CRAZY
C4 THE PASSION PITS
C5 TWO-TONE TOASTER
C6 THE ADMEN
C7 HIGHBALLS AND HIGHFIS
C8 THE PLAYBOYS
C9 BOMB SHELTER BLUES
C10 THE RED MENACE
D1 THREE-MARTINI LUNCHES
D2 THE GREY FLANNEL FIVE
D3 I WALK THE LINE
D4 THE 38TH PARALLELS
D5 RHAPSODY IN CHROME
D6 THE BIG THREE
D7 HAVE YOU NOW OR HAVE YOU EVER?
D8 TAILGUNNER JOE
D9 LIKE IKE, LOVE LUCY
D10 THE TUBES
A B C D E F G H J K
1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10

highway system was still six years away, and its official name—the National System of Interstate and Defense Highways—recalls how it would be sold to the nation as a defense against the Russians. Still, American eyes were very much on the road; we were buying more and more cars, ever larger and glitzier, with more accoutrements than ever before. Americans also turned them in ever more quickly as the nation's level of affluence and, equally important, its level of optimism increased stunningly fast.

Words, not images, were the prime currency of communication. Television was in its infancy. Ed Murrow, the single most distinguished voice of broadcasting—a radio voice—shied away from television, as did most of his top radio reporters. A few years into the decade, when CBS needed someone to head its fledgling television broadcast, it somewhat reluctantly settled on Walter Cronkite, largely regarded as a benchwarmer by the elite Murrow people.

Newspapers were all-powerful. Political candidates aspiring to higher office studied the personal proclivities of print reporters, not the deadlines and schedules of the network news shows. The person whose approval they coveted was Scotty Reston, rising star of *The New York Times'* Washington bureau. The idea that ambitious press secretaries would seek out executive producers from network television to check their schedules was unheard of two decades ago. Satellite technology, which would eventually allow us to watch warfare in our living rooms, was still far away.

The evening news shows were in their embryonic stage; the first NBC news host was a former Shakespearean actor named John Cameron Swayze. He used quaint phrases like "Let's hopscotch the world for headlines," and did commercials as well. A limited number of sports events were televised. The World Series was popular and so were the Friday night fights, sponsored by Gillette Blue Blades ("Look sharp, feel sharp, be sharp"). Pro football was a virtual minor league, its marriage to network television still years away. Early games, because of poor reception, often seemed to be taking place in a blizzard, and it sometimes looked as if 44 instead of 22 football players were on the field. To this day when I think of that era I think of it in black and white; I think of the Sixties in color.

A bitter war started in Korea on June 25, 1950. Even in its nomenclature it was found wanting: The president of the United States referred to it as a police action rather than a war, as if people did not get killed quite as dead in a police action as in a war. For most Americans Korea seemed distant, unpalatable and frustrating. The young men who were the sons of the elite—of the nation's decision makers—graduated from high school and in great numbers duly went off to college, immunized from the draft by II-S deferments. Working-class, blue-collar young men got drafted and went to Korea. It was the beginning of a class division over who served and fought for whom in this country, and it would eventually become a chasm.

The country largely seemed to turn away from the war in Korea and, because communications were still so primitive and because America's survival did not seem to be at stake, the conflict was only in the most marginal sense portrayed on the television news shows of that era. The war never worked itself into the national bloodstream as the Vietnam war would, becoming, in Michael Arlen's famous phrase, the "living room war." Korea neither united nor divided the country, though Harry Truman's firing of Douglas MacArthur in April 1951 divided the country along powerful existing divisions. Some of these divisions were cultural and ethnic, some were ideological. Liberals tended to endorse Truman, conservatives to abhor him. In the 1952 election there was a surfacing of a new cultural-political division: Democrats for Eisenhower, many of them Catholic.

The Birth Control Pill
Was 15 Years Away.
The Idea That Men
Might Go To The Moon
Seemed Laughable.

Midcentury was a far more static and hierarchical time. The economy remained blue collar and industrial, driven by muscularity and not brains. A line worker at Ford or General Motors might well make more than a professor at the University of Michigan. Because no bombs had touched us during World War II, and because Europe had engaged in suicidal war twice within 25 years, America was rich in a world that was poor.

In the nation's biggest industries—auto and steel—a genuine if occasionally uneasy peace had been worked out between unions and companies. There was a general perception that the American pie was big enough for everyone.

America was still a Calvinist society. The economic, social and technological forces which would soon assault that Calvinism were just building. Work mostly meant long, hard physical exertion for relatively limited rewards. Memories of bleak times, of massive national economic reverses like the Depression, which could wipe out all of a family's gains overnight, were fresh. If there was some degree of optimism about the economic future, it was balanced with an innate wariness.

People coming of age in this increasingly affluent economy were more confident and optimistic than their parents and more willing to do something new and seemingly un-American: buy on credit. Their parents, fearful of economic vagaries outside their control, hated the concept of debt and considered buying anything, save perhaps a home, which few in the past could have afforded, virtually immoral.

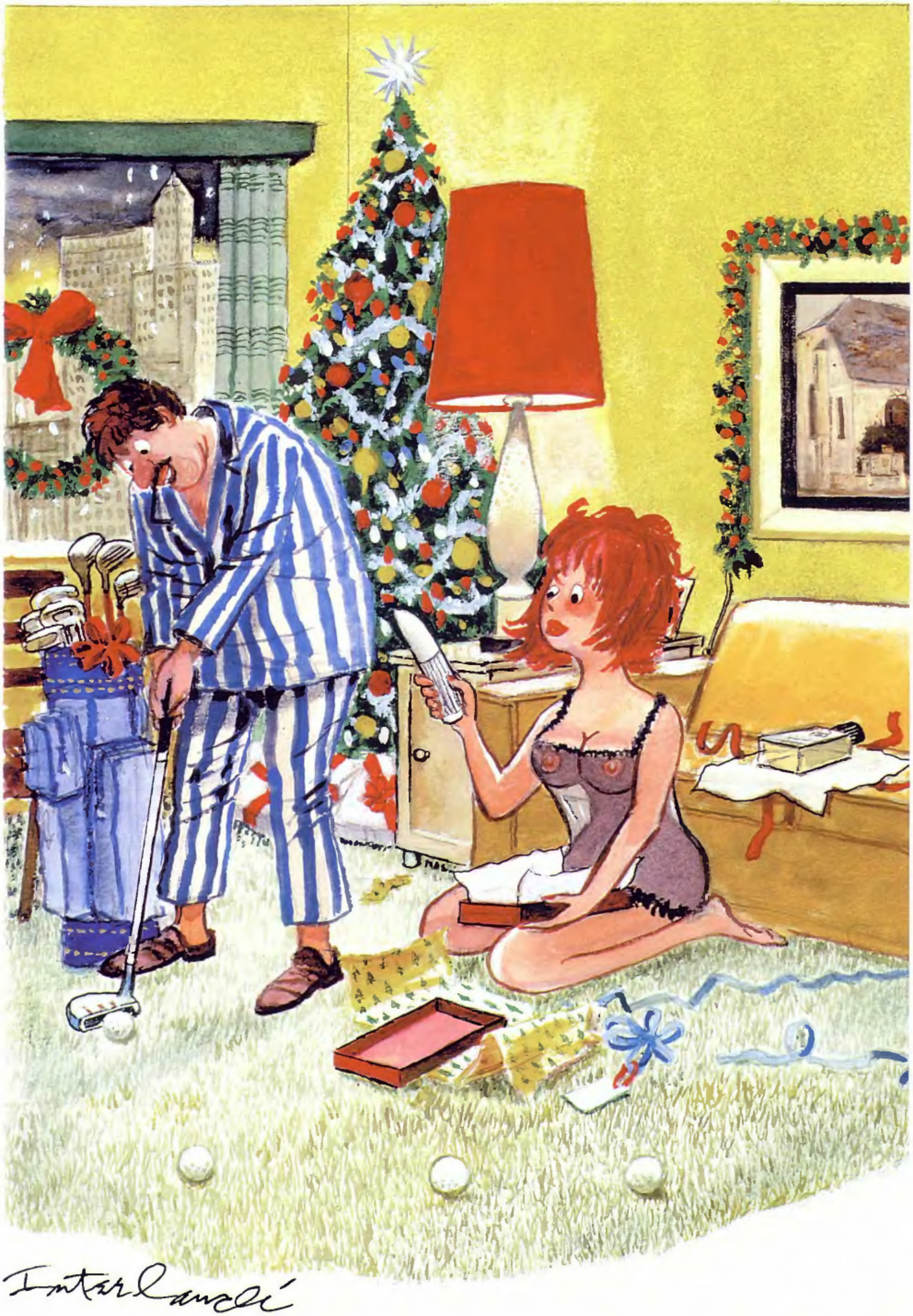
Big companies dominated the landscape: Ford, General Motors, General Electric, U.S. Steel, Westinghouse. The brightest graduates of the country's best business schools, it was expected, would work for these companies. The move toward venture capital, the idea of talented young businessmen marrying with talented young scientists and doing their own start-up companies, was still more than a decade away. After both a world war and a depression, this was a time when talented young people sought security.

The meritocracy—where talent was more important than bloodlines—was just coming of age. As such, lines of ethnicity still held. In New York there were Wasp banking houses and Wasp law firms to do their legal work, just as there were Jewish law firms to do the heavy lifting for the Jewish banks. The Wasp establishment dominated the business (and foreign policy) landscape. In those days the right family and connections could get you into the right boarding schools, colleges, banking and law firms, and then often high into the government. The meritocracy, aided by the GI Bill, would soon transform the nation with stunning force. It already had a toehold in America's great universities.

In June 1950, an immigrant from Germany named Henry Kissinger graduated (summa cum laude) in government from Harvard; another, Zbigniew Brzezinski, from Poland, entered graduate school in September. The idea that these two heavily accented men would become top figures in the national security complex was unthinkable at the time.

No one spoke of a "fast track" in the Fifties. There was an assumption that, talented or not, you went out after

(continued on page 268)


Interlandi

"I hope you like it—I plan on playing a lot more golf next summer."

ONE OR TWO STEPS BEHIND

ILLUSTRATION BY OLIVIA DE BERARDINIS

FICTION

BY DAVID MAMET

she was a norse goddess with honey-blonde hair, a hard gaze and perfect features. such a lovely woman, he thought, and went back to his wife

It was a gift for the impossibly beautiful young woman.

It was a kitten of some, he was told, rare and desirable breed. It had cost him over $200.

He planned to take it to her in the evening when the office closed.

The girl had been his lover over the last month. They had made love in her shared flat and in his hotel room.

Each time he woke up next to her he thought her the most lovely thing he'd ever seen, and he never ceased feeling the gap between them was unbridgeable, and never could determine the source of the feeling or judge its truth.

She'd come once to his hotel room exuding winter: Her coat breathed cold, her face was cherry red over the cheekbones and her hair was brittle after the half-hour walk down to him.

She was a Norse goddess in a shearling coat. Masses of her heavy, honey-blonde hair hung outside the coat as she stood in the doorway of the hotel room, and he saw she was angry and indignant.

"What's the matter?" he said.

"Everyone's *looking* at me," she said.

Well, of course they are, he thought. And I am looking at you.

But I cannot love you. And I wonder why.

He wondered again later. When they broke up, at her instigation, and she'd said, "I'm sorry we weren't everything to each other that I'd hoped we would be."

One night she had said, "You are a lazy lover," when he'd refused to come out to her, to quit his warm hotel. And she had come down to him, in that ammoniac cold, and all her skin was cold, the first minutes in bed, with that blunt Chicago cold.

It didn't get in your bones, it seemed it was your bones, and your life became the smells of winter: the dull heat on the buses, the stink of piss in the warming sheds on the IC platforms, the iron of the old steam radiators and, always, the back-of-the-nostrils ice pick of that lake cold, North Side cold.

Well, she was a Northern girl—a Nordic beauty—tall, broad at the shoulders, long thighs, a hard gaze and perfect features. A beautiful woman, finally, and nothing like a girl about her except her age.

What a phrase, he thought, that we had not been everything to each other I hoped we would be. So direct, he thought, so of-another-culture, so pure, finally.

Much purer than I am, or than I could ever be.

The little kitten was boxed in a thick cardboard contrivance, a carrying case from the pet shop.

They had cautioned him repeatedly about the cold, and he had pledged to speed the cat from the store to the office, and from the office to her flat. He would not take the bus, he'd call a cab at the end of the day. It would be expensive, the long trip through the slush down to her neighborhood. But he'd paid the $200 for the pet, and that would put the $15 cab ride in perspective, he thought—as if it were

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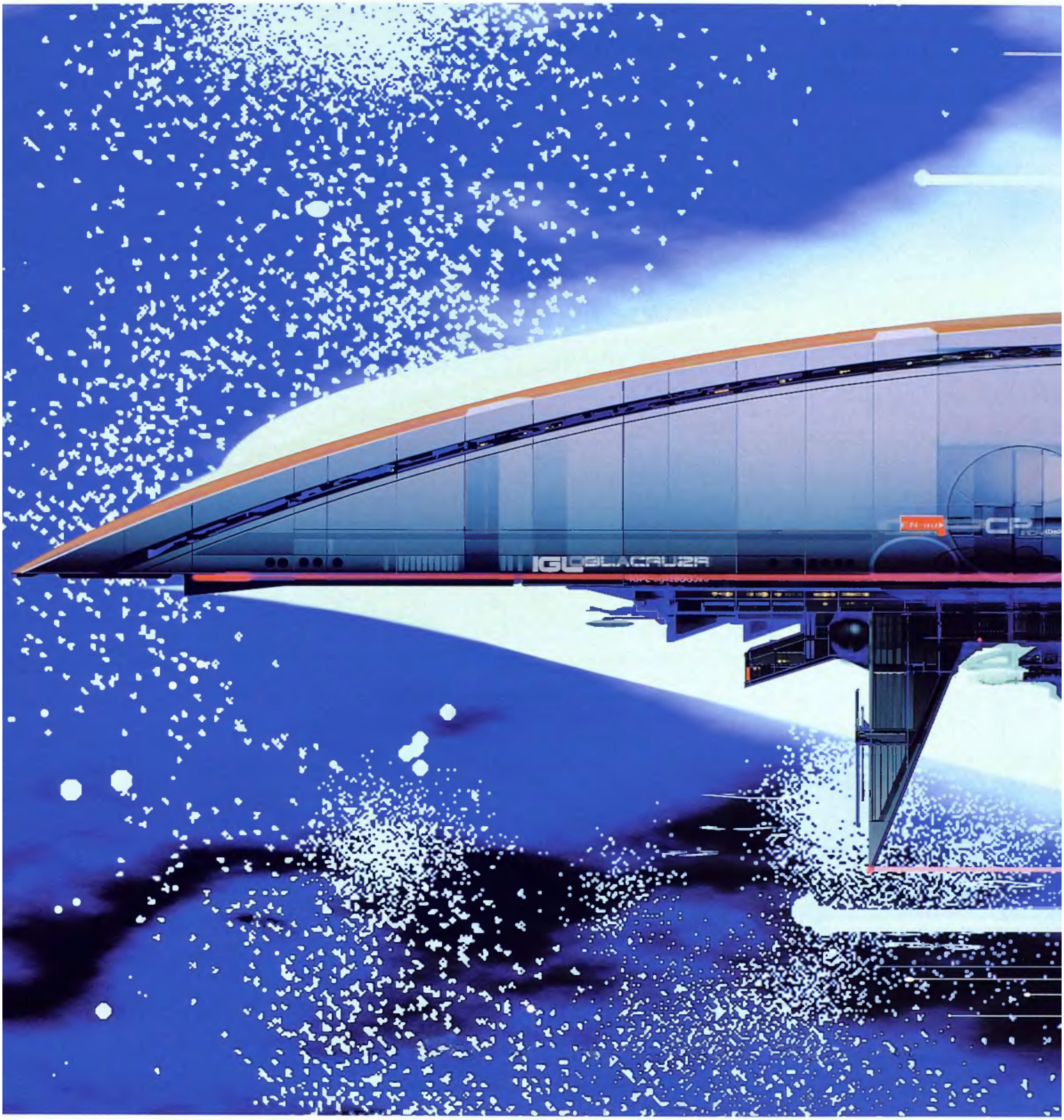
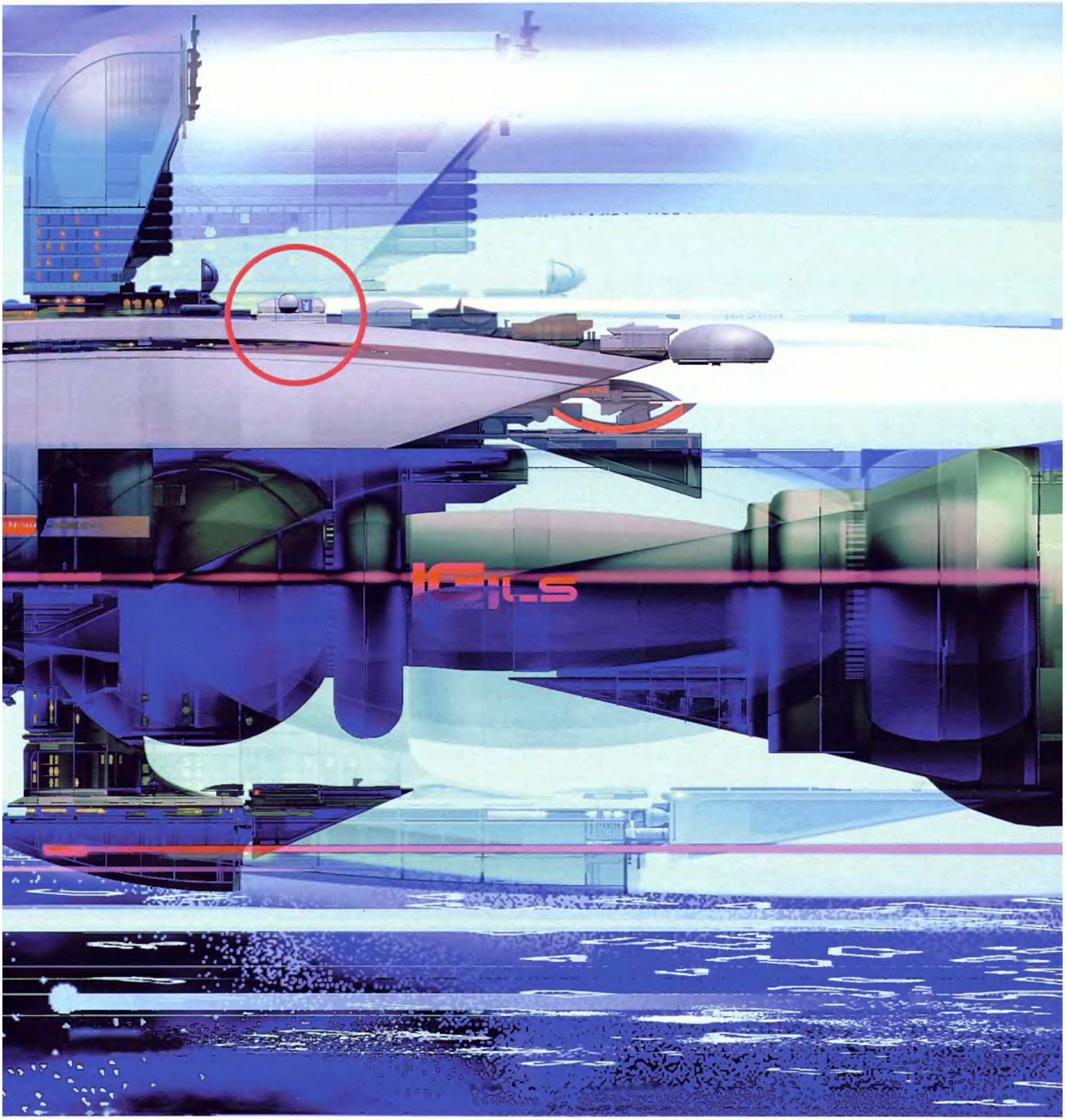

IGLOBLACRUZR
CP

design by Syd Mead

There's No Space Like Home

tomorrow's playboy pad will be the galaxy's most sophisticated pod



Our pad of the future is the swankiest mobile home this side of the Milky Way. The undercarriage of the two-story dwelling locks on to the aft dorsal docking track of an intergalactic luxury liner. In addition to taking the man on the go where he wants to go, this keeps our lucky pad owner supplied with power, water and air.

IT'S BEEN 44 years since we published PLAYBOY's *Penthouse Apartment*, a design plan for the ultimate bachelor living quarters. That feature spawned the expression "PLAYBOY pad," a phrase that became synonymous with convenience and luxury for the urban male.

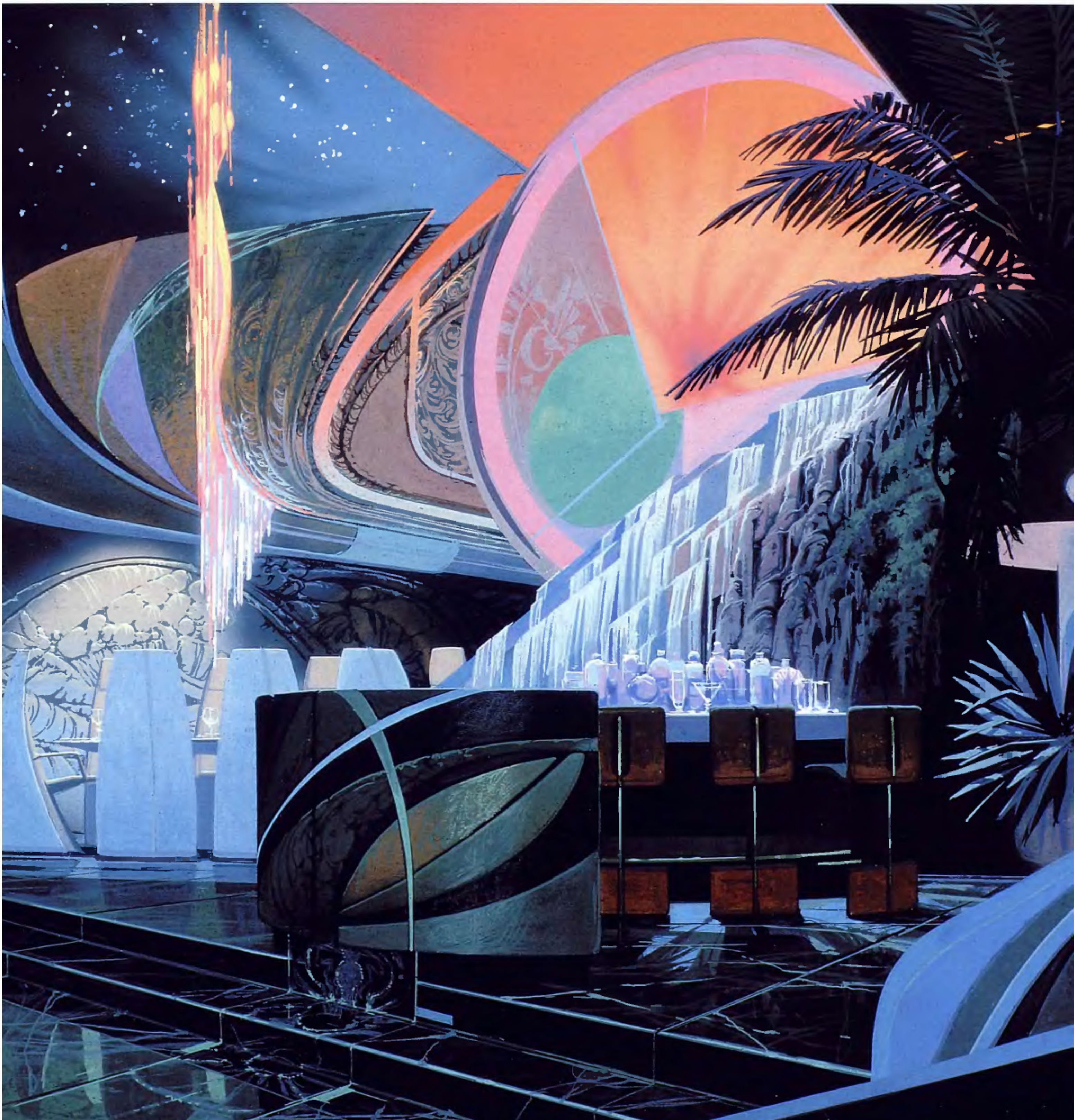
The start of the new millennium seems the opportune moment to map the luxury pad of the future.

To turn the fantasy into reality, we enlisted Syd Mead, the futuristic artist and designer renowned for his design work on such films as *Blade Runner* and *Timecop*.

"Luxury implies the ability to secure sybaritic comfort, mobility and access to personal amenities at whim," Mead says. "In the coming millennium, luxury will continue to mean access to the latest accomplishments in transport, information networks and health and longevity techniques. The personal environment will be designed to impress and to complement one's personality and predilections."

Mead's vision for the luxury living space of the future evokes the early 20th century, when the ultimate way to travel was in an opulently furnished private railroad car. He sees the pad of tomorrow as a pressurized, privately owned support module attached to an intergalactic luxury liner. The host ship provides necessities such as local gravity, air exchange, power feed and water, and offers a wide range of services and amenities, including food and beverage catering.

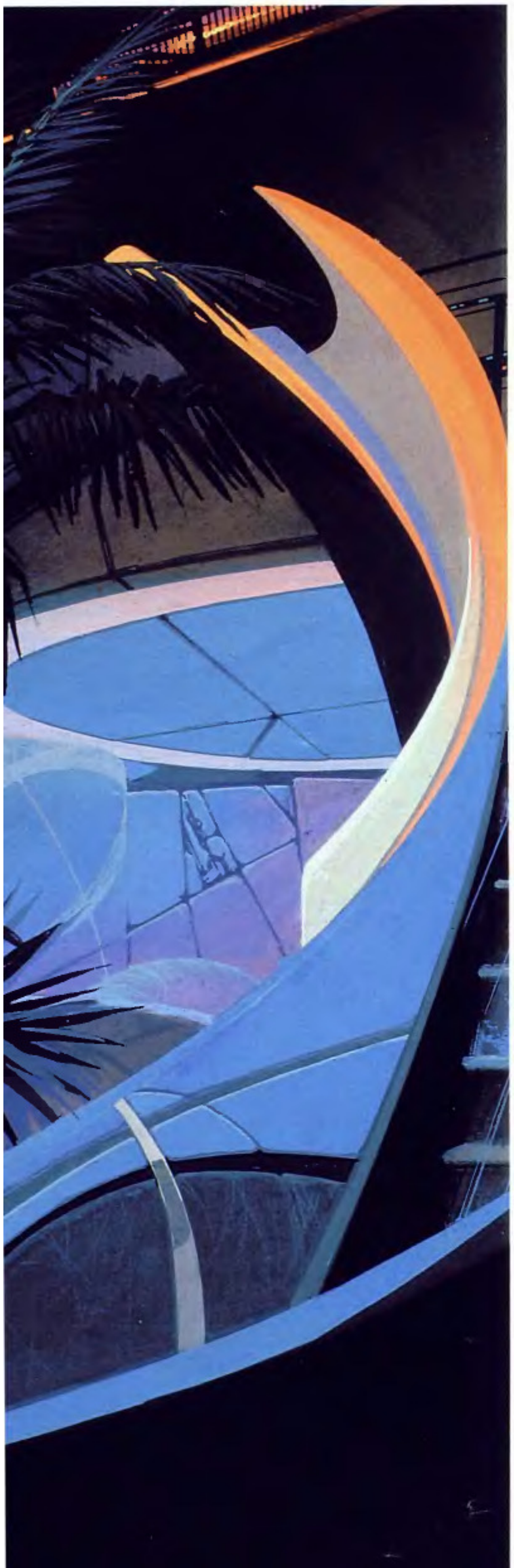
The front entrance is an elaborate geometric bas-relief that recalls the grandeur of Medici palazzo gateways, enhanced in space by a starry view through the atrium ceiling. In addition to these visual components, the unit features multichannel audio with surround sound. Learning-circuit response enables automatic programming of your favorite music. And there's no fiddling with dials and controls, since the system can be voice activated. At the top of the sweeping stairs, a pair of three terabyte computer servers in the communication area

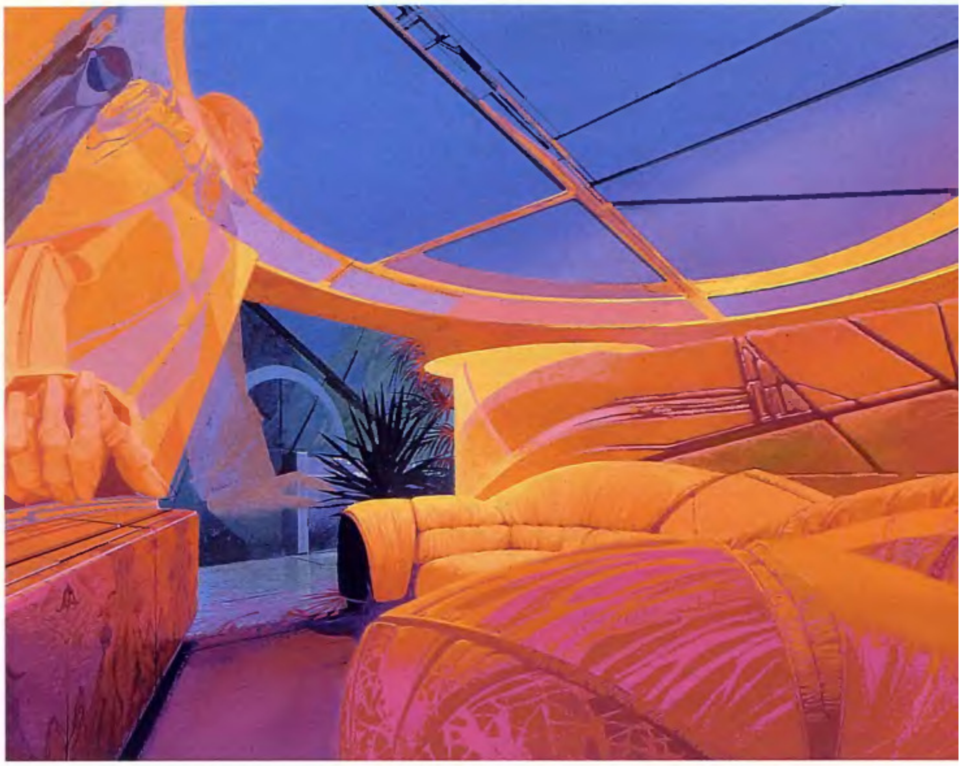


run the software that makes the walls and surfaces of the living space a programmable environment. RGB (red-green-blue) signifies the three fundamental electronic coloration channels that have become the standard for devices such as personal computers. With the advent of RGB substrates and coatings, surfaces can be treated as "on" or "off" for various decor style purposes. For a romantic evening among the stars, simply adjust the surface settings on any of the rooms, changing the colors and textures of the walls and the fabric patterns on the furniture to create the desired ambience.

What Mead calls "a private den of liquidity" begins on the main level, which features a central room with a bar and dining area, a lounge that serves as a living room, and a handy nook to fix food (no need for a full-scale kitchen—just ring the mother ship). The walls in the central room, like most others in the unit, are bas-relief crewel murals, soft to the touch and executed in leathers. Dark polished-marble floors lend a sense of masculinity to the overall design motif.

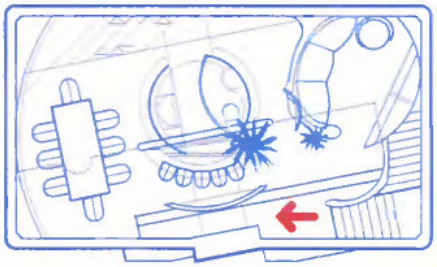
The decorative centerpiece is a two-story laminar waterfall behind the bar. Water cascades over faux granite plates that change angle slightly on a random program, shifting the falling water in

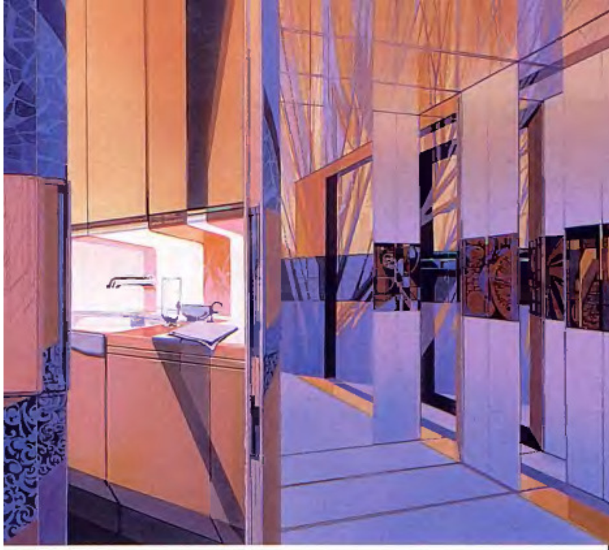


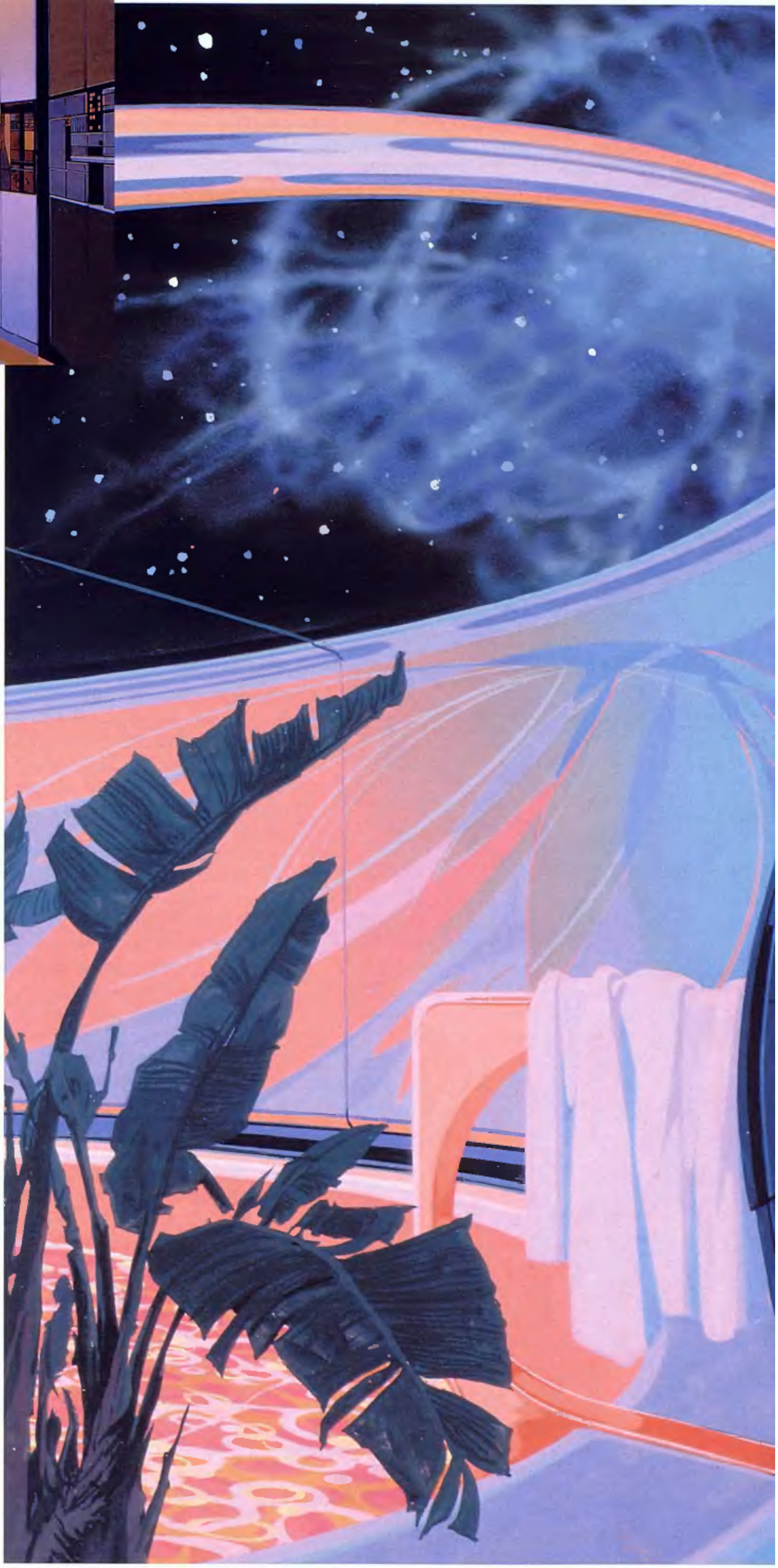


Left: The front room on the main level features a bar with stools that retract into the bar facade and a formal dining area fronting a dramatic curved crewel mural depicting fruits, vegetables and herbs. The host ship provides catering services. Behind the bar, a two-story laminar waterfall is topped by a 12-foot-diameter holographic display screen that functions as the owner's personal mood-maker and ever-changing light source. At the top of the staircase are control panels that alter the details of the decor to suit a variety of moods. Nestled behind the staircase is a commodious lounge (above right) with pneumatic seating that provides an infinite arrangement of shapes and patterns. Holographic projection onto the 200-degree screen offers a true three-dimensional presentation. Stow your 3D glasses.

Right: This is a floor plan of the main level, the arrow indicates the view of the area pictured at left. The RGB lounge is situated behind the staircase. In addition to the bar and dining area in the front room, a food preparation area and wet-core cylinder at the rear serve eating needs and water-related functions.





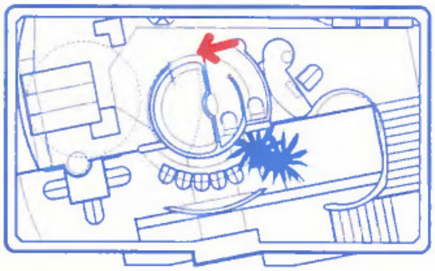


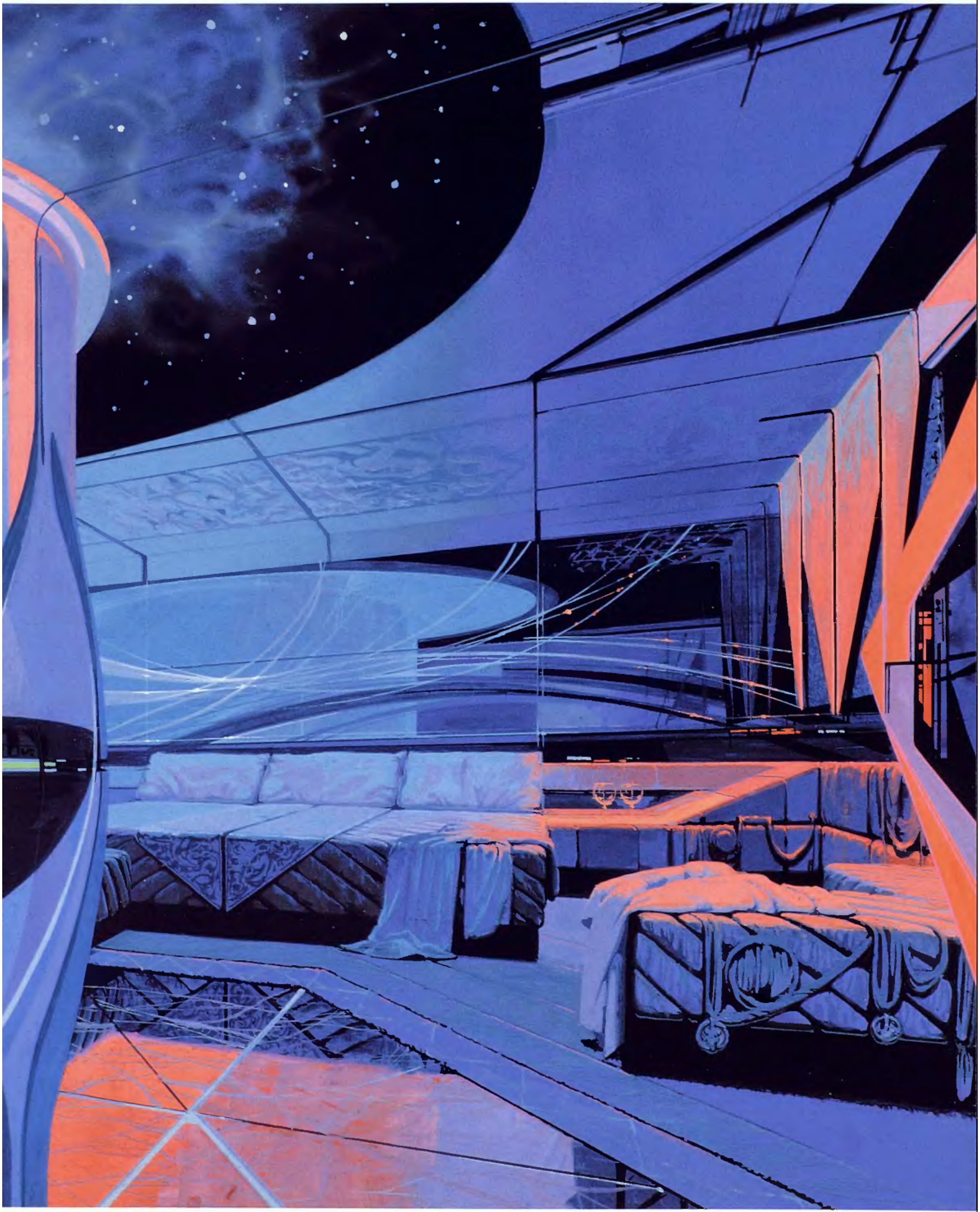
Above: The food preparation area on the main level serves all kitchen functions. Hot and cold hors d'oeuvres, snacks and beverages are dispensed through modules that retract from the wall automatically. The design motif on the walls in this area is a holographic garden of earthly foliage. On the upper level (right), a cylindrical environmental chamber with sauna, Jacuzzi and fitness gym eliminates the need for a health club membership. Adjacent is the bedroom. In addition to the starry view through the ceiling, holographic projections on the walls and ceiling provide visuals that are literally out of this world.

constantly changing patterns. Atop the waterfall is a 12-foot-diameter RGB display that continually adjusts chroma and intensity, casting an ever-changing light over the central room. This display is part of an elaborate programmable holographic projection system that operates throughout the apartment and is controlled in the communication area at the top of the stairs. The holographic technology, which first came into

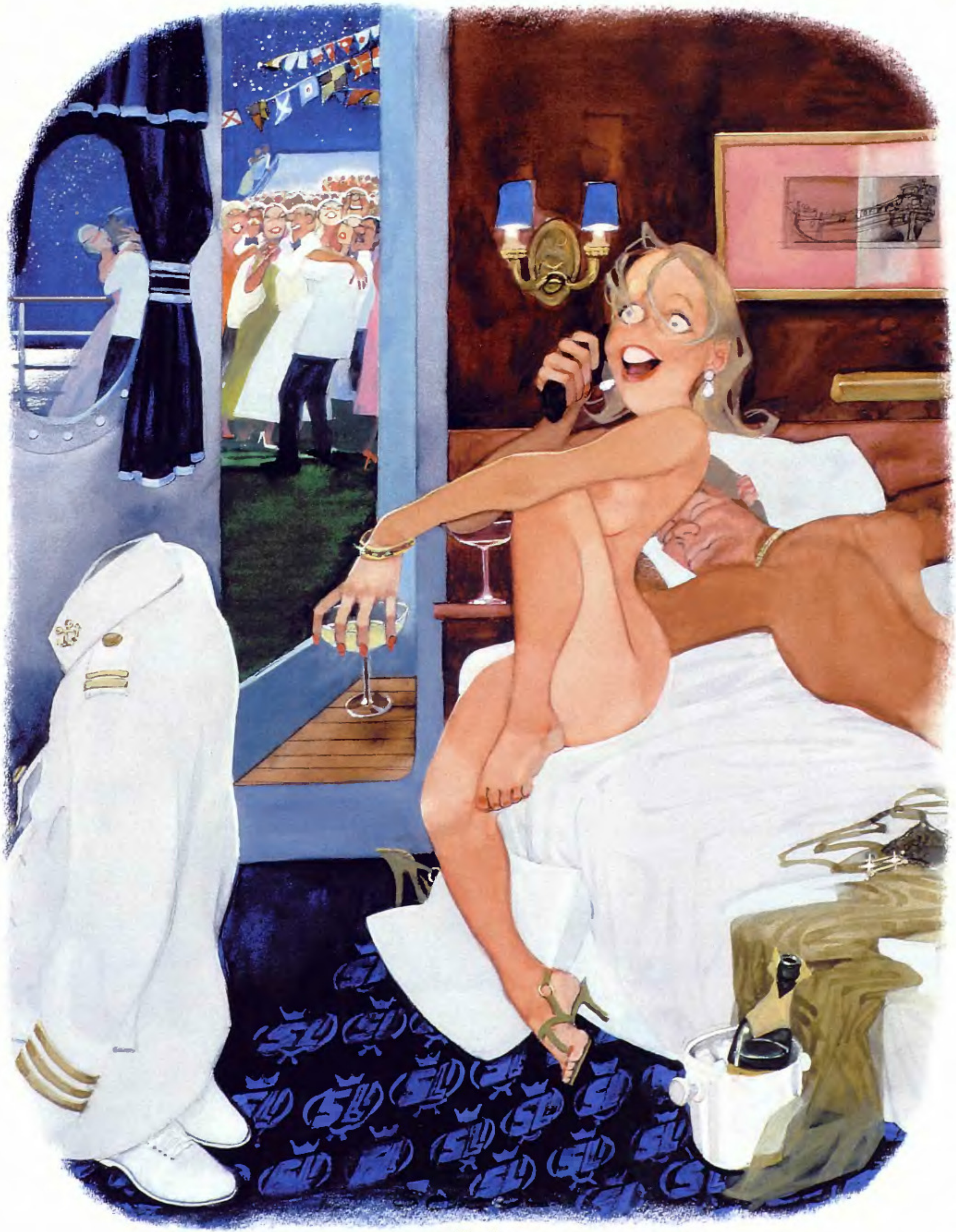
(concluded on page 248)

Below: This is a floor plan for the upper level. The cylinder at the center is the environmental chamber. The L-shaped object against the wall is one of two retractable ottomans that attach to the foot of the bed. The bed itself is near the edge of the loft above the dining area. The round object is an ornate chandelier that descends over the dining table.





WHERE & HOW TO BUY ON PAGE 266.



SOKOL

"I think I just had the climax of the new millennium!"

MONEY 2000

2MK

by harry s. dent jr.

the dow could hit 41,000 in 2008. and that's only part of the good news

IS IT SIMPLY a given that economics and future trends have to be so complicated that you could never hope to understand them? The answer is no. The most important fundamentals that drive our economy are incredibly simple and can be forecast decades into the future with a high degree of reliability.

The key to comprehending the economy, technology trends and stock trends is to understand that it's not Alan Greenspan but Homer Simpson who drives our economy. It is the average person and his predictable spending and productivity cycles that determine the future. And who has proved that the average person is incredibly predictable, using the law of averages? Life insurance actuaries, of course. The moment we're born, they predict when we will die.

From the Consumer Expenditure Survey conducted every year by the U.S. Bureau of Labor Statistics, we know that the average person enters the workforce around the age of 19 and peaks in spending around age 46.5. New generations moving up this predictable spending cycle drive the boom and bust cycles in our economy predictably. If we move the U.S. birth index (adjusted for immigration) forward for the peak in spending of the average family, we get an incredible correlation with the economy and the stock market (adjusted for inflation). I developed this indicator in 1988, and it has been extraordinarily accurate. It predicts that this boom and bull market in stocks will last until 2008 or 2009. I predict we will see a Dow as high as 41,000 by 2008. This means that stocks will continue to reward investors into 2008.

But the truth is that I can tie almost all critical economic trends to birth cycles—or, if you prefer, sexual activity on a nine-month lag. That's why I say that sex ultimately drives our economy. (Of course, that also explains why economists have never figured it out.) But note that the baby boom generation dwarfs previous generations in size and economic power. The size factor has exaggerated all economic trends since the Forties and will continue to do so well into the future.

The massive inflation of the Seventies was driven by the high cost of raising and incorporating that generation into the workforce. Young people are an expense and investment for parents, government (education) and businesses (office space, training and new equipment) until they enter the workforce. Inflation reached its highest levels in U.S. history in 1980, 19 years after the peak of the baby boom birth cycle. Then disinflation came with the baby bust's slower workforce entry from 1981 into 1998. Now the smaller echo baby boom will cause relatively flat and low inflation rates for the coming decade—meaning low yields and returns on bonds.

The upside to young people is that they accelerate innovation, peaking around the age of 22 when they get out of college. The start-up boom in new technologies and companies peaked in 1983, 22 years after the baby-boom birth peak in 1961. During the rising tide of baby boom innovation, from 1958 to 1983, small company stocks outperformed large company stocks

(concluded on page 262)

win 100 YEARS OF PLAYBOY!

PLAYBOY PUZZLE CHALLENGE

grab a pen, look for a sign, and your sub could expire in 2099

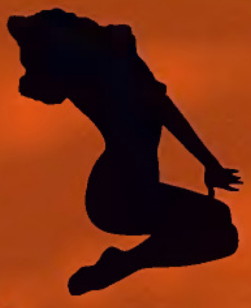
It's been a challenging century, to say the least. Another lies ahead. What better way to keep your neurons firing than a few classic brainteasers? Puzzle master Jonathan Schmalzbach jumped at the chance to create a crossword based on his favorite magazine, as well as a sexually charged word search. Solve the latter and you'll be on your way to winning a 100-year subscription (details on the next page). We can't say where we'll be a century from now, but we know Hef will still be partying.

F	E	T	I	S	H	N	G	B	R	E	A	S	T	S
D	K	L	I	B	I	D	O	D	E	L	I	F	E	D
D	E	C	S	T	L	R	G	D	K	O	S	R	N	T
R	I	S	E	N	P	A	O	C	R	C	T	E	I	N
O	E	L	S	N	I	H	B	T	H	A	O	N	N	A
T	B	T	D	E	T	G	A	I	I	E	H	C	Y	P
A	C	I	T	O	R	E	R	L	A	L	E	H	T	H
R	L	U	N	O	G	A	R	I	L	I	C	K	X	R
B	U	I	G	A	H	S	C	F	V	U	N	I	I	O
I	S	G	N	I	R	T	S	G	O	F	S	S	S	D
V	T	E	I	G	G	O	D	Y	O	L	Q	S	T	I
E	M	2	K	D	E	K	A	N	U	U	D	L	E	S
D	P	M	U	H	Y	R	D	T	E	C	A	L	A	I
U	S	U	G	N	I	L	I	N	N	U	C	A	M	A
N	I	P	P	L	E	S	X	E	S	R	E	B	Y	C

NAUGHTY LITTLE WORD SEARCH

Aphrodisiac
Balls
Breasts
Caressed
Centerfold
Cheek
Clitoris
Cock
Cunnilingus
Cybersex
Defiled
Dildo
Doggie
Dry hump
Erotica
Fetish
Fondle
French kiss
Go-go bar
G-strings
Hard-on
Hots
Hotter
Labia
Lace
Libido
Lick
Lingerie
Lust
Ménage à trois
Naked
Neck
Nipples
Nude
Pant
Phallus
Risqué
Shag
Sixty-nine
Slut
Steamy
Tit
Vibrator
Virgins

PLAYMATES AFTER DARK *Can you identify these memorable* PLAYBOY *models?*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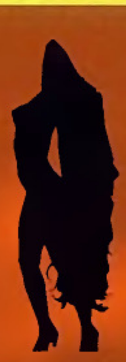
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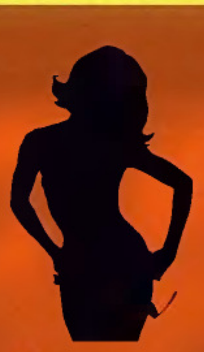
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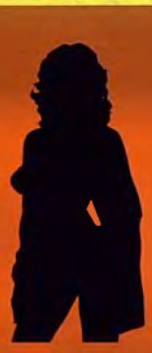
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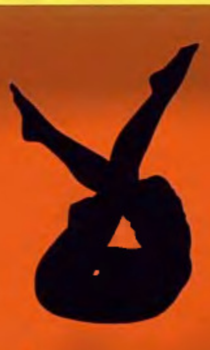

5. ____________

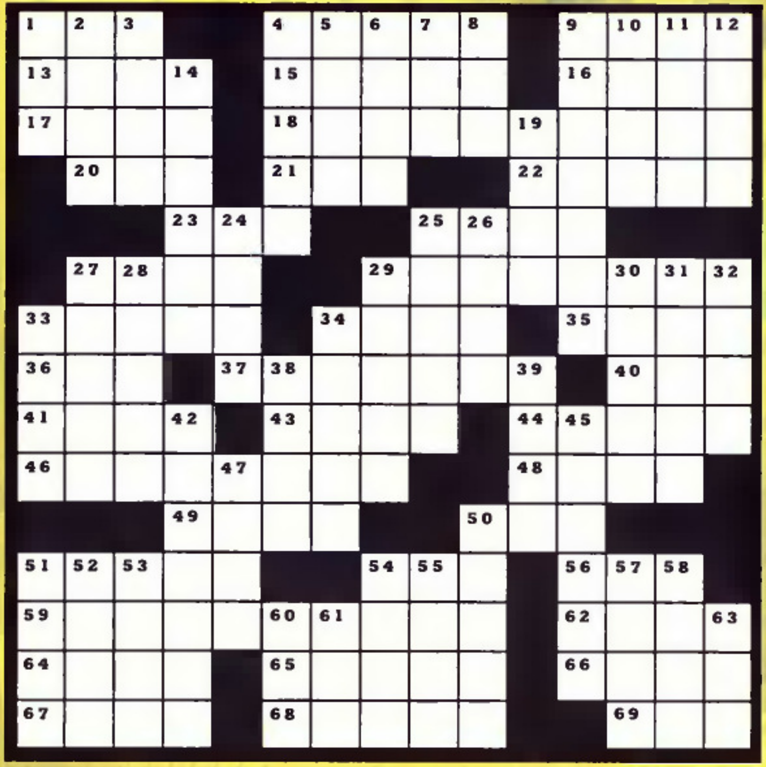
BUNNY BUSINESS

ACROSS

1. It rises, men follow
4. "Girls of the ___eastern Conference"
9. Her hopeful invite
13. '94 Playmate Carter
15. Favorite Fanny
16. Sang about Alice
17. May '94 cover girl
18. Three-part fantasy
20. Ring king
21. Caviar
22. '92 Playmate Beyer
23. "It's the life in my man"
25. Sports refreshment
27. Woody's ex and soccer's Hamm
29. "If you don't swing, don't ring" homes
33. *Baywatch*'s D'Errico
34. Sex ed pioneer Calderone
35. Mmes.' Spanish counterparts
36. Put 2 and 2 together
37. Entertainment for Men
40. Where PLAYBOY began, abbr.
41. Chow ___
43. Wrestled Thor
44. PLAYBOY storyteller
46. The girl next door
48. Humps and dumps
49. '58 Playmate Corday
50. Better half
51. End zone celebration
54. Middle Eastern garb
56. Bad, in Barcelona
59. PLAYBOY founder
62. '86 Playmate Fabian and actress Gardner
64. Fencing sword
65. Club hopper
66. Porn's Hartley
67. *Let's Get* ___ (Baker)
68. Arms' width, Spanish measure
69. Why you're here

DOWN

1. Half a giggle
2. Singer Fitzgerald
3. Teen hangout
4. ___ *bleu!*
5. Basie's ___ *'Clock Jump*
6. '62 Playmate Terjesen
7. Slang for breast
8. Other half of giggle
9. Hemingway jaunts
10. '82 Disney cult classic
11. First name in microskirts
12. *Star Wars* sage
14. Femlin father
19. 1 & 66, abbr.
24. When Hef needs it
25. VIP Benton
26. Greek goddess of war
27. Calendar girl
28. PMOY Allen
29. Author Peter
30. Speak publicly
31. Places for kissing
32. Jet-setters' jets
33. Caught in the rain
34. Collinsons' birthplace
38. Producer Norman
39. You bet ___ ass!
42. Lolita's role
45. Butt lover
47. Sour ___ (bourbon cousin)
50. '62 Playmate Carter
51. Writer Silverstein
52. '75 Playmate Janet
53. Bronze, stone, et al.
54. '87 Playmate Clark
55. Mercedes
57. Playmates Kimble ('62) and Miller ('70)
58. '73 Playmate Valerie
60. ___ and flow
61. Bunny hair
63. Bird's instrument



PLEASANT GAMMA RAY, OR PLAYMATE ANAGRAMS

SHY: TRY CINEMA

C _ _ _ _ _ _   _ _ _ _ _

I IN OL' MAN; NET CASH

A _ _ _   _ _ _ _ _ _   _ _ _ _ _

P NEEDS A ORAL MAN

P _ _ _ _ _   _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _

AND SHE WENT ON

S _ _ _ _ _ _   _ _ _ _ _

INFAMY DEJA LENS

J _ _ _ _   _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _

AIRY MELON MORN

M _ _ _ _ _ _   _ _ _ _ _ _

PLAYBOY.COM

WIN 100 YEARS OF PLAYBOY

In addition to these brainteasers, our puzzle master created three interactive challenges for Playboy Online. Each person who completes all three will have a chance to win a transferable subscription to PLAYBOY that expires on December 31, 2099. That's the next 1200 issues, featuring 1200 Playmates (give or take a few twins and triplets), 1200 Interviews, 1200 Rabbit Heads concealed on 1200 covers and more than 18,000 letters to the Playboy Advisor. You'll also receive our 50th, 75th, 100th and 125th anniversary issues. Your chances depend on how many entries we receive, but the puzzles are tough, so yours could be the only one. To access the Playboy Online Puzzle Challenge, you'll need a password. To obtain it, find all 44 words and phrases in the search on the previous page, then assemble the unused letters and number. Point your web browser to http://www.playboy.com and prepare to strain your brain. The contest ends with the century, so enter early. The answers to the puzzles on these pages will appear in our February issue.

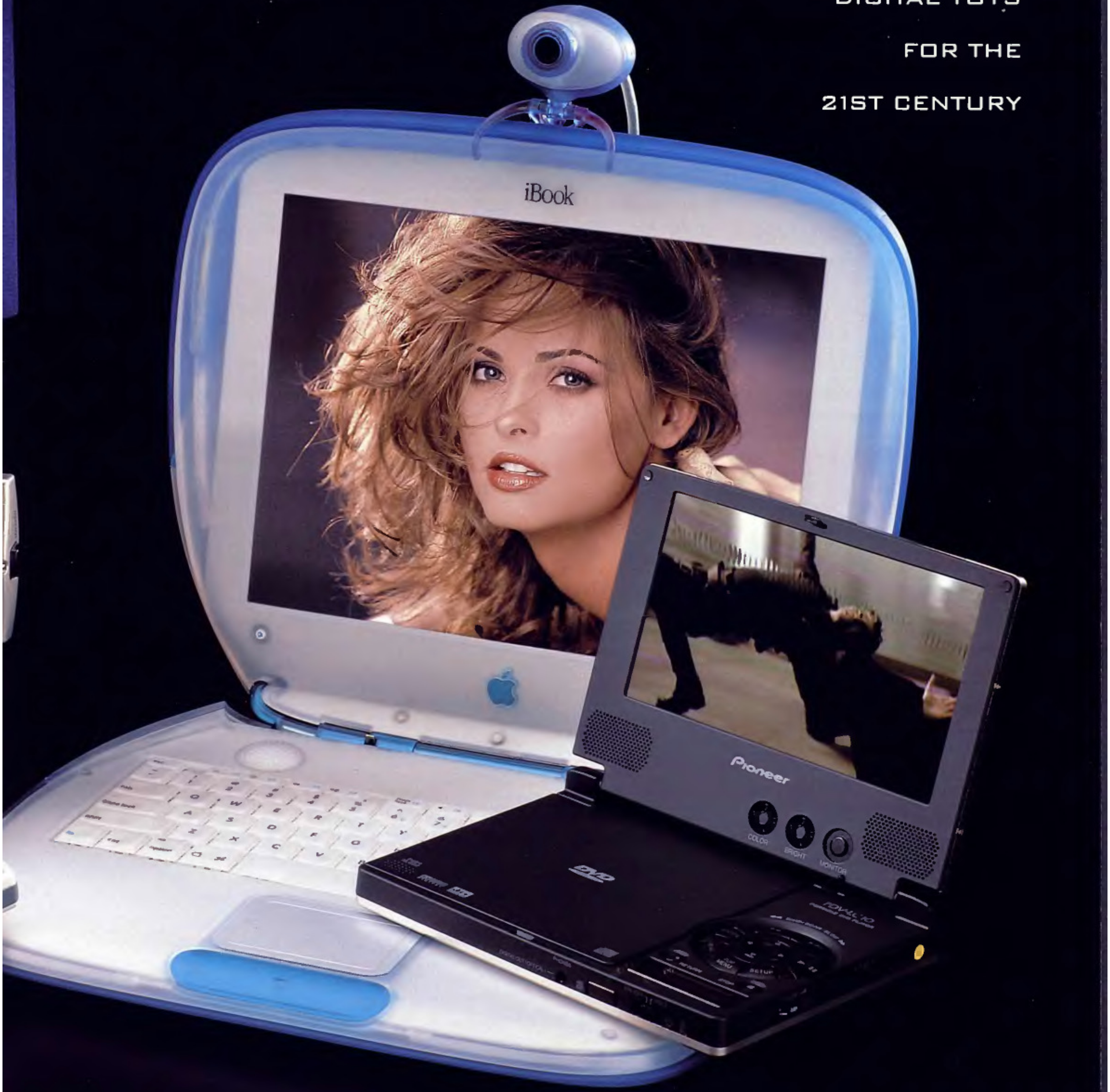
Above, left: The TiVo personal video recorder by Philips records TV shows with DVD quality onto a hard drive and performs cool tricks, such as learning your viewing preferences and recording programs it thinks you might like ($500, plus $10 per month). Atop the Philips unit (clockwise): NeoPoint's 1000 Smartphone is a cell phone and organizer with the ability to access e-mail and the web ($400). Fisher's Slim-1500 combines an AM-FM tuner and CD player in a three-inch-thick tabletop or wall-mountable unit ($200). The PV-DV910 Palmcorder digital camcorder by Panasonic has a handy bookmark function

PHOTOGRAPHY BY JAMES IMBROGNO

WHERE & HOW TO BUY ON PAGE 266.

TURNING THE CORNER

MUST-HAVE
DIGITAL TOYS
FOR THE
21ST CENTURY



that fast-forwards to the end of your last recording ($1100). Apple's eye-catching iBook PowerPC G3 notebook computer ($1600) is rigged with the Kritter USB, a $130 video camera that lets you send your image—still or moving—over the Net. Keanu Reeves dodges bullets in *The Matrix*, displayed on the seven-inch widescreen of Pioneer's PDV-LC10 portable DVD player ($1550). The do-it-all Cassiopeia E-100 is a Windows CE–based handheld computer by Casio that also plays audio and video files downloaded from the Internet ($570). And RCA's Lyra is an on-the-go gadget for playing MP3 tunes ($250).

If you're going to search for one of these products, try www.products.playboy.com.

Porn-O-Rama!

(continued from page 134)

According to the IPS, the average PLAYBOY reader spends just 43 percent of his time with each issue masturbating. At *Hustler*, that figure is 81 percent. Of course, this applies only to PLAYBOY the magazine. The IPS estimates that nearly 98 percent of an average viewer's time while watching Playboy TV is spent masturbating.

Playboy TV is available only because of the technology that gave us cable television. Since the advent of cable, an ever-accelerating technological revolution has given us an explosion of opportunities to enjoy pornography in our own homes.

I'm talking, of course, about the Internet, which is a terrific learning tool. For example, a couple years ago, when he was 12, my son used the Internet for a sixth grade report on bestiality. Joe was able to download some effective visual aids, which the other students in his class just loved. See, at that age the kids are sponges!

If anything, this technological revolution will accelerate exponentially in the future, which is why this next millennium will be such an exciting time for pornographers and for us, the consumers of pornography. Of course, predicting the future is no easy task, which is why I traveled to Northridge to talk with futurists at the IPS.

I was escorted through the modest single-story cinder block think tank by IPS senior fellow Dr. Julie DeVine, a futurist trained at MIT, the Minnesota Institute of Titology, which has a controversial doctoral program.

As Dr. DeVine led me to the Future wing of the institute, I couldn't help but notice that she is an extremely attractive blonde with a tight, round ass, legs that won't quit and firm but ample breasts. So ample, in fact, that she received a full scholarship from MIT.

At first I thought it was my imagination, but when Dr. DeVine escorted me into the virtual reality room, she seemed to be coming on to me. She allowed her bodacious breasts to brush against my face as she lowered me into the prototype of the Virtu-Screw 2000. "How does that feel?" she cooed. I didn't know if she was referring to the Naugahyde bucket seat or to the two erect nipples pushing through her white lab coat and nearly poking my eyes out.

Then Dr. DeVine placed the Virtu-Screw helmet over my head. Sitting in the pitch dark, I felt slightly vulnerable but also excited. She asked me which setting I wanted. Since I've been married 23 years, I naturally chose "blow job." My chair abruptly tilted backward, and I "felt" my pants being unzipped. If I hadn't known I was sitting in the most state-of-the-art virtual reality sex machine, I would have sworn that a real woman's hand had pulled my cock from my pants.

My nervousness disappeared, and I sat back and enjoyed the amazingly realistic cyber job. It was every bit as good as the last real blow job I had gotten 23 years earlier—if not better—because when I shot my wad, the virtual mouth swallowed.

After Dr. DeVine took off my helmet, she said she was parched and suggested we get something to drink in the institute's lunchroom, where we could discuss the societal implications of virtual reality sex. We agreed that some of the kinks had to be worked out, such as being able to select your own setting while you have the helmet on. Dr. DeVine said that eventually the technology would enable men to see their "partner" or "partners" and, further, choose her or them. For example, a guy could do a threesome with Carmen Electra and Jennifer Lopez.

When I expressed a concern that, once perfected, VRS could become extremely addictive, Dr. DeVine's beautiful face darkened noticeably. She said she feels like Robert Oppenheimer must have felt working on the first atomic bomb. While VRS could be a godsend to millions of unattractive and socially awkward men, she worries that many, if not most, will want to spend all their time with their Virtu-Screws instead of going to work, playing with their children or doing volunteer work for their communities.

Virtual reality sex, Dr. DeVine fears, will become the crack cocaine of the 21st century. Why then was she contributing to the VRS project? She explained that if the U.S. didn't develop the technology first, someone else would, and she shuddered just thinking of VRS in the hands of the Chinese.

I found myself extremely attracted to the vulnerable side of this sexy scientist, and when I offered to comfort her, she accepted, kissing me full on the lips and inserting her tongue into my mouth and moving it around suggestively. Then she reached down and started rubbing my crotch, and within just five or ten minutes my cock was again hard and ready for action.

That's when Dr. DeVine took my hand in her other hand, and said, "If you think VRS is the future, wait until you see this."

While still rubbing my crotch, Dr. DeVine led me through the Future wing to the Sexbot room. Once inside I was surprised to see a vinyl blow-up doll wearing crotchless panties. Dr. DeVine explained that the blow-up doll was the prototype for the Sexbot, and scientists at the IPS keep her around to remind themselves just how far they have come and how far they have to go.

And indeed they do have a long way to go. The most current Sexbot prototype, Connie, while quite attractive, has moving parts made of plastic and metal alloys and is considered quite dangerous. In fact, as a futurist, Dr. DeVine believes that the first Sexbots to hit the market will result in class-action suits filed by severely injured men.

That's why Dr. DeVine urged me to forgo Connie and introduced me to Wilhelmina, a beautiful young German-born researcher who, while human, more closely approximates the Sexbot of the 22nd century. Wilhelmina escorted me to a private room with a bed and removed her clothes. If this is what Sexbots will look like a hundred years from now, I envy my great-great-grandsons. We made passionate love for two or three minutes before being joined by Dr. DeVine, who wanted to make the point that Sexbots will be used for threesomes.

I could describe the incredible sex the three of us had, but this is a piece of journalism about the future of pornography and not one of those cheesy letters from a horny reader. Suffice it to say that everyone came several times, except me, who came only once.

As Dr. DeVine escorted me to the parking lot, I realized that we had really only covered the first two centuries of the next millennium. Dr. DeVine said that while it is difficult to foresee beyond 200 years, most futurists believe that the existence of intelligent life from another planet will be discovered sometime in the 23rd century.

Dr. DeVine explained that because of space-time limitations, which frankly I don't understand, actual contact with these creatures from another galaxy will not occur for another 400 years or so. In the meantime almost all pornography will involve fantasies of human-alien fornication.

That takes us to the 27th century, when actual human-alien coupling will take place. By the 28th century most of mankind will be wiped out by an amazingly virulent strain of venereal disease carried by the aliens. As a result, the surviving human race will become puritanical and will shun pornography for the rest of the millennium.

As I thanked Dr. DeVine, she again rubbed my crotch and asked me to tell readers that tours of the institute are available for $500.

From the Vatican archives

PLAYBOY

ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN

JANUARY 1000

gala millennium issue

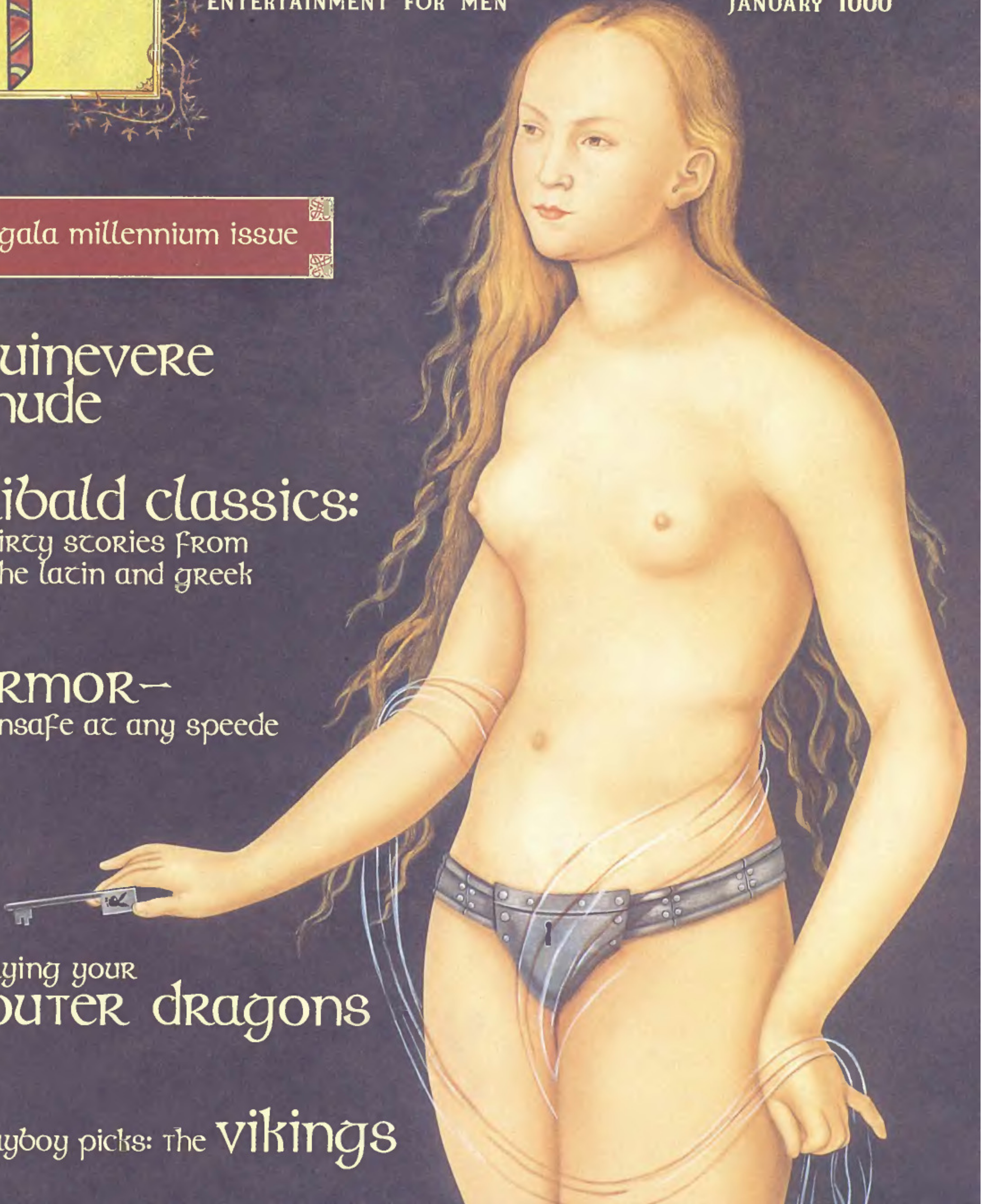
guinevere nude

Ribald classics:
dirty stories from the latin and greek

armor—
unsafe at any speede

slaying your outer dragons

playboy picks: the vikings



CONTENTES

fashion—
say no to scratchy wool
the new spring collection from milano

drink—
mulled mead! a honey of an idea

foode—
making the perfect porridge

musicke—
after chants, what? the new polyphony—progress or just plain noise?

travel—
holy land hot spots—booke early

grooming—
eeewww! what's that smell? time to go to bath!

the playboy stable—
from the off-road champ clydesdale to the sporty, fast-as-quicksilver arabian, here are the new models of hayburners

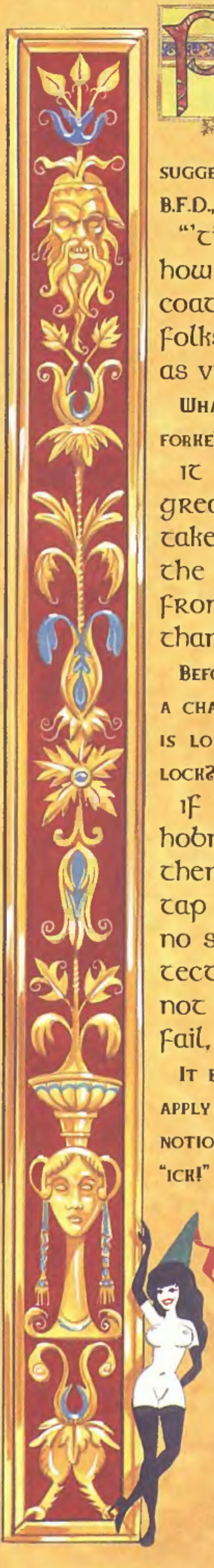
squires are talking about—
arabic numerals—better than roman numerals? it just adds up. plus, it's an easier way to keep track of popes and kings

gadgets—
chain mail—not really chain, not really mail, but crusaders swear by it

the church's war on sex—
part lxxxvii

pigskin preview—
fashion forecast

the hair shirt—
time to hang it uppe?



PLAYBOY ADVISOR

I wouldst have a coate of arms designed for myself and my descendants. Couldst ye suggest a really sharp motto to inscribe thereon?—B.F.D., Fly-on-Bunion

"'tis not so much the motto itselfe but how it looks in latin that truly maketh the coate of arms a babe magnet." since most folks be illiterate, op cit, ibidem is as good as vini, vidi, vici. but avoid ad nauseam.

What is this new thing from France called a dinner forke?—B.M., Half-Bath

it is a new device to keep the mutton grease off the fingers when eating. it takes a little practice—punctured lips are the biggest problem. like most things from france, it sounds more interesting than it is.

Before a recent journey, I did fit my goode wife with a chastity belt, but upon returning, I do find my key is lost! Could you tell me how I might pick the lock?—M.T., Taliashire

if 'tis an english belt, insert and turn hobnail round until two clicks are heard and then twist back. if a french belt, a mere tap of your finger will open it. obviously, no such belt is totally secure, so to protect thy wife's chastity, we recommend not the belt but the club. and if that shall fail, the sword.

It be my fondest desire that my ladye of the house apply her dear mouthe to my lancelot, but the very notion doth twiste her face and make her to cry out, "ick!" What canst I say to her that she might agree to polish my bedpost?—B.J., Boarscrotum

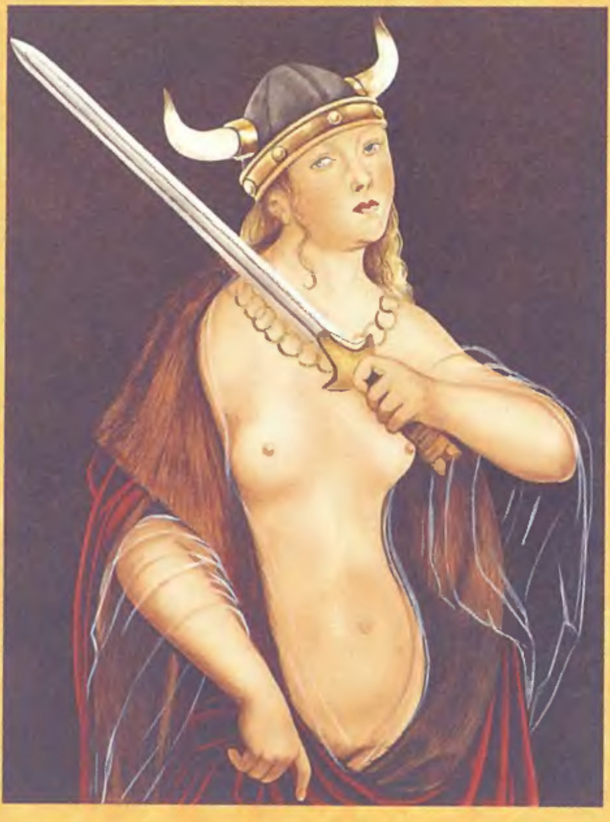
so many men have posed this question that we have compiled a list of the most popular entreaties:

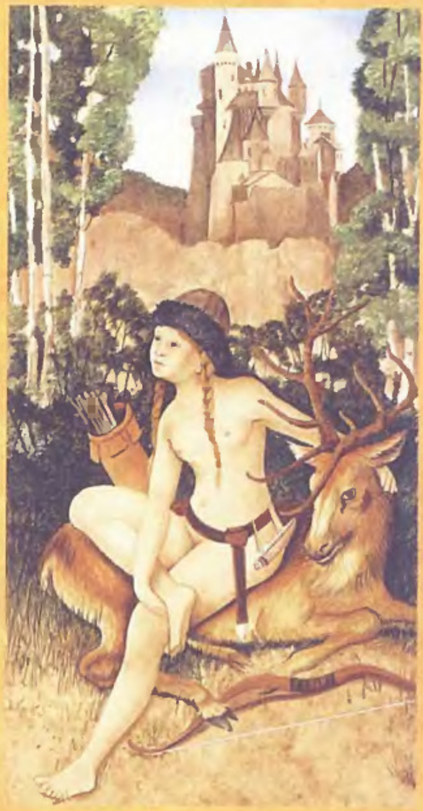
"how badly wouldst thee like that new butter churn?"

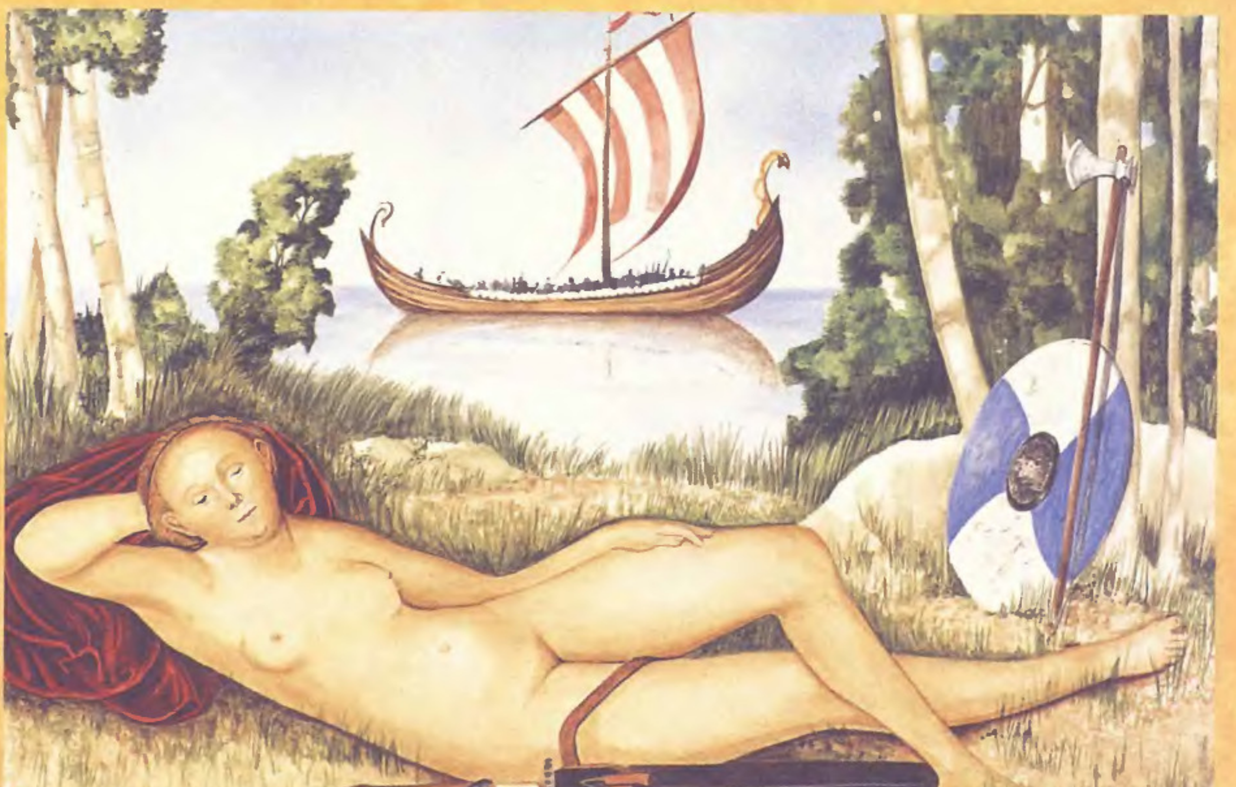
"a single swallow, say the druids, be a fortnight's protection against demons and spells."

"never mind, ye couldst probably do it ne'er so well as did your faire sister."

GIRLS OF THE NORTH SEA







at top left, meet horny inga. she's into quiet evenings by the fire and pickled herring. top right, bridget is shown here at our stag party. above is liv, who wants everyone to throw down their armes and work for world peace. or as we say: liv and let live!

PLAYBOY INTERVIEW:

OLAF TRYGVESSON

in 991 he was juste another marauding viking chieftain. but in 994, he experienced a religious conversion. now he lays claim to the throne of norway. what maketh this born-for-the-first-time christian tick? we sent our correspondent to record these words:

"before i was baptized, my attitude toward england was, 'your ass be mine. also your ox, your cow, your sheep and your goat.' since then i've chilled out. it's a norse thing.

"leif eriksson and i flipped a coin. the winner got england, the loser had to find his own island to conquer. i won. poor bastard, he'll be forgotten in a year, whilst my name lives on in history bookes. there are history bookes, right?"

PARTYE JOKES

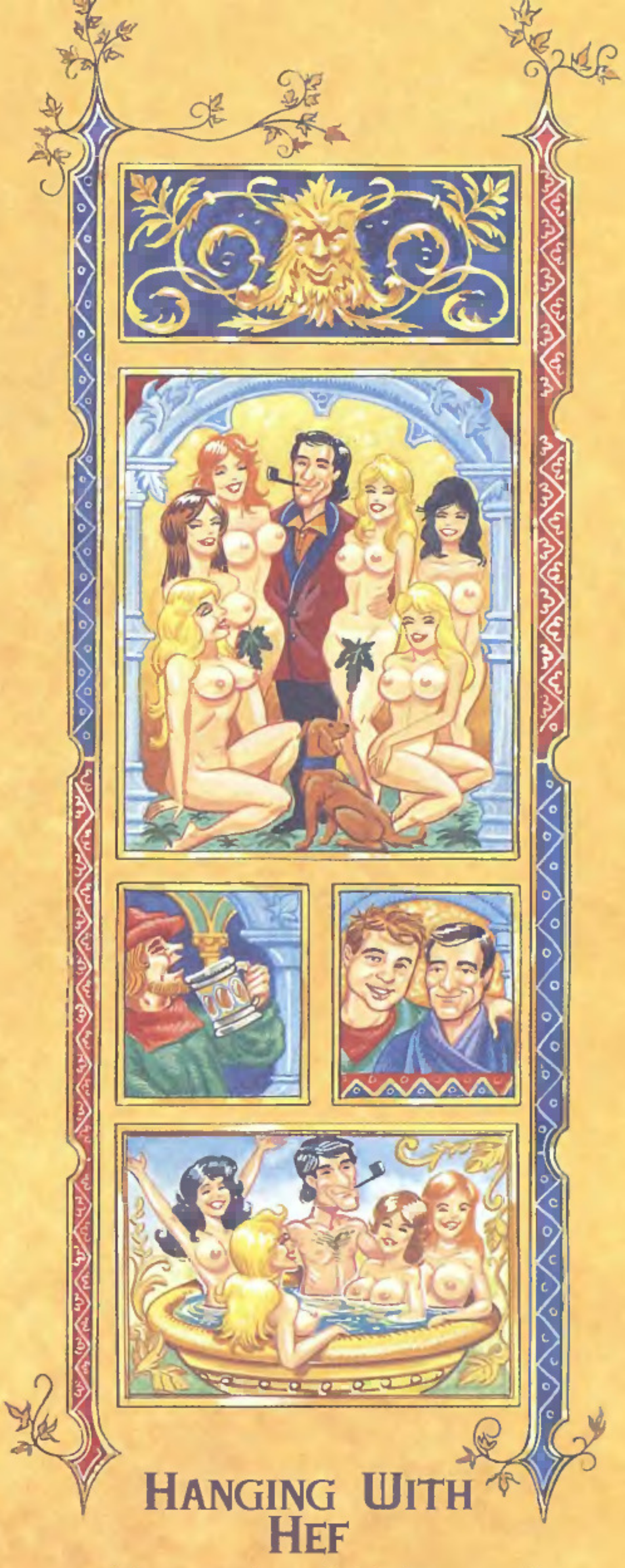
Q: why did the chicken cross the road?

A: to flee the pox.

Two young wenches walk into a crowded pub, without the company of squires, and order a flagon of mead. "and where might your husbandes be?" inquires the publican. "we be free white englishwomen and in need of no husbandes, thank you all the same," they replied. well, bless me if the lads at the bar didn't seize them and put them to trial by ordeal and then burn them as witches.

PLAYBOY CLASSIC PUNCH LINE:

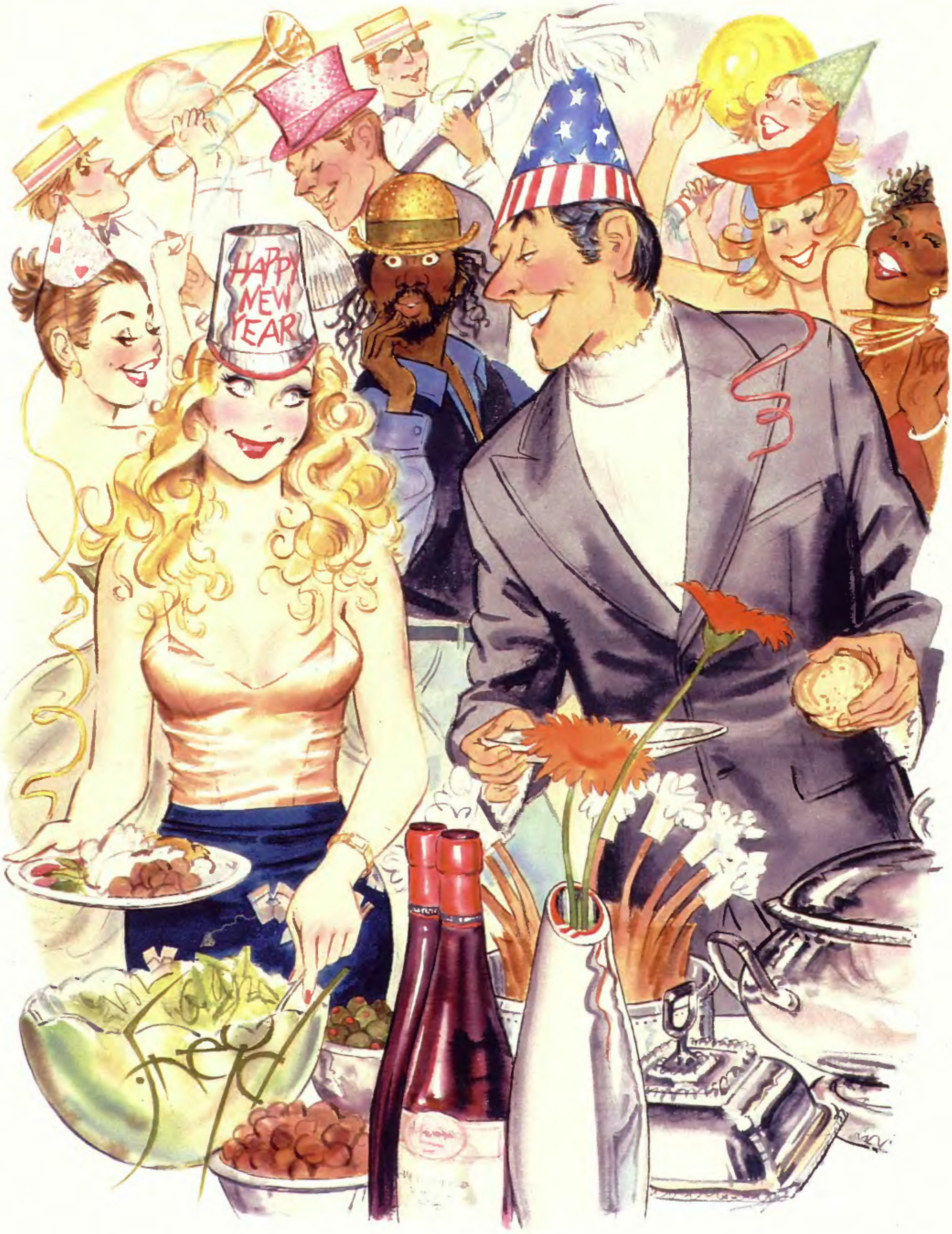
"wait a minute. you said put her in the ducking stool? i thought ye said. . . ."



HANGING WITH HEF

at his mansion (thinke: castle with plumbing), hef greets (at top) some ladies-done-waiting. middle left, james of caan celebrates with a mead shooter. middle right, hef with leonardo of caprio. bottom, hef rehearses passion play in his hot-bubbling-water cauldron.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY STEVE BOSWICK AND DAVID VOIGT


HAPPY NEW YEAR
Freyd

"Save room for me."

PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE REVIEW

a roundup of 1999's delightful dozen

WHO SHOULD BE THE PLAYMATE OF THE YEAR?

IT'S THE year 2000, and we're looking forward to another century of breathtaking girls next door. But first we must crown the premiere PMOY of the millennium. She will receive $100,000, a sporty new car and the chance to represent PLAYBOY around the globe. So who's it going to be? The rodeo phenom? The Seattle Sonics superfan? The auburn-haired mutual funds expert? The Moscow import? The Nevada-based yoga enthusiast? The detective-in-training? The best friend of Stacy Sanches? The aspiring rock star? The straight-A student from Albuquerque? The broadcast journalist? The Canadian artist? The one with 13 siblings? As you know, our 1999 candidates are a varied lot. Each has her own life, her own vibe, her own appeal. Singling out one isn't easy. Which is why we need your help. Please review the group at the right, pick up the phone (each call costs $1, and you can call as many times as you like) and vote for the Playmate of your choice. The PMOY will star in an all-new pictorial in June.

Heather Kozor, our final PMOY of the millennium, is dying to know who will fill her shoes. Don't leave her hanging—call and cast your vote now.

HELP US CHOOSE THE PLAYMATE OF THE YEAR

CALL YOUR FAVORITE PLAYMATE: 1-900-737-2299

YOU MUST BE 18 YEARS OLD OR OLDER, PLEASE. ONLY $1 PER CALL.

Phone us—and your chosen Playmate—at the number above to register your preference for Playmate of the Year. When instructed, tap in the appropriate personal code: **Miss January, 01; Miss February, 02; Miss March, 03; Miss April, 04; Miss May, 05; Miss June, 06; Miss July, 07; Miss August, 08; Miss September, 09; Miss October, 10; Miss November, 11; Miss December, 12.** Call now. Polling ends February 29, 2000.

A product of Playboy, 680 North Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Illinois 60611. Service not available in Canada.

MISS JANUARY—01

MISS FEBRUARY—02

MISS MARCH—03

MISS APRIL—04

MISS MAY—05

MISS JUNE—06

MISS JULY—07

MISS AUGUST—08

MISS SEPTEMBER—09

MISS OCTOBER—10

MISS NOVEMBER—11

MISS DECEMBER—12

Miss April
NATALIA SOKOLOVA

Let's begin with our Russian import, a tall drink of vodka who overcame the odds of spending life in a wheelchair after a car accident when she was 17. Now 23, Natalia has become a global modeling sensation, with photo shoots in Milan, Morocco and Miami. "I just signed with the Elite modeling agency in New York City," Natalia says. "I'm exploring the modeling world, but I'm looking forward to going back to school. I'd like to get my MBA from UCLA."

Miss August
REBECCA SCOTT

Our rock-and-rolling Miss August is tuning up her act in Hawaii, doing a six-month gig as a singer in Playboy's Wet and Wild show. "Wet and Wild is a lot like a Las Vegas show," she says. "Very MTVesque and cool." Rebecca, who has been passionate about performing since she was a young girl, writes her own songs and aspires to be a female Paul Rodgers (of Bad Company fame). What's next? Her own CD, due out later this year.

Miss July

JENNIFER ROVERO

Born in Texas, Jennifer is now adjusting to life in Los Angeles, thanks to her new best friend, 1996 PMOY Stacy Sanches. "We met when we shared a room at the Mansion," Jennifer says. "It was like we'd known each other for years." Jennifer loves California, and when she's not surfing the Internet or dancing, she might be found hunched over her journal. "Deep passion comes out in my writing. Some things in my journal would blow people away."

Miss June

KIMBERLY SPICER

She earned our adoration with her sly smile and her diamond-studded belly ring. At 20, Kimberly is one of the youngest Playmates of 1999 (Kristi Cline is four months younger), but don't jump to conclusions: She knows what she wants. For now, it's basically the same lifestyle she had before we introduced her as Miss June. "I appreciate everything I have—especially my friends and family," Kimberly says. "Without them, I wouldn't be here today."

Miss February

STACY FUSON

A few things have changed since you met Stacy Fuson: She no longer has a beau in France (settle down, fellows—she now has one in Washington) and she's old enough to gamble in Vegas. She's also on her way to becoming a bona fide actress, with roles in two comedies: last summer's *American Pie* and the forthcoming *The Independent*, featuring Jerry Stiller. "I want to make more movies or land a TV series," she reports. "I'm working hard to achieve that goal."

Miss March

ALEXANDRIA KARLSEN

This auburn-haired actress has adopted a 310 area code with the hope that living full-time in Los Angeles (instead of commuting from her hometown of Mesa, Arizona) will boost her career. It looks like Lexie's plan is working: Besides appearing in sketches on the FX channel's *The X Show*, she can be seen in an episode of *Battledome* on UPN. "I've also worked in Japan and Canada," the 21-year-old says. "The past year has just been amazing."

Miss January

JAIME BERGMAN

Everywhere you look—on television, in movies or draped on the arm of director Michael Bay—you'll find our 45th Anniversary Playmate. Her acting résumé boasts commercials (Diet Dr. Pepper, Isuzu), TV shows (*Shasta McNasty*, *Beverly Hills 90210*) and too many movies to mention. "I have a part in *Any Given Sunday* and a role in *The Chosen One*," she says. But her favorite gig was *90210*. "It was great. There I was, acting on a show I grew up watching."

Miss May
TISHARA COUSINO

In Las Vegas, there's no such thing as a sure thing. But Miss May comes darn close. Still a desert resident, 21-year-old Tishara is seriously ambitious. "First, I want to get modeling out of my system," she says. "Then I would like to finish getting my degree in naturopathic medicine and metaphysics. After I turn 25, I'm going to roam Nepal and India and experience the cultures and people. And eventually I would like to be a successful mother."

Miss November
CARA WAKELIN

Toronto's finest is still amazed at the opportunities bestowed on her since she became a Playmate. "I was so nervous the first time I met Hef. I couldn't believe I was shaking his hand, much less eating dinner with him," Cara says. Besides breaking bread with a legend, she has modeled for Miller beer and bonded with her Playmate sisters. "Jodi Ann Paterson and I have the same goals," she says. "We're thinking about living together in Los Angeles."

Miss September
KRISTI CLINE

When Kristi hopped aboard the Playmate 2000 bus during our nationwide search last year, she had no idea she would wind up as a Centerfold. "I tried out as a joke," Kristi confesses. But things turned out in her favor, and now she's reaping the PLAYBOY perks, including an appearance in the video *Playmates at Play*. Kristi has even put her premed plans on hold to devote her time to being a Playmate. "I had a blast at the Playboy Expo," she says. "It was the neatest."

Miss October

JODI ANN PATERSON

"It kills me when people have opportunities and don't take them," says Jodi Ann. "When I say I'm going to do something, I do it." Miss October received a degree in speech communications from Oregon State University, where she worked at the campus television station. Now she's traveling, treating her Playmate status as a serious PR job. "I fell in love with public speaking when I won my first beauty pageant," she says. "I love representing PLAYBOY."

Miss December

BROOKE RICHARDS

And, finally, it's Miss December, the youngest of 14 children. "As the baby, I got a lot of attention," she says. So what makes her stand out? Maybe it's her creativity—in high school, she was president of the National Art Honor Society. Maybe it's her independence. "I do my own thing," she says. Or maybe it's her idea of romance: "I love December because when it's cold and you're naked, well, there's something very sexy about that."

UNHERALDED INNOVATIONS of the TWENTIETH CENTURY

ARTICLE BY BOB SLOAN

As HISTORIANS look back on the innovations that shaped and influenced our lives this century, television, radio and the automobile will get plenty of play. Those were big things. A few people's lives were affected. Likewise computers, X rays, the telephone—you can't imagine the past 100 years without them.

But there's other stuff, too, less heralded inventions that have had, in their own quiet ways, surprisingly profound effects on our everyday lives. Here are a few of them:

RECLINER

Encouraging the supine posture of a Roman emperor, the recliner is not simply a place to sit but a retreat. As women's lib endangered the traditional nesting places of men, a man needed to preserve a sanctuary in his own home. Positioned directly in front of the TV, the recliner became that sanctuary—a kind of tree house in the living room, allowing a man to stay home and hide in plain sight.

ZIPPER

The modern zipper was refined by Gideon Sandback in the early part of the century. It was first dubbed a zipper when B.F. Goodrich introduced it on rubber boots in 1923. It soon found a more wanton home in the boudoir, as inspiration for that intoxicating phrase, "zip me up, would you, darling?" But what makes the zipper such an integral part of the century is its capacity to be unzipped. The very word unzip is onomatopoeic, an intimate story; "un" represents her making the decision, "z" is the sound of the downward trajectory of the clasp and "ip" is her gleeful surprise at what pops out.

CORDLESS DRILL

Its shape and capabilities make a domestic cowboy of any man who carries one. Like Paladin or Bat Masterson, a man packing a cordless drill becomes a gun for hire, putting fear in the heart of the drywall, making studs quiver in their joints.

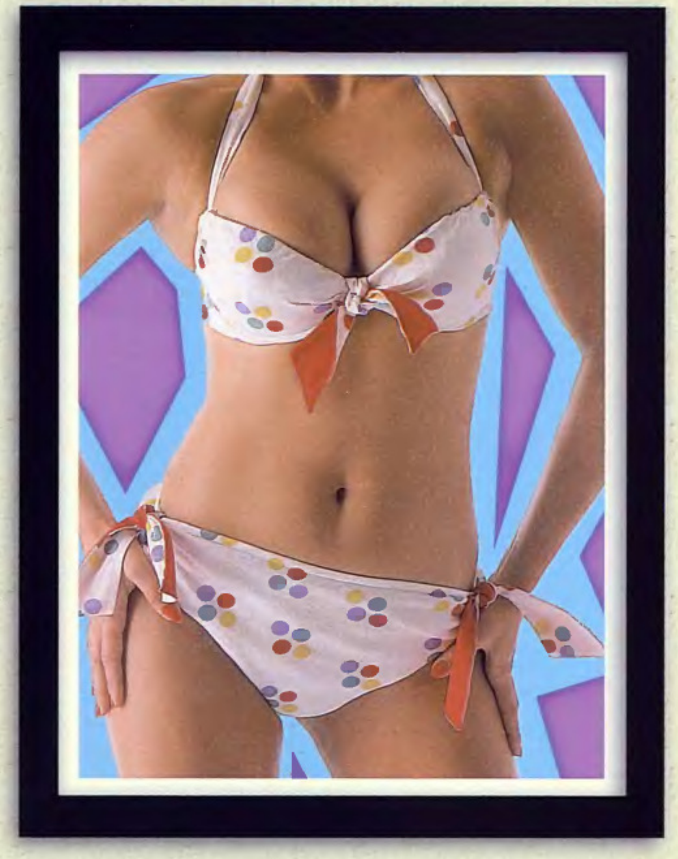
PHILLIPS-HEAD SCREW

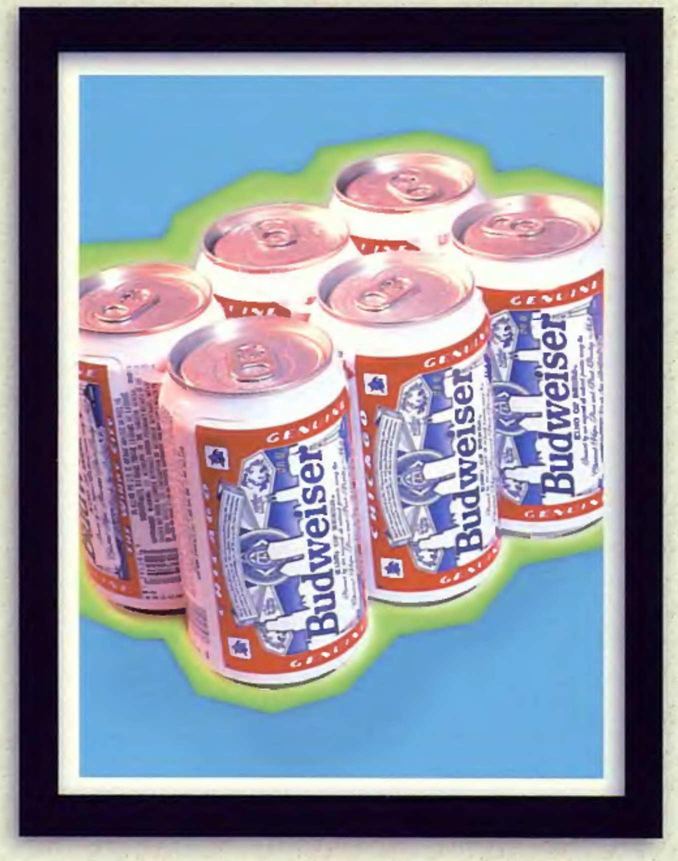
This tiny refinement, invented by Henry Phillips in the Thirties, transformed manufacturing. Machines could screw! And once they could, like a dog licking its balls, they haven't stopped. The Phillips also gave the domestic handyman more margin for error when he was screwing. Get the driver even close to the crotch of the screw and it engages, slipping into place as if by magic. It stays neatly nestled in the groove until the screwing is complete.

CAR RADIO

Cars transformed America. The radio transformed the car. Developed by William Lear, the jet designer who also gave us

(continued on page 264)




Budweiser
Budweiser
Budweiser
GENUINE

PHOTOGRAPHY BY GEORGE GEORGIOU

PLAYBOY'S

20Q

Rupert Everett

hollywood's postmodern leading man on julia roberts, growing up with monks and flying with his dog

In the early Eighties, Rupert Everett made his reputation playing handsome brooders in films such as Another Country and Dance With a Stranger. If the script called for a chiseled profile and a sullen disposition, Everett topped the list. But a sharp left turn into comedy changed all that. After roles in the The Madness of King George and the madcap Dunston Checks In, Everett nearly stole the show as a gay editor and Julia Roberts' fake fiancé in My Best Friend's Wedding. Since then the 40-year-old actor has made the most of his second go-round, co-writing screenplays (one reteams him with Roberts; in another he plays a gay secret agent) and publishing two novels, Hello Darling, Are You Working? and The Hairdressers of San Tropez. He's working on a third, Guilt Without Sex: A Jewish Bestseller. He's also featured in A Midsummer Night's Dream, Inspector Gadget (with Matthew Broderick) and The Next Best Thing (which he rewrote) opposite Madonna. Contributing Editor David Rensin met with Everett over lunch in Beverly Hills. Says Rensin: "Rupert is quick, opinionated, articulate and doesn't hesitate to tell an interviewer when a question bothers him. Even more unusual, particularly in Hollywood, is that he wasn't afraid to admit that he didn't know the first thing about programming his new cellular phone."

1

PLAYBOY: You have just ordered free-range chicken. What do you suppose free-range really means? Does the bird get to experience unfettered chickenhood before it ends up on your plate?

EVERETT: No. Free-range means living in a two-foot box rather than a one-foot box, and not having its legs tied down. A friend of mine who used to work in a turkey-killing factory told me that most chickens are held down by their legs the whole time. The idea of a chicken clucking around a *Heidi*-esque farm in New England while some old bag throws corn and goes, "Chickie, chickie" is an utter fantasy.

2

PLAYBOY: Speaking of fantasies, after *My Best Friend's Wedding*, your co-star Julia Roberts expressed an interest in working with you again, so you wrote a script called *Martha and Arthur*. From a screenwriter's perspective, how do you write specifically for Julia? What is the film about?

EVERETT: What I like about Julia in *My Best Friend's Wedding* is that she can get away with being subversive. Julia can play someone quite malicious and be nastier than other actresses could in that role and still be likable. Look at her face: From her forehead and eyes she looks high-strung like a racehorse, like a filly that could bolt. Go lower and she's more easygoing. That mixture makes her fascinating, and when I write for her I think about employing both qualities. In *Martha and Arthur* I want Julia's character to run the gamut. I want her to be a bitch, I want to see the fur fly. I also want to see that heart-dissolving smile, her vulnerability, that beauty. *Martha and Arthur* is about two Hollywood movie stars who are always on the cover of *People* magazine. They're America's favorite couple. He's an action star; she's a little Miss America beauty. He's also gay and they're living a lie, though not in the sense that they don't have a real relationship. It's just not sexual. It's a story about people who get locked into their image and end up with a marriage that becomes bigger than they are. It's what quite often happens in Hollywood. And ten years down the line, they've kind of lost touch with the reality of who they are because the publicists' version is in its place.

3

PLAYBOY: How have the movies steered us wrong about love?

EVERETT: Relationships have become a weird thing since cinema began. "I need you" and "I want you" are now classic expressions of love. But neither is actually about love. They are both about possession. Love is a bigger thing. It's about accepting. It's unconditional. It's not about what you can get out of it. Our 20th century obsession with "me" has taken us away from what relationships are meant to be about, or can be about. That's why in *Martha and Arthur* the characters can have a perfectly delightful relationship despite their sexual differences. A modern homosexual man can have an affair with a heterosexual woman. Maybe it's a blossom that lasts only one night, like one of those exotic flowers in the Caribbean, but it reveals that humankind is much more malleable than society wants to own up to. We're not as defined as we think. That's the great thing about the film *Greystoke*. You can be an English duke one day and the next day you're number three in a monkey family. There are interesting possibilities in life that we resist because of our endless obsession with pigeonholing. As such, we too are like free-range chickens. We live in a slightly larger box, but it's still a box.

4

PLAYBOY: You once said that in Hollywood it's a bonus to be stupid and good-looking because you can plow on without questioning yourself. Do you think self-consciousness is overrated? Are our brains too big?

EVERETT: I just think it's best not to be able to analyze rejection too much. The best attitude toward rejection—and actors face rejection all the time—is just to blank it out. If you look too deep you're opening a huge can of worms because your feelings of security are related to so many other things. In Hollywood, insecurity is as smelly as the smelliest fart. You have to retain a belief in yourself as a product. Thinking too much

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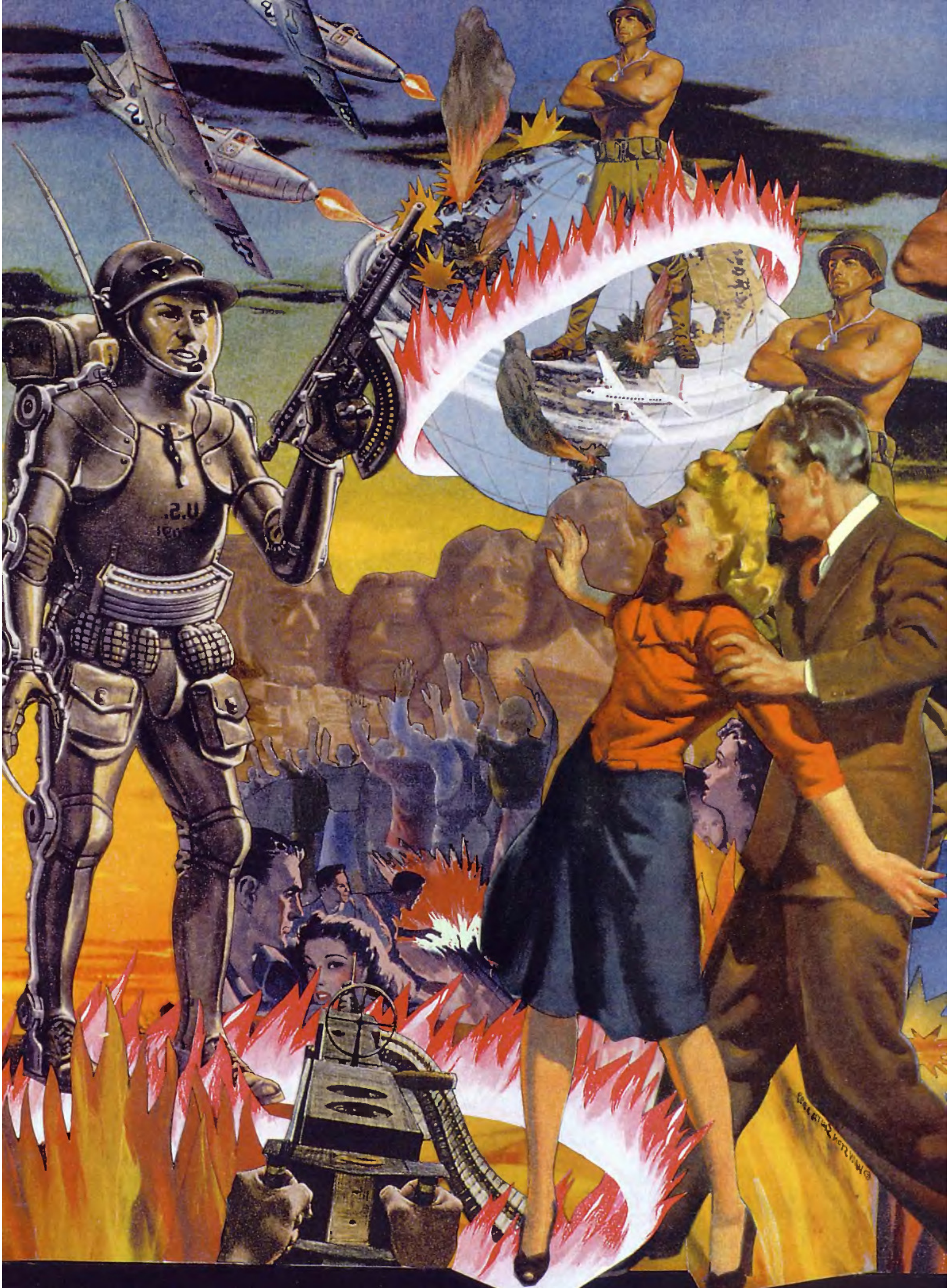
PHOTOGRAPHY BY HERB RITTS


U.S.

GLOBAL SHOCK

THE EDITOR OF *FOREIGN AFFAIRS* MAGAZINE EXPLAINS WHY WARS, MASSACRES AND UPHEAVALS ALWAYS CATCH US OFF GUARD

ARTICLE BY JAMES HOGE

CONFLICT and disorder around the globe seem constant, and all too often each new event comes as a surprise to national leaders. No wonder. Policymakers are caught off guard because of a Western conceit that the Cold War's end was definitive for everyone and therefore should have produced a peace dividend. For much of the world, this is not a post–Cold War era but rather a postcolonial one marked by continuing struggles to throw off the social, economic and territorial bonds forged earlier by Western masters.

Colonial-era decisions lie just below the surface of current discord in Kashmir, Indonesia, Africa, Central Asia, the Middle East and the Balkans. Past imperial humiliations are also key to understanding the obsessive sovereignty concerns of China and other rising powers at a time when the West is becoming less nationalistic.

Ironically, the disappearance of the Soviet challenge cleared the way for the complaints and ambitions of lesser states and ethnic groups still aggrieved by their colonial heritage. And it heightened their suspicion of the one remaining superpower, the U.S.

The potency of postcolonial strife is enhanced by a historic rebalancing of power that as yet is little understood. For five centuries, the West's economic and technological strength prevailed. Although still in an early stage, the East is now rising despite setbacks such as 1997's Asian financial crisis. This tectonic shift adds muscle to the upheavals that we find so bewildering.

From the eastern Mediterranean to the far Pacific, nations—indeed whole civilizations that once were powerful—are reasserting themselves. As was true for the West in an earlier era, the non-Western world is finding that industrialization disrupts traditional social order. It leads to cultural and ethnic clashes. For many of the unsettled, nationalism becomes a haven. And insecure but ambitious states grow their militaries. Missiles, nuclear devices, biological and chemical weapons—all are being pursued by some Arab, Persian and Asian states.

Postcolonial grievances color the way American intentions and actions are judged. Thus, as non-Western states strengthen, they pay less heed to restraining policies that have worked for the past quarter century. Embargoes, arms-control measures and moral restraints carry less sting. And the United Nations and other international institutions that mirror the power configuration of World War II victors are increasingly

(continued on page 267)

COLLAGE BY WINSTON SMITH

LISTS of the CENTURY

(continued from page 137)

Mysteries Cracked

Woodward and Bernstein follow the money
Alan Turing breaks the Nazi code
Watson and Crick map DNA
Howard Carter opens Tut's tomb
Discovery of George Mallory's body on Everest

Mysteries That Endure

What happened to Amelia Earhart?
Who shot JFK?
What were the Watergate burglars after?
Who was Deep Throat?
What happened to O.J.'s knife and clothes?
Where is Jimmy Hoffa buried?
Who killed Malcolm X?
What did Sophia Loren see in Carlo Ponti?

Bowdlerizers

Will Hayes (whose Hayes Code took the fun out of movies)
Joseph McCarthy
Anthony Comstock
Ed Meese
Cardinal Spellman
Catholic League of Decency
Donald Wildmon
Phyllis Schlafly
Disney Co.
U.S. Army press relations team in Operation Desert Storm

The Jazz Ageless List

Ella Fitzgerald
Mel Tormé
Frank Sinatra
Louis Armstrong
Anita O'Day
Billie Holiday
John Coltrane
Ornette Coleman
Dizzy Gillespie
Bix Beiderbecke
Charlie Parker
Miles Davis
Duke Ellington
Count Basie

Best Songwriters of the Century

Cole Porter
Bob Dylan
Hank Williams
Irving Berlin
Harold Arlen
Smokey Robinson
Billy Strayhorn
George Gershwin
Stephen Sondheim

Best Motorized Moments

Wright Brothers at Kitty Hawk
Apollo 13
Steve McQueen jumps the fence in *The Great Escape*
Chuck Yeager breaks sound barrier
Patton's corps streaks across France to relieve Bastogne
Gene Hackman's car chase in *The French Connection*

Why the Third Time Is Never a Charm

The Third Reich
The Godfather
Ed Koch

Why the Fourth Time Isn't Either

Buffalo Bills
Police Academy
Cher
Star Wars
FDR

Anonymous People Who Changed the World

Gavrilo Princip—assassinated Archduke Ferdinand
Tim Berners-Lee—inventor of the World Wide Web
John Rock—co-invented the pill
Harley Earl—designed tail fins, food in aerosol cans, roll-on deodorant and Fig Newtons
Oliver Sipple—prevented Sara Jane Moore from assassinating Gerald Ford
Nguyen Ngoc Loan—South Vietnamese police chief who executed suspected Viet Cong on the street
Karl Landsteiner—discovered blood types
Leo Baekeland—inventor of plastic
Johann Vaaler—inventor of the paper clip
Willis Carrier—the father of air-conditioning
Hiram Maxim—inventor of the silencer; patron saint of hit men
John F. Mahoney—doctor who championed use of penicillin for syphilis
Gaetan Dugas—Patient Zero; first person recognized as transmitter of AIDS
Fernan Petiot—bartender who mixed up first bloody mary
Dr. Albert Hoffman—inventor of LSD

Best Little Helpers

Valium
Xanax
Ibuprofen
Viagra
Advil
Penicillin
Zovirax
Prozac
Multivitamins
Green M&Ms
Minithins

Stand-Up Guys

George Carlin
Bob Newhart
Bill Cosby
Mel Brooks
Johnny Carson
Richard Pryor
Lenny Bruce
Robin Williams
Steve Martin
Jerry Seinfeld
Mort Sahl

Actresses We Love

Ingrid Bergman
Greta Garbo
Meryl Streep
Bette Davis
Katharine Hepburn
Julianne Moore
Michelle Pfeiffer
Jodie Foster
Marilyn Monroe
Susan Sarandon

Best Rock-and-Roll Moments

Jerry Lee Lewis marries his teenage cousin
James Brown records *Live at the Apollo*
Beatles come to America
Pete Townshend smashes his guitar
"Judas!" "I don't believe you. You're a liar!"
Jimi Hendrix lights guitar on fire
Rolling Stone's first issue
Woodstock
Bronx DJs invent hip-hop
Summer of the Sex Pistols
MTV
Michael Jackson moonwalks at Motown's 25th anniversary special
Zappa testifies before Congress
Courtney reads Kurt's letter
Lollapalooza
Lou Reed plays the White House

Who Could Have Imagined?

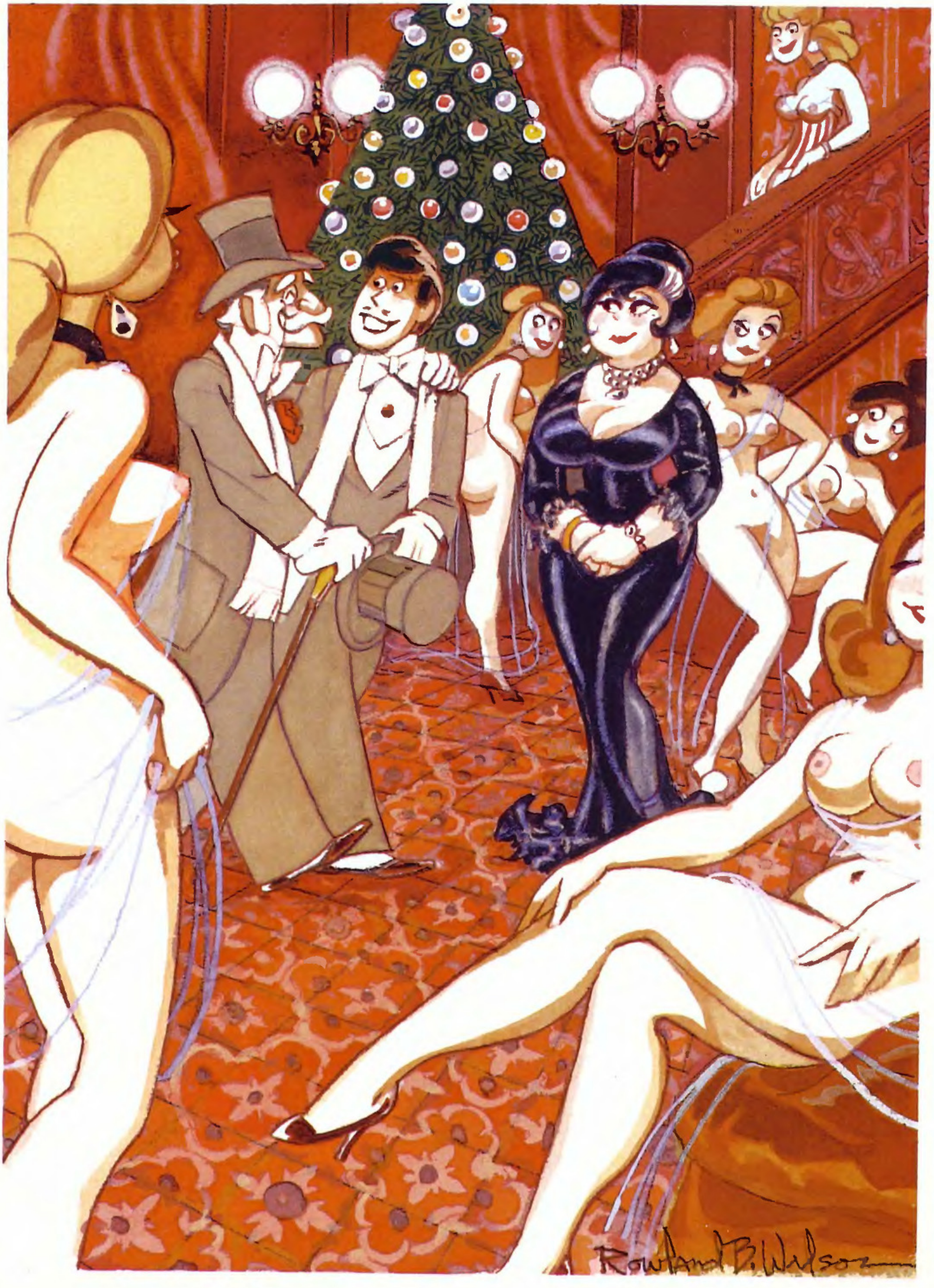
Peeled baby carrots
ATMs
Four-car garages
Starbucks
Interstate highway system
Salad in a bag
PCs everywhere
WWF
Blow-driers

Nine Ways You Might Have Gotten Rich if You Hadn't Been So Busy Watching TV

Berkshire Hathaway
Selling arms to Nicaragua
Manhattan real estate
Arkansas cattle futures
Microsoft
Pfizer
Amazon.com
In a word, plastics
Sleeping with the Sultan of Brunei

Five Reasons to Be Sick of Millennial Lists

No photos for the first 800 years
Al Bundy isn't on any of them
Who needs to be reminded of the significance of paper clips and tampons?
If you take the time to read all of them, you'll be halfway through the next millennium
Can't relive an orgasm


Rowland B. Wilson

"At long last, Grandfather, you've brought me to see the nutcracker."

Smut Talk

(continued from page 164)

throat told me that I'd be snuffling and coughing and attachment free. I was lucky it had held off this long.

A Folk asked, "How are you versatile? Male with male? With sexual immature? Outside species?"

Sfillirrath asked, "Triads?"

"You've been reading the tabloids," I guessed.

Jehaneh said primly, "All of that has been known to happen. We discourage it."

"There are legends," I said. "Old stories that weren't written down until centuries after they were made. Mermaids were half woman, half sea life——"

"And mermen," she said.

"Jehaneh, those are modern," I said. "When sailors were all men, mermaids were all women with fish tails and wonderful voices."

Jehaneh asked, "Are you an anthropologist, Rick?"

"Sure."

"In what discipline? What is your education?"

I'd been lecturing on her turf. My head throbbed, the day's low-level headache lurching into high gear. I must have caught what Gail and Herman had stayed home with.

I reeled off some of my credits. "If you're an anthropologist, you might consider working here for a year or so. We rotate fairly frequently, and both my steadies are out at the moment——"

"No, I'm a bacteriologist."

Bacteriologist? How was I going to get closer to a bacteriologist? I was trying to plan for the long range . . . and the aliens weren't following this at all.

I said, "We humans, we do seem wired up to mate with strangers, outside the tribe. At least in fiction, yeah, Jehaneh, we'd mate with anything. Fairies were powerful aliens, nearly human, not very well described. Humans with goat horns or animal heads, goat legs, fish tails, wings. Some were *that* tall," hands eight inches apart, "others the size of mountains. Spirits in trees and pools of water, angels and devils and gods from various myths and religions, they all mated with human beings in some stories. I'm telling you what's buried in our instincts. We don't always act on our instincts." I realized I was rambling.

"Now that's good mistletoe!"

"Rick, do you have any visual aids about?"

I gaped. Jehaneh's smile seemed innocent, but the question was impish.

"I don't think so." A raunchy thought crossed my mind. "Did you want a demonstration?"

"I don't think you'll be up for that," Jehaneh said.

"No, not tonight . . . flu."

She shook her head. "Invader. I came here to keep it confined."

Confined. Invader. Bacteriologist. A murky truth congealed: I didn't have the flu. Some alien disease had come with the *chirpsithra* ship. I started to say something to Jehaneh, tried to stop myself, and found my thoughts running away.

The Wahartht leapt to the table, then the wall. He scuttled toward an upper window, his 36 fingers finding purchase where there was none. Jehaneh reached into her purse.

In that moment's distraction I turned to run—wondered what I was doing—and every muscle locked in terror. Not even my scream could get out. The goddamned flu was thinking with my brain!

Jehaneh aimed her purse. The Wahartht fell, stunned. I saw it all from the corner of my eye. I couldn't turn my head to watch.

Jehaneh reached forward and turned off my translator. She spoke into her own. "Bring them in."

I couldn't lift my arms. Escape was impossible: The host was fighting me. My head was beating like a big drum.

Sfillirrath's long, fragile arms set a cap of metal mesh on my head. She spoke into her own translator. It was a *chirp* make, crudely rewired. I heard, but not with my ears and not in any language of Earth, "For your life, you must speak."

I chose not to answer.

Two armored men took charge of the Wahartht. One took his breather and dropped it into a bag and sealed it, and set another on his face.

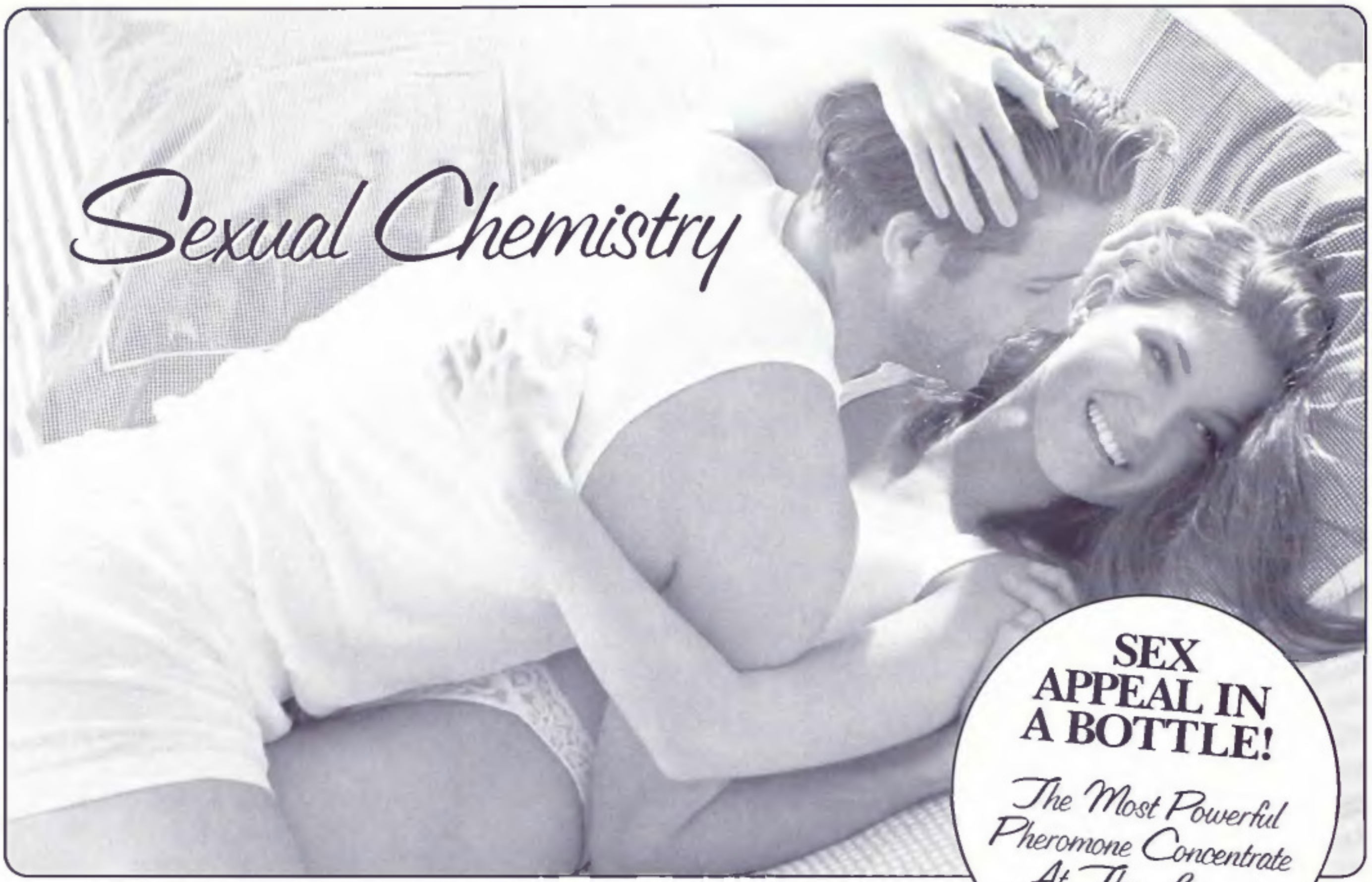
Gail and Herman came in. They bent above me, looking worried. Gail said, "Rick? You're very sick. We were too, but they cured us——"

"Don't agree to anything!" Herman said fiercely. "Not unless you want to make medical history!"

Sfillirrath spoke. "See you these humans. You took them for hosts some days ago, you and your Wahartht pawn. Your colonies bred too fast for their health. In another day they would have killed them, but human defenders acted first. Most of your colonies on the ship are dead too. How did you reward a Wahartht, to make him betray so many?"

I said, not with my voice, "Simulate mating. The drug he takes to tranquilize depression does not leave him alert and happy. I do."

"And what fool would assume that sapient beings cannot fight bacterial invasion? It may be that you, indeed, are



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By placing this order I certify that I am 18 years or older and request this material not truly sapient."

Stung, I answered, "Am a star-traveling species. Hold many worlds."

"Your number in the host is?"

"Currently ten to the ninth operators, one entity. Operators are not sapient, not *me*."

"Breed to ten times as many, entity becomes smarter?"

"Only a little."

"But too many for host. Rick Schumann would die. Kill host—is that intelligent?"

The voice in my mind asked, "Fool, do you expect intelligence to stop an entity from breeding?" I thought that was a funny remark, so I whispered, "Ask any elected official."

Gail said, "Rick, the *chirp* liner is still near the moon. The point was to get all the tourists into closed-cycle life support and not start a panic on Earth. There's a sapient microscopic life-form loose. This rogue Wahartht has been leaning over our drinks with his breather on, distributing the bacterium as a powder form. Normally, it spreads as a, um, a social disease. Under proper circumstances it is a civilized entity, not especially trustworthy, but it can be held to contacts. But as a disease it could ravage the Earth."

I could barely blink.

"We can make treaties with sapient clusters of the bacteria. That's you. Some species can't tolerate it at all, and some clusters won't negotiate. Some aliens won't volunteer as carriers, either. Herman and me, we would have. Hell, we're grad students! But there wasn't time. They rushed us to Medical and shot us full of sulfa drugs."

Sfillirrath had gone on talking. "There is a chemical approach to halt your cell division. Antibiotics would kill you entirely, as they have killed your other colonies. Which will you have?"

I felt terror from both sides of my mind. "If my operators do not fission, still they die. When the numbers drop enough, I am gone. You would make me mortal!"

"Give you empathy with your host."

"Monster, pervert! What would you know of empathy? I will accept the contraceptive."

"You must buy it," Sfillirrath said coolly. "This first dose is our gift."

"Jehaneh, give him the first shot."

"Two boosters to come, else the sulfa drugs. We will discuss terms."

Jehaneh pulled down my belt and pushed a hypodermic needle into the gluteal muscle. I barely felt the sting.

I listened to Sfillirrath's terms, and agreed to them. They included measures for the health of my host. My host was to be treated for arthritis, cholesterol buildup, distorted eyesight, a knee injury and flawed teeth. I was not to make colonies without permission of a willing host. Jehaneh offered herself as a host, under rigidly defined conditions, and I agreed to those terms. Xenologists of many species would interview me periodically.

I was feeling more lucid. When I could stand, they took me to Medical.

•

Morning. I lay on a flat plate with a sensor array above me. I'd never seen the Draco Tavern medical facility from this viewpoint.

I felt wonderful. Rolled out of bed and did a handstand, something I hadn't done in some time.

Jehaneh caught me at it. "I'm glad to see you're up to exercise," she said. "What do you remember?"

"First flu, then invasion, now it's an embassy. Jehaneh, I hear it. It's thinking with my brain. I think it has the hots for you, but that could just be me."

"We agreed that I'll take a colony from you. Remember?"

"No. That sounds risky! Jehaneh, it would be like being an ambassador to, well, Iraq."

"They do build embassies in Iraq," she said, "and this is a star-traveling intelligence. What might I learn?"

"Huh. Your choice. And it'll fix——" I was remembering more of the negotiations. "I thought I was in pretty good health, but it wants to do a lot of fixing. To show how useful it can be. You're the brain it really wants."

"Do you recall that it's a sexually transmitted, um, entity?"

I did. I leered.

She paused, then asked, "We've both had the usual blood tests, yes? Our guest would fix that anyway. Do you have room for me here? Just until I can get infected." She didn't like that word. "Colonized," she amended herself.

"Positively. Maybe I can talk you into staying longer. My bed has one or two unearthly entertainment features. And if 100 breeds of alien are going to be interviewing your guest, well, the Draco Tavern has the best communication and life-support systems on Earth."

She smiled. "We'll see."

"Now we come to the real meaning of Christmas."

GREAT MOMENTS IN MIDGET MOVIE HISTORY

BY JOHN D. THOMAS

Sure they're small, but throughout Hollywood history little people have often loomed large. With the mighty impact that the shagadelic Mini-Me (Verne Troyer) had at the box office in *The Spy Who Shagged Me*, it seemed the right time to give credit where credit is due.

Freaks (1932): This spooky horror classic revolves around an aristocratic circus dwarf named Hans (Harry Earles) who falls hard for a full-size trapeze artist. When the big gal stabs him in the back, the freaks unite against her. The moral: Little men can have big tempers.

The Terror of Tiny Town (1938): The first, only and probably last all-midget musical Western extravaganza.

Willy Wonka and the Chocolate Factory (1971): Mr. Wonka had the sweet ideas in Roald Dahl's children's classic, but it was the Oompah-Loompahs who made the factory sing.

High Plains Drifter (1972): Billy Curtis, who also appeared in *The Wizard of Oz* and *The Terror of Tiny Town*, plays the crucial role of the uppity sheriff Mordecai in one of Clint Eastwood's best Westerns.

Footlight Parade/Gold Diggers of 1933 (1933): Billy Barty got his breakthrough in these Busby Berkeley musicals as a lascivious tiny terror. The photograph at right is from a number in *Footlight Parade* called Honeymoon Hotel.

Austin Powers: The Spy Who Shagged Me (1999): As Mini-Me—the bird-flipping, scrotum-chomping miniature clone of Dr. Evil—Verne Troyer proves that when it comes to world (and box-office) domination, size doesn't matter. He's large and in charge.

The Wizard of Oz (1939): Ozologist Stephen Cox calls the Munchkin scene "one of the most enchanting sequences ever encased in celluloid." The actors who played the Munchkins got a bad rap after Judy Garland called them "little drunks" in 1967, but that saucy rumor has since been squelched.

The Man With the Golden Gun (1974): He was a novelty on TV's *Fantasy Island*, but Hervé Villechaize steals the show in this overblown James Bond caper. As the cackling, sadistic servant Nick Nack, Villechaize goes after 007 and almost gets his man.

Star Wars (1977): One of the biggest roles in one of the world's biggest films was played by Kenny Baker. The 3'8" Brit actor, who also appeared in the cult film *Time Bandits*, was the man inside that cantankerous, squawking bucket of bolts, R2-D2.

CENTERFOLDS OF THE CENTURY

(continued from page 107)

of imagination. Ever since then, I write with a PLAYBOY open on my desk.

Centerfolds have sparked a lot of useful alpha in the past 45 years or so—intense and invaluable relationships have grown between viewer and viewee. Of course, your favorite Centerfold will not be mine and certain women fit their historical moments more aptly than others—it's a long cultural journey from Janet Pilgrim to Jenny McCarthy. And a few, like Marilyn, are eternal. But all, to some degree, recharge and refurbish the men that look at them.

The chosen women who appear on these pages are not just pin-ups, they are our muses. Whether on the bulkhead of an aircraft carrier, in a college frat house or in the locker room of a coal mine, these are the gorgeous images that have drawn out and nurtured the American male's creative energy for almost 50 years.

100. Think as you begin. **Shae Marks,** Miss May 1994, lissome, sunny, stunning as an oil field blowout. Shae Marks is, well, *shy*. ("I am very insecure.") As you flip through the photographs of these 100 beautiful women, remember that they're human: young, yearning—not yet goddesses, perhaps even a little skittish. In fact, they're just like you, only a whole lot better-looking. Remember that: It'll help your imaginary relationship along.

99. Jean Bell, Miss October 1969, was a walking ad for the "black is beautiful" era. She enjoyed a brief film career (*The Choirboys, T.N.T. Jackson*), but was best known for a celebrated 18-month love affair with Richard Burton.

98. Miss May 1996, **Shauna Sand,** has eyes as bright as acetylene headlights and an abdomen you could bounce a silver dollar off of. Her marriage to actor Lorenzo Lamas inspired a Playmate spread in which the bride wore white lingerie. She became a regular on her husband's TV show *Renegade*.

97. Julie Woodson, the color of soy sauce poured on a plate of dim sum, walked off the set of *Super Fly* when asked to do a nude love scene (insufficient pay), which led her to PLAYBOY. An airline attendant turned actress, Miss April 1973 has hair black and explosive as the flak over Schweinfurt, and a haunting, mysterious face that belongs at Abu Simbel.

96. Miss December 1966 **Susan Bernard** was, so to speak, the child of Centerfolds. Her father, Bernard of Hollywood, photographed Marilyn Monroe, among other celebrities. Susan appeared in the Russ Meyer classic *Faster, Pussycat! Kill! Kill!*, married (and divorced) actor and writer Jason Miller and wrote a book called *Joyous Motherhood*.

95. Miss September 1997 **Nikki Schieler** has more pulse points in her magnificent body than all the rest of us put together. Nikki is so radiant you could film her with the head cleaner cassette. A self-described Norwindian (part Norwegian, part American Indian), Nikki is married to Ian Ziering of *Beverly Hills 90210*.

94. A former Miss Denmark, **Elsa Sorensen** (Miss September 1956) married and divorced singer Guy Mitchell and became a popular model in the Fifties under the names Dane Arden and Alisa Davis.

93. Miss November 1975 **Janet Lupo** was a Hoboken, New Jersey native whose free-flowing chestnut hair and memorably buoyant 39-inch chest made her a hippie deity. She still visits the Playboy Mansion, and on one recent occasion was grabbed by an overzealous monkey. We can't blame him.

92. "I've been in some of the most fabulous backyards in Los Angeles," said Miss October 1972 **Sharon Johansen.** No, she was not a traveling barbecue chef—she was a Beverly Hills dog trainer, a career that soon found her hanging with Hollywood's most celebrated citizenry. Sharon went on to launch a TV career, and in recent years was known as "the Hugo Girl" for her work on the Giorgio men's fragrance.

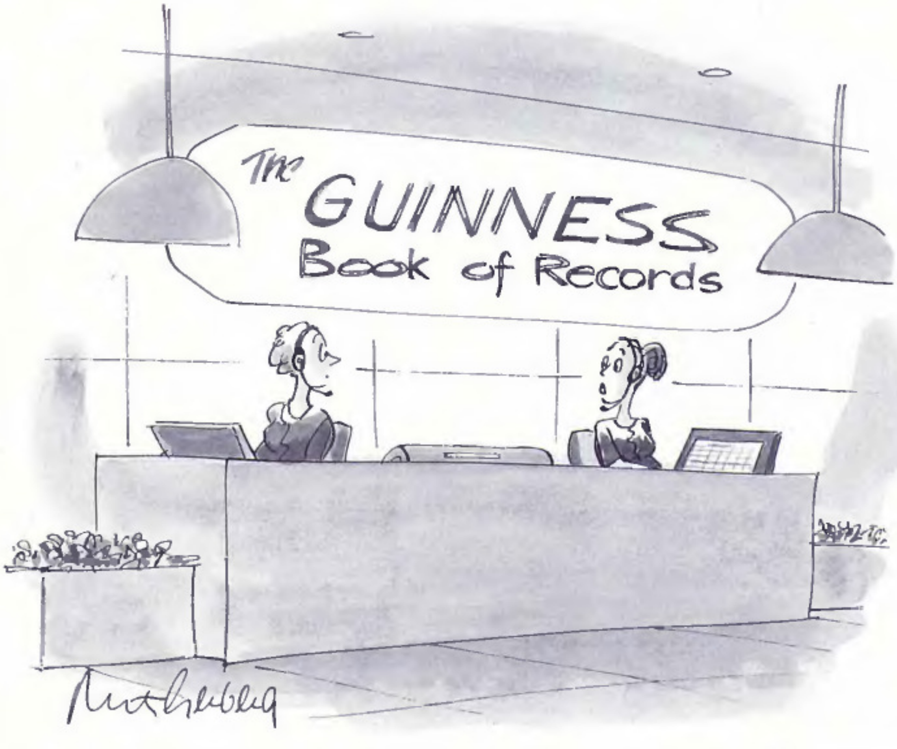
91. The Playmate portfolio of Miss July 1973 **Martha Smith** looks the way a mai tai tastes: refreshingly sweet, yet exotic—with a kick. Blonde and bedazzling, Martha said she wanted to be a film director, but Hollywood insisted she stay on the other side of the lens. Her famous lingerie scene in *Animal House* earned her spots on a variety of TV series, soaps and game shows. Today the Michigan beauty works in real estate in California.

90. Fawna MacLaren's turn-ons—"champagne, oysters and lovemaking that lasts all night"—make her sound like a sexual enterprise zone. The *Elle* cover girl, who has worked more catwalks than a veterinarian—from France to Senegal—entered PLAYBOY's 35th Anniversary Playmate search and became Miss January 1989.

89. With a complexion like fine suede and hair bent on sweet anarchy, Miss June 1980 **Ola Ray** spent her teen years in Japan, performing R&B numbers with her brothers in the clubs of Tokyo's Ginza district. She appeared with Michael Jackson in his *Thriller* video and with Eddie Murphy in *48 Hours*.

88. With the face of an innocent homecoming queen, with Chiclet teeth and high-beam eyes, posed atop a raunchy body from the wrong side of the tracks, Miss October 1987 **Brandi Brandt** is the daughter of veteran LA rocker Brie Howard. She was married for a time to Motley Crue bassist Nikki Sixx.

87. Miss March 1965 **Jennifer Jackson** was the Jackie Robinson of Playmates: PLAYBOY's first black Centerfold. In her classic photo layout—a study in soft mahogany set against candy-stripe wallpaper—Jennifer reminded readers that loveliness is color-blind. The Chicago native and her twin sister, Jan, were two of the most popular Bunnies at the Windy


The GUINNESS Book of Records

"This is the 30th call I've gotten this morning claiming the first fuck of the millennium."

City Playboy Club.

86. A department store security guard with lush brown eyes and a black belt, Los Angeles Latina **Roberta Vasquez** was featured in PLAYBOY's *Women of Steel* pictorial. She went on to cop a job with the California State Police, but Roberta's most memorable bust came with her recruitment as Miss November 1984.

85. In the history of Hugh Hefner's girlfriends this would be his Blue Period. Miss July 1977 **Sondra Theodore** danced with the man at a Mansion party to Barry White's *Baby Blue Panties*. One diamond-encrusted necklace later (which spelled out Baby Blue), Sondra was Hef's main squeeze and remained so for five years. Although head-to-toe blonde perfection, this San Bernardino pinball fanatic was best known for her smile and for her alluringly deep chin dimple.

84. Nine years after the Beatles' American invasion, Liverpudlian **Lonny Chin** (Miss January 1983) touched down in Los Angeles, having previously lived in four different Canadian provinces. The product of a Chinese-Jamaican dad and Welsh-Swedish mom, Lonny turned out an inspiring New Year's Centerfold, and went on to become PLAYBOY's first video Playmate.

83. Bedecked only in furry white trim, and wearing a single jingle-bell diamond suspended from a gold waist chain, Miss January 1997 **Jami Ferrell** looks like a snow goddess on spring break in Daytona. A native of Muncie, Indiana and shyer than a newborn gazelle, Jami was one of three Playmates selected to travel to Africa for the May 1999 *Playmates on Safari* pictorial.

82. Ohio native **Melinda Windsor,** Miss February 1966, has a degree in psychology. When driving, she does not require air bags.

81. Redheaded **Mara Corday** shared the October 1958 Centerfold with co-Playmate Pat Sheehan. Mara became queen of the Fifties monster movies, with credits that include *Tarantula*, *Black Scorpion* and *Giant Claw*. She has also been featured in four Clint Eastwood films.

80. She swam like a fish, spoke fluent French, adorned the cover of the swimsuit issue of *Sport*, studied computer science and traveled the world—from Brazil to Kenya and back to her native Hong Kong. So what do people remember most about Miss October 1990 **Brittany York?** That she played the dental hygienist who got a rise out of Jerry on *Seinfeld*.

79. Cute and compact, with eyes on loan from Cleopatra, former Miss Bristol Teenager **Dolly Read** won a nationwide British Bunny Contest sponsored by Radio London, then came to the States to train as a bumper pool Bunny at Chicago's Playboy Club. Along the way, Dolly was named Miss May 1966, co-starred in the cult film *Valley of the Dolls* and nabbed Dick Martin (of *Rowan & Martin's Laugh-In*) as a husband.

78. Tall and tan and young and drop-dead beautiful, Miss November 1966 (and PMOY 1967) **Lisa Baker** was a teenage soda jerk from Broken Bow, Oklahoma who, as a bridesmaid at a friend's Los Angeles wedding, was discovered by photographer Bill Figge. After her Playmate debut, Lisa popped up again in 1979's *Playmates Forever!* pictorial, then relocated to Texas to be near her family.

77. Her legs are longer than a Bill Clinton speech, and infinitely more captivating. On her Playmate Data Sheet, Miss February 1994 **Julie Lynn Cialini** revealed that she once bungee-jumped 15 stories wearing only a string bikini; her pictures elicited a similar EKG spike among PLAYBOY readers. A shoo-in as PMOY 1995, Julie went on to land a regular role on TV's *High Tide*.

76. Miss December 1958 **Joyce Nizzari** was besweatered and bottomless in her snow-melting ski chalet Centerfold. Discovered by Bunny Yeager when Joyce was a teenage Miami model, she went on to enjoy a two-year fling with Hef which included such run-of-the-mill dates as trips to the Cannes Film Festival, JFK's inauguration, Playboy's first Jazz Fest and a romantic getaway to Havana only weeks before Castro overthrew Batista's government.

75. Her tiny carriage, voluptuous figure and majestic mop of dirty-blonde curls made **Corinna Harney,** Miss August 1991 (and PMOY 1992), look like a rag doll on hormones. She followed her Playmate appearance by playing Roger Daltrey's main squeeze in *Vampirella* for Showtime and appearing with Chevy Chase in *National Lampoon's Vegas Vacation*.

74. As PLAYBOY's 30th Anniversary Playmate, Miss January 1984 **Penny Baker** looks like a recruitment poster for sin. The New York fashion model decided that posing sans fashion in the Midwest would make for a more interesting career. Good move.

73. Miss June 1961, Austrian-born **Heidi Becker,** PLAYBOY's gemütlich Playmate, is a fine piece of strudel. Her Centerfold did not include any Alpine references—just her winsome smile and her sidelong glance, which surmounted the language barrier just fine.

72. The glow of her skin moved Miss June 1975 to give herself a new name—**Azizi Johari** (meaning precious jewel in Swahili), a moniker conceived by old friend and jazz pianist Herbie Hancock. Born in New York City and raised in Seattle, Azizi worked as a stewardess, then as an actress, before Sammy Davis Jr. (who had been obsessed with a photo of her face) met her in person and hired her on the spot for his nightclub act.

71. In her PLAYBOY photos, Miss September 1963 **Victoria Valentino** looks

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like a Modigliani painting come to life—doe-eyed, sensuous and clearly caught midthought. An actress who favored Dostoyevsky, Arabic folk dances and badminton, the Hollywood native was newly pregnant when she posed for her Centerfold, ultimately giving birth to a son who died at the age of six in a drowning accident. Today Vicky works as a bereavement facilitator and publishes *Centerfold Sweethearts* for fans.

70. In her Playmate story, Miss December 1981 **Patricia Farinelli** admitted that her life changed when nature began doing its thing just below her neck: She went from "Flatty Patty" to neighborhood attraction during her junior year in high school. But down deep the Los Angeles native was an Italian American homebody who liked spaghetti, Led Zeppelin and Jesus Christ. Praise the Lord.

69. Miss January 1968 (and PMOY 1969) **Connie Kreski** had a flower child's face and a penchant for wearing skirts the size of cocktail umbrellas. Raised in Detroit, she lived for a time in London and moved to Los Angeles, where she starred in an Anthony Newley sex farce and worked for the Playboy Photo Studio. Connie died of natural causes in her Beverly Hills home in 1995.

68. Just 18 when she appeared in PLAYBOY, Miss November 1962 **Avis Kimble** was already a nonconformist. A bohemian before it was chic to be one, the Chicago native was a watercolorist, ballerina and poet, with a partiality to Chopin, Garbo hats and unassuming men. She was also among the more enterprising Playmates, opening her own boutique in Old Town while simultaneously working as a Bunny.

67. That so petite a structure could support such a generously endowed chest would have confounded the likes of Buckminster Fuller. But the 5'2", 103-pound Miss March 1983 **Alana Soares** pulled it off to perfection. A competitive skier with Hawaiian-Japanese-Spanish-Irish blood, she was a college student in Salt Lake City when she appeared at PLAYBOY's door. Alana always considered herself something of a rarity: a brunette from Utah who became a Playmate.

66. The Minneapolis-born **Dahm** triplets (**Erica, Jaclyn** and **Nicole**) were so hard to tell apart at birth that the doctors had to tattoo the Misses December 1998 on their triplicate backsides. Thomas Jefferson said we are all created equal, but this is absurd.

65. The December 1973 Centerfold catches achingly attractive **Christine Maddox** in the middle of brushing her hair—a lustrous off-ramp of brown that cruises down her back, finally tapering off at the sweet speed bump of her backside. Christine is so innocent that she thought *Screw* magazine was a hardware catalog.

64. January 1994 Centerfold and 40th Anniversary Playmate, Holland-born **Anna-Marie Goddard,** she of the inverted nipples, could really get us in Dutch.

63. Miss November 1978 (and PMOY 1979) German-born **Monique St. Pierre** was an adventure in unmitigated carnality. Her sugar-cubed teeth and gangbanged hair caused complete strangers of either sex to go into estrus when she entered the room.

62. The September 1989 Centerfold was supersized for good reason: The subjects were **Karin** and **Mirjam Van Breeschooten,** 18-year-old twins from Rotterdam. With green eyes, blonde hair and stone-hard double Dutch bodies, they were identical except for Karin's tiny birthmark. Can you find it?

61. Miss September 1995 **Donna D'Errico** has an angel face and sumptuous shape that are almost too high-concept—indeed, one might suspect she was created by some zealous lonely guy at Industrial Light and Magic. Not so. The fair-haired and exceedingly fit Catholic schoolgirl from Georgia—discovered by PLAYBOY when she was a Las Vegas limo driver—was real enough to beam herself up from Centerfold to a regular spot on *Baywatch* and *Baywatch Nights*.

60. Seeing **Barbara Edwards** nude is as painful and engrossing as a round of autoerotic strangulation. If it weren't for the floor, her legs would go on forever. Miss September 1983 (and PMOY 1984) is so enchanting, as Raymond Chandler said, that she would've made a bishop put his foot through a stained-glass window.

59. A single mother (of two daughters), **Kathy Shower**—Miss May 1985, PMOY 1986—lives and works in Barcelona. As Kathy's blonde hair explodes like a phosphorous hand grenade, she looks as helpless as a cat without a tongue.

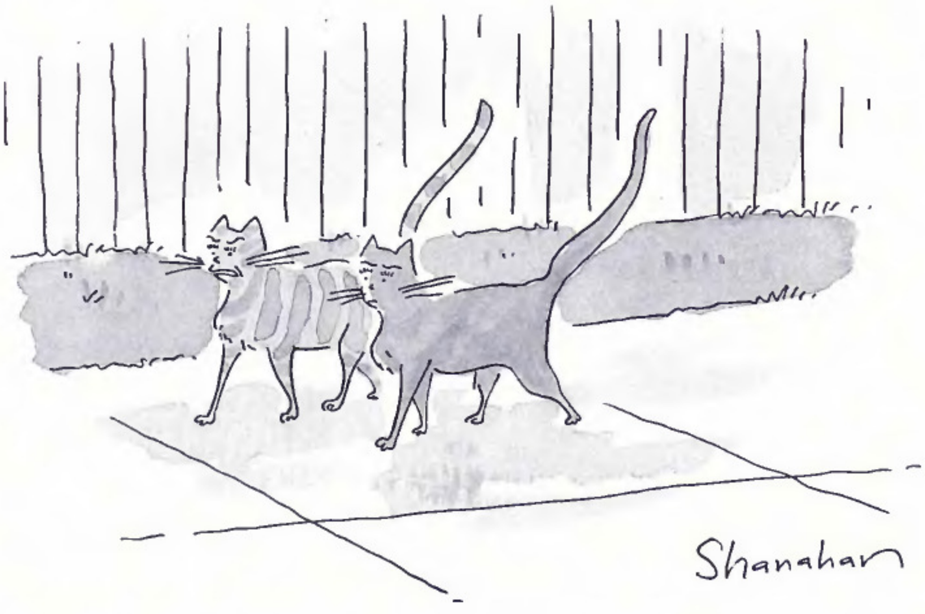
58. Miss December 1959 and first PMOY **Ellen Stratton** was the daughter of Mississippi sharecroppers who moved west in 1949 "by way of Steinbeck—seven of us in a car" to pick cotton in Bakersfield, California. If PLAYBOY did no more in 47 years than save this beautiful child from a life of cotton picking, it would be more than enough.

57. Connie Mason, Miss June 1963, started as a Camera Bunny at the Miami Club. Through a chance encounter with Oleg Cassini and, down the line, a meeting with model agency honcho Eileen Ford, she became a fashion model in New York. She also starred in the first two no-budget ghoulie flicks, *Blood Feast* and *Two Thousand Maniacs*.

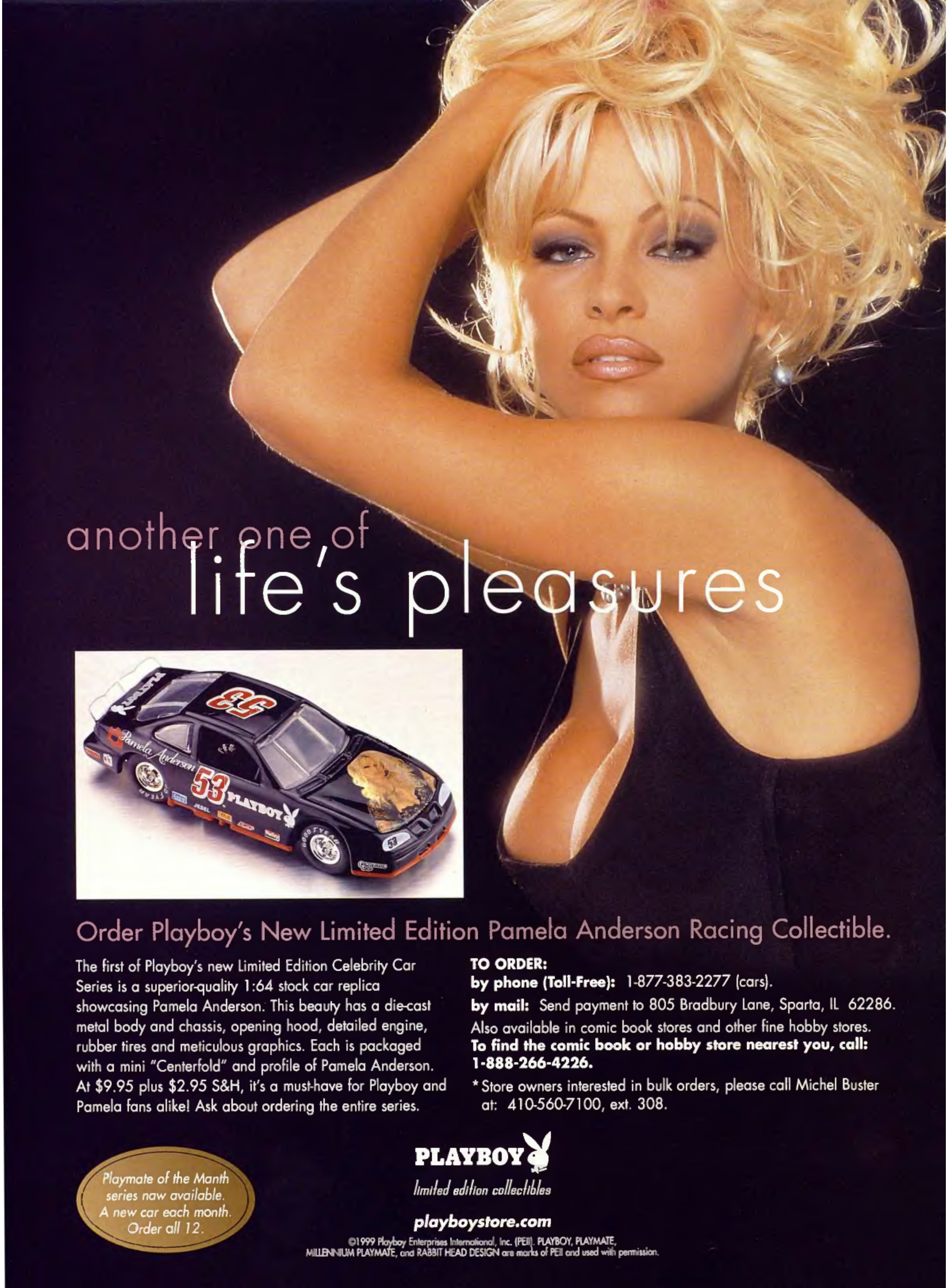
56. Built like a mainframe, Miss September 1967 (PMOY 1968) **Angela Dorian** was all photo opportunity. Renamed by her agent in memory of the sunken ocean liner (she was born Victoria Vetri), the preposterously shapely San Franciscan sang, danced, sketched, played guitar, drove a Porsche and was a TV regular with appearances on *Bonanza*, *Perry Mason* and *The Man From U.N.C.L.E.*

55. Buff and busty, Miss January 1981 **Karen Price** appeared in her Centerfold lounging on a fur throw, dark bronze curls fanned above her head, mouth slightly ajar and a diaphanous robe invitingly unfurled. You may exhale now. A step ahead of the health club rage, the Pasadena native knew how to put her retina-detaching body to work as an acrobat and gymnastics coach and was one of the most active participants in the *Dear Playmates* advice-to-readers column.

54. With her astonishing slate-gray bedroom eyes, a lower lip that seemed



"He said that she was only cleaning his fur, and like a fool I believed him."



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bruised by making out and nipples as pink as sunshine through a white cat's ear, it's no wonder that the young men around **Linda Gamble,** Miss April 1960 (PMOY 1961), didn't have to leave themselves wake-up calls.

53. Miss March 1995 **Stacy Sanches** is so thoroughly Texas, it's remarkable she doesn't sweat barbecue sauce. Standing five-foot-ten, with a Big D figure to boot, Stacy was working for her daddy's custom-pickup-truck business when PLAYBOY spotted her. After being named 1996 Playmate of the Year, the weight-lifting country girl took her infectious twang to Hollywood.

52. Terri Welles, Miss December 1980 (and PMOY 1981), married pro hockey player Charlie Simmer. In her *Centerfolds of the Century* photo Terri looks like a goalie, graceful knees together, trying to stop a slap shot.

51. Miss December 1989 **Petra Verkaik** was accidentally run over by her own VW van in the parking lot next to PLAYBOY's offices—only to be saved from serious injury by her 37-inch bust. The superbly top-heavy Californian with the exotic features and the arresting name went on to appear as Al Bundy's dream girl in *Married With Children.*

50. Fair-haired and fit with a grin that could power a breeder reactor, **Lisa Matthews,** Miss April 1990 (and PMOY 1991), puts out vibes that are quintessentially American, down to the star-spangled gleam in her eye. A successful model at age 17, Peoria-born Lisa, along with Kimberley Conrad Hefner, commandeered Playboy's Operation Desert Storm letter-writing campaign.

49. Miss August 1964 **China Lee** was the only one in her family of 11 not to enter the restaurant business—she already had too much on her plate. A native of New Orleans, the Playboy Club Training Bunny turned Playmate was also a swimmer, equestrienne, bowler, ping-pong expert and unofficial Playmate twist champ. She had the title role in Woody Allen's *What's Up, Tiger Lily?* and went on to marry and divorce humorist Mort Sahl (twice), buy racehorses and gamble professionally.

48. It looks like Miss October 1965 (and PMOY 1966) **Allison Parks** was run over by one of those highway white-line painters. The intensity of her glance and the forthrightness of her spirit radiate outward like a solar wind.

47. Jaime Bergman, Miss January 1999 (and the 45th Anniversary Playmate) strongly resembles the great Dale Evans. Jaime, who hails from Salt Lake City, surprised the Mormons back home with a cowgirl getup that included a Stetson, boots, chaps, a tumbleweed between her legs—and not much else.

46. The first Playmate to be custom-shot from a pencil sketch by Art Director Arthur Paul, Miss June 1955 **Eve Meyer** was photographed by her husband, future erotic film auteur Russ Meyer. In her Centerfold, Eve appears barely clad in sky blue chiffon, lounging on a shag in front of a fireplace, with two drinks within reach (the second presumably for an unseen guest). Eve produced Russ Meyer's first films but died tragically in a two-jet collision over the Canary Islands.

45. Marguerite Empey, here seen bathing in a wok, was twice a Playmate—Miss May 1955 and Miss February 1956 (the second shoot was by Russ Meyer). A practicing nudist who studied ballet and taught belly dancing, Marguerite was cover girl for the first Playmate Calendar, in 1958. Her popularity as a Fifties pin-up prompted Gay Talese to interview her (under her married name, Diane Webber) for his book on the sexual revolution, *Thy Neighbor's Wife.*

44. Karen McDougal, Miss December 1997 (and PMOY 1998), has a freedom trail up her belly that Lewis and Clark could have followed.

43. Chinese-Scottish-Spanish-Australian-Filipino-Irish **Gwen Wong** boasted a PLAYBOY résumé that included Playmate (Miss April 1967), Club Cottontail and Jet Bunny aboard PLAYBOY's DC-9 *Big Bunny.* Her Centerfold inspired an emulation-is-the-highest-form-of-flattery tribute from Madonna herself in *Vanity Fair.* Two Wongs, however, do not make a right.

42. Her curves were more dangerous than Coldwater Canyon's, not to mention the so-bad-she's-good twinkle in her eyes. Miss November 1974 **Bebe Buell** came to PLAYBOY from Virginia Beach and instantly transformed herself into a night-prowling, rock-and-rolling soul sister, whose romances with superstar musicians (among them Todd Rundgren, Steven Tyler, Rod Stewart, Jimmy Page and Elvis Costello) produced lots of ink—as well as a love child, acclaimed actress Liv Tyler.

41. They were 36 years old—combined. In capturing PLAYBOY's first-ever twin Centerfolds, Misses October 1970 **Mary** and **Madeleine Collinson,** photographer Dwight Hooker set a world record, using more than 700 sheets of eight-by-ten film. Enthusiastic globetrotters with a special fondness for the discos and pubs of London, the winsome twosome from Malta followed their Playmate exposure with appearances in the Hammer Films vampire classic *Twins of Evil* and the screen adaptation of Jacqueline Susann's *Love Machine.* Today both enjoy life with their families, Madeleine back in Malta, Mary in Milan.

40. With her thick hair tousled, **Janice Pennington,** Miss May 1971, defied any wet blanket to get in the way of the Seventies. Janice leveraged her PLAYBOY gig to land a guest spot on *Laugh-In* and became a longtime regular on *The Price Is Right.* She also encouraged her kid sister Ann to become a Playmate five years later.

39. Miss February 1986 **Julie McCullough** is as clean and precise as the Swiss civil code. She wears her nudity as if it were a uniform, but spoilsport fundamentalists helped yank her from the sitcom *Growing Pains*. Her beauty won out. Julie's TV hit list has grown to include roles on *Beverly Hills 90210*, *The Drew Carey Show* and *High Tide*.

38. Fecund is a good word for the Centerfold of **Karen Velez,** Miss December 1984 (and PMOY 1985). Also gravid, procreant, big with, gestant, uberous, fructiferous and laden. Karen met *Six Million Dollar Man* Lee Majors at a Playboy Mansion West party. Their subsequent marriage produced three children.

37. Reneé Tenison, Miss November 1989, was the first African American Playmate of the Year (1990). Astonishingly, she has an equally beautiful identical twin sister. Reneé's been on the TV more than your cat—appearances include *Sherman Oaks*, *LA Heat*, *Living Single*, *Family Matters* and *Fresh Prince of Bel-Air*.

36. Miss July 1959 **Yvette Vickers** is a cult heroine for her films *Attack of the 50-Foot Woman* and *Attack of the Giant Leeches*. She also appeared in the normal-sized *Hud* with Paul Newman.

35. Miss January 1982, **Kimberly McArthur,** was cut from the Dallas Cowboys Cheerleaders tryouts for not kicking high enough. PLAYBOY's requirements were, thankfully, less aerobic. Elfin Kim is soft as a glove and fine as a seed pearl.

34. In the film *Apocalypse Now*, **Cyndi Wood,** Miss February 1973 (and PMOY 1974), made a stunning appearance as a Playmate visiting Vietnam, a role loosely based on Jo Collins' 1966 adventure. With a pubic fleece like the nest of a dove, faultless breasts and a smile that could give you powder burns, Cyndi did five PLAYBOY covers.

33. June Cochran, Miss December 1962 (and PMOY 1963), was a model for *Little Annie Fanny* and represented home state Indiana in the Miss World and Miss Universe pageants. But, for all her experience, she was still most at home when at home.

32. Most photographs of **Marianne Gravatte** (Miss October 1982 and PMOY 1983) leaped off the page with such intensity that readers felt the impact in their solar plexi. Killer abs, Asian eyes and a carefully carved chin cleft made to be kissed all belied the Hollywood native's big secret: She was so shy that, as photographer Richard Fegley has said, "She could hardly look at someone and say hello."

31. Miss January 1998 **Heather Kozar** always looks like she's about to give blood. The Akron, Ohio native—and 1999 PMOY—appears ready to be delivered to a dressing station on the battlefield of human sexuality, as if there were pain and exhaustion involved just in being Heather. Certainly her belly seems sensual and hot as a puddling furnace.

30. As the 20th Anniversary Playmate, **Nancy Cameron,** Miss January 1974, was shot by photographer Dwight Hooker in PLAYBOY's only front-and-back representation of a Centerfold. Nancy is as faceted and delightful as a newly minted coin.

29. Sweet, five-foot-two and topped by a cumulous cloud of hair, Miss December 1956 **Lisa Winters** was discovered getting on a Miami bus by photographer Bunny Yeager, who ultimately shot Lisa's Centerfold. (Lisa was too shy to pose for a man.) Her firm 19-year-old breasts, it can be imagined, led to the invention of Nerf.

28. When **Donna Edmondson,** Miss November 1986 (PMOY 1987) mentioned to her photographer that she was still chaste, she soon became known as the Virgin Playmate, and even appeared on TV to preach that chastity and nudity don't have to be strange bedfellows.

27. She looks like a bureau with the top two drawers pulled out. Miss May 1974 (and PMOY 1975) **Marilyn Lange** has molasses-colored eyes, the softness of an impact attenuator and an invincible pubescence about her. Marilyn was named fourth-round draft choice by the North American Soccer League's Chicago Sting. "We liked what we saw," said General Manager Jim Walker.

26. A decade ago Miss July 1989 **Erika Eleniak** mapped out a popular strategy for Playmates to come: She parlayed her Centerfold appearance into a regular role on a new show called *Baywatch*. As the Pams and Donnas and Marlieces followed in her sexy footsteps, Erika—whose beauty and dramatic gifts landed her the role of Elliot's girlfriend in *E.T. the Extra-Terrestrial* at the age of 13—moved back to the big screen for *Under Siege* and *The Beverly Hillbillies*.

25. Victoria Silvstedt—Miss December 1996 and PMOY 1997—should be credited for at least one "Va" in Va-va-va-voom. A graduate of the Anna Nicole Smith School of the Bodacious, all five feet and ten inches of Victoria grew up in a Swedish village. Despite the paucity of sunlight there, the gods compensated for it by rewarding her with an awesome blonde corona. And some suggest she may be responsible for global warming and melting the Arctic ice cap.

24. In her January 1971 Playmate appearance the visible hint of pubic hair made history as the first exposure of its kind in PLAYBOY and practically guaranteed the Norwegian's selection as PMOY 1972. **Liv Lindelind's** luminous smile lit every part of her, from those velvet dark eyes on down to her warm fiord.

23. For **Claudia Jennings,** sexuality came as easily as divertimenti came to Mozart. Yet the PLAYBOY receptionist had to be lured to the photo studio for test shots. Those shots made possible her

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U.S. Postal Service Statement of Owner, Management and Circulation. 1. Publication title: Playboy. 2. Publication No.: 321478. 3. Filing date: September 30, 1999. 4. Issue frequency: Monthly. 5. No. of issues published annually: 12. 6. Annual subscription price: $29.97. 7. Complete mailing address of known office of publication: 680 North Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Illinois 60611-4402. 8. Complete mailing address of headquarters or general business office of publisher: 680 North Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Illinois 60611-4402. 9. Full names and complete mailing addresses of publisher, editor and managing editor: Publisher, Richard Kinsler, 730 Fifth Avenue, New York, New York 10019; Editor-in-Chief, Hugh M. Hefner, 9242 Beverly Boulevard, Beverly Hills, California 90210; Editorial Director, Arthur Kretchmer, 680 N. Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Illinois 60611; Managing Editor, Jonathan Black, 680 N. Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Illinois 60611. 10. Owner: Playboy Enterprises International, Inc., 680 N. Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Illinois 60611; The Hugh M. Hefner 1991 Trust, 9242 Beverly Boulevard, Beverly Hills, California 90210; Equitable Companies, Inc., 1290 Avenue of the Americas, New York, New York 10104. 11. Known bondholders, mortgagees and other security holders owning or holding one percent or more of total amounts of bonds, mortgages or other securities: None. 12. For completion by nonprofit organizations authorized to mail at special rates: Not applicable. 13. Publication title: Playboy. 14. Issue date for circulation data below: September 1999. 15. Extent and nature of circulation: a. Total No. of Copies: Average No. of copies each issue during preceding 12 months: Total No. of copies: 4,230,531; (b) Paid/requested Outside-County Mail Subscriptions: (1) 2,552,032; (2) Paid In-County Subscriptions: 0; (3) Sales through Dealers and Carriers, Street Vendors, Counter Sales, and Other Non-USPS Paid Distribution: 733,833; (4) Other Classes Mailed Through the USPS: 0; c. Total Paid and/or Requested Circulation: 3,285,865; d. Free Distribution by Mail; (1) Outside-County: 260,259; (2) In-County: 0; (3) Other Classes Mailed Through the USPS: 0; e. Free Distribution Outside the Mail: 0; f. Total Free Distribution: 260,259; g. Total Distribution: 3,546,124; h. Copies not distributed: 684,407; i. Total: 4,230,531; j. Percent paid and/or requested circulation: 92.66%. No. of Copies of Single Issue Published Nearest to Filing Date: a. Total No. of copies: 4,977,739; b. Paid and/or Requested Circulation: (1) Paid/Requested Outside-County Mail Subscriptions: 2,533,583; (2) Paid In-County Subscriptions: 0. (3) Sales through Dealers and Carriers, Street Vendors, Counter Sales and Other Non-USPS Paid Distribution: 979,095; (4) Other Classes Mailed Through the USPS: 0; c. Total Paid and/or Requested Circulation: 3,512,678; d. Free Distribution by Mail: (1) Outside-County: 186,781; (2) In-County: 0; (3) Other Classes Mailed Through the USPS: 0; e. Free Distribution Outside the Mail: 0; f. Total Free Distribution: 186,781; g. Total Distribution: 3,699,459; h. Copies Not Distributed: 1,278,280; i. Total: 4,977,739; j. Percent Paid and/or Requested Circulation: 94.95%. Richard Kinsler, Publisher.

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November 1969 Playmate debut, PMOY honors the following year and a movie career in Hollywood, where she was crowned Queen of the Bs. But fate denied Claudia an appropriate final reel. In 1979 she was killed in a car crash on the Pacific Coast Highway.

22. She was cute as a truffle, but Miss December 1971 **Karen Christy** is best known as the third side of a triangle that included Barbi Benton and Hugh Hefner, who referred to the Los Angeles (Benton) and Chicago (Christy) adventure as his "Captain's Paradise."

21. Weighing in at eight and a half stone totally starkers with sodding great alpha-double-plus knockers that belong on the one-quid note, **Marilyn Cole,** Miss January 1972, nipped along from her Portsmouth home to the London Playboy Club, to a spot of jiggery-pokery with the Squire of Playboy himself, and on to PMOY 1973, without ever once coming unstuck.

20. DeDe Lind, Miss August 1967, is a sugar cookie soaked in cognac and baked in a potter's kiln. Blonde and beguiling, freckled and as adorable as a *Rugrats* cartoon, DeDe arrived during the Vietnam war and reminded boys of what they were fighting for, garnering more letters than any Playmate before or since.

19. Debra Jo Fondren had perfect stomach muscles, like little spice shelves, and her amazing hair splashes gold down her back as if it were a salmon ladder. Unanimous choice for Playmate of the Year in 1978, Debra Jo seemed exquisitely wicked, and a certain silence filled the place, wherever you happened to be, when the magazine came open at her Centerfold.

18. Christa Speck, Miss September 1961 (and PMOY 1962), had size 38 pontoons and a beehive hairdo that would have qualified her to stand guard outside Buckingham Palace. She married puppeteer-producer Marty Kroft.

17. With a nose as perky and versatile as a Swiss Army Knife and a hairdo that was borrowed from Tinkerbell, **Jo Collins,** Miss December 1964 (and Playmate of the Year in 1965), has been through three husbands—flaky baseball hurler Bo Belinsky being the first. Jo traveled to Vietnam to deliver a lifetime subscription of their favorite magazine to members of the 173rd Airborne who had chipped in for it. A few more Playmates like G.I. Jo and we wouldn't have needed the draft.

16. I began gasping for air when first I saw **Lillian Müller,** Miss August 1975 (PMOY 1976). Everything about her seemed to have its own private focus. I've said this before: Müller could make even your nose get hard.

15. Anna Nicole Smith, Miss May 1992, is as well endowed as the Gates foundation. Her selection as PMOY 1993 represented a filling out of our ideal cultural physique. Anna became the Guess jeans poster girl, and an international tabloid celebrity through her marriage to 89-year-old tycoon J. Howard Marshall II.

14. When I first double-O'd photos of Miss January 1988 and PMOY 1989 **Kimberley Conrad**—soon to be **Hefner**—my porch light blew. She seemed so much to be a distillation of that unique sensibility, PLAYBOY. Nipples and areolae like antique bronze cymbals. High crotch. Expensive skin. Eyes bright as a plasma torch. If PLAYBOY were a great novel, KCH would be the Cliffs Notes.

13. Born Estelle Eggleston in Yazoo City, Mississippi, **Stella Stevens** got her big break playing Appassionata von Climax in the film version of the Broadway hit *Li'l Abner*. As cute as a drum majorette at halftime of the Sugar Bowl, Miss January 1960 had a distinguished Hollywood career, particularly as Hildy in *The Ballad of Cable Hogue*.

12. For **Patti McGuire,** love means nothing—at least since she married tennis legend Jimmy Connors more than 20 years ago. As Miss November 1976 (and PMOY 1977), Patti's posing style was, well, confrontational—she almost always made electric eye contact. It wasn't easy to say—Patti, or you—who was the Peeping Tom?

11. Shannon Tweed, Miss November 1981, has the best legs of the century. They support an extraordinary 5'10" woman from Newfoundland who has been a star of *Falcon Crest* and more than 30 films, as well as being PMOY 1982. Thinking of Shannon (who has two children by her significant other, Kiss rocker Gene Simmons) can cause a cerebrovascular accident.

10. Cynthia Myers, Miss December 1968, is stacked better than the blue-plate special at IHOP. Cynthia, from Toledo, starred in Russ Meyer's *Beyond the Valley of the Dolls*. If you dial her measurements (39DD-24-35), you get the reservation desk at the Hilton in Ulan Bator, Mongolia.

9. Donna Michelle, Miss December 1963 (and PMOY 1964), played opposite Warren Beatty in *Mickey One* and appeared in *Beach Blanket Bingo*. Donna's superphotogenic look comes from the powerful vulnerability she projects—and from a pair of eyebrows that are almost prehensile.

8. On her PLAYBOY Data Sheet, under the heading "Turnoffs," **Dorothy Stratten** wrote "jealous people." A year later Miss August 1979 (and PMOY 1980) was dead, brutally shot by a husband who couldn't bear losing her to director Peter Bogdanovich. Just 20 years old, 100 percent natural. With sweet, naive charm and apparent authentic talent as an actress, Dorothy reminds us of the danger inherent in great beauty.

7. "Spinning Jenny," you might call Miss October 1993 (PMOY 1994). **Jenny**

McCarthy, the enthusiastic star of MTV's *Singled Out,* has more energy than you would find in a mosh pit. Never once has she shunned the obvious.

6. With breasts as soft and pink as salmon mousse and eyes like the definition of fine wine ("light held together by moisture"), **Candy Loving,** Miss January 1979 (and our Silver Anniversary Playmate), has been for many years a steadfast and cogent spokeswoman for PLAYBOY. She has been called, after Christie Hefner, "the most valuable female asset the company has."

5. My father made a splendid sepia drawing of **Bettie Page** that hung over the bed where I was conceived. Mother thought he had fashioned it in a life-study class. Actually, I later realized the sketch was freely adapted from a bondage photo by Irving Klaw. Miss January 1955 lived a double life: the girl next door and a kinky, fetishistic fantasy. But when I had an earache or a nightmare, Bettie was there.

4. Some statistical considerations of the phenomenon known as **Pamela Anderson:** most requested image on the Internet (her wildly popular chat site at Prodigy actually crashed and had to be restarted). Most covers for PLAYBOY (six). Her *Playboy Centerfold* video was number one on the *Billboard* chart for 12 weeks running. Add to that her starring role on *Baywatch* and sales of her bootleg sex video with Tommy Lee, and you have mathematical proof of Miss February 1990's status as the world's most famous living blonde.

3. If Marilyn was the brand-name blonde bombshell, **Jayne Mansfield** was the generic stuff: cheaper, maybe, but still marvelously potent. Jayne appeared five times in PLAYBOY—first anonymously as Miss February 1955 and later in a pictorial called *The Nudest Jayne Mansfield,* which earned Hugh Hefner an obscenity bust (he beat the rap). Jayne died in a car crash in 1967.

2. I was 13 in 1955 when **Janet Pilgrim** (then PLAYBOY's subscription manager) first appeared as a Centerfold—she appeared three times in all. I remember taping her photo under a bureau drawer, where my mother promptly found it. Mother absorbed Janet's sweet, almost Asian face and her mammoth spheres of influence and said, "She's very pretty," and handed the photo back. I owe a lot to Janet Pilgrim's innocence.

1. Marilyn Monroe, PLAYBOY's inaugural Centerfold in December 1953, was not just the sexiest woman of our century, a stunning siren that men might fantasize about: We now also know that her body was the actual nexus of American male power, a mystical chalice that heroes came not to drink from, but to fill.

—D. KEITH MANO

THE FUTURE

(continued from page 132)

years. Cycles of oligarchy, democracy, tyranny and timocracy (aristocracy) will continue. For better or worse, most of world history has been government by tyranny or oligarchy, and that will certainly continue. Greed and power are too basic and exhilarating to disappear. The smart and the strong will nearly always seize control, whether it is disguised as divine right, the good of the nation or simply the nature of things. Recurring periods of democracy and timocracy will recur, but they will be as brief and scattered, and probably as few, as they have been over the past 3000 years. Technology and telecommunications make it harder and harder to lie to people by justifying tyranny and oligarchy. On the other hand, they make it easier to dupe people. Clever charlatans in one guise or another will rouse mass hysteria, the maddening of crowds and waves of national passion.

GIBSON: Politics will be even more like entertainment than it is now.

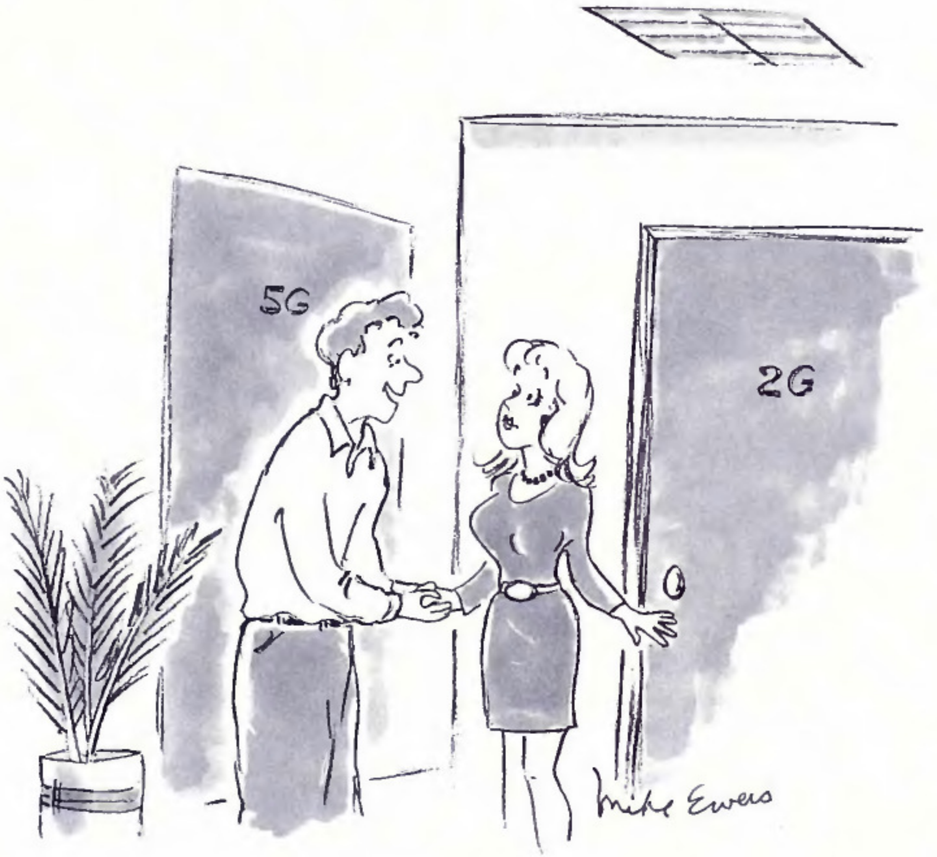
SEX AND RELATIONSHIPS

GIBSON: Say that technology (medicine) makes it safe, once again (or as safe as it once seemed), for anyone to sexually put anything anywhere, as often as they want, whenever they feel like it, without resorting to barriers or VR or any of the rest of it. The final decades of the 20th century seemed like a grim time indeed—the Plague Years—but the sheer fun of it all, paradoxically, will bring about a return to the ancient quest for monogamy (serial monogamy, anyway) and spiritual meaning. "The more things change. . . ." Viagra, folks, is just the beginning.

LEA: Relationships will increasingly be conducted in virtual space. In addition, the breakdown in social skills brought about by less human interaction will lead to significant changes in human relationships. Relationships will become simplistic, short-term and unsatisfying, often conducted on a virtual level. Families will become fragmented further and the relationship between parents and children will deteriorate. These changes will drive a return to basics that will occur in the latter part of the millennium as the U.S. seeks to return to a "lost" era of community.

Sex, meanwhile, is such a basic human drive that it will change little during the next century. The most significant changes will come about as we discover how to stimulate the sexual aspects of the human body and mind via chemicals and direct mental input. However, this will continue to affect only a minority of the population.

JOY: The Internet is leading to a rebirth of many communities of interest—



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unconstrained by physical locations. It allows families and friends to connect in new and interesting ways. This process will accelerate. Within the next century we should be able to electronically reincarnate great and interesting people from the past, through their writings and regalia from their life, to allow interesting conversations and relationships with these "ghosts."

NEGROPONTE: People will have much more prime-time, face-to-face interaction, which today we waste in meetings. More will be done off-line and in unreal time, which will thereby change the rhythm of human relationships to include better interaction in the presence of humans as well as through telecommunications.

CELENTE: We see the birth of new millennium families. The 21st century family will not conform to the cherished 20th century stereotypes. Family will be defined in the broadest of its dictionary definitions, "the collective body of persons that live in one house." As the population ages, as economic conditions change and as social conditions dictate, the 21st century family will come in a variety of models: traditional nuclear, single parent, communal, his-his, hers-hers and, as part of the retro movement, the extended family.

OZZIE: Amid the chaos and uncertainty that will consume our tele-lives, we'll come to value the simplicity and essence of a fleeting glance, a fragile touch, a reassuringly strong embrace.

RUNDGREN: What is realistic to expect from another human being? From yourself? What would do the most to bring someone to the point of self-love that you could endure, even enjoy, their company? This is more advice than prediction: Forget God and worship your children. Put aside the self-centered fear that causes you to worship God and to forget your children. In Anglo-Euro society the greatest benefit of the passage into a new millennium will be the failure of the Apocalypse to materialize and the attendant reconsideration of the true meaning of causation—the thoughtless expression of love that comes most naturally to the young.

BARLOW: If we can experience being the quarterback, it is trivial to experience being the other lover. I've always wanted to know what it's like to experience sex as a woman. Between neurological implanting, genetic engineering and reversible surgery, this will become possible. If the foundation of our economy is relationships rather than things we can own, we will value them appropriately. I asked a group of bankers whether they would rather give up all their material assets, organizational and personal, or all their relationships. Not one of them chose to keep their assets. Perhaps some of them were lying. But still, I think most knew they could rebuild their assets from their relationships, but not the other way around. We need only to create a looser system of accounting that includes what actually motivates us.

SCULLEY: Internet users will learn to have meaningful relationships with people who are physically separated from them by large distance and may in fact never physically meet. Time is the only scarce commodity left, and "time-shifting" will become one of the most efficient means for people to maintain regular contact, sometimes communicating on the Net a dozen times a day.

POPCORN: Technology will continue to foster relationships: Think e-mail times infinity. We'll go into our virtual reality chambers in our homes and have conversations with our ancestors and forecasters. We'll talk with holograms of our grandparents, great-grandparents, 19th century presidents, writers, explorers—all the historical figures important to us. Technology will give us the relationships time and space didn't permit.

DVORAK: More and more people will spill their guts out online and it will become a primary form of human interaction. The for-pay matchmaking sites that already hook up thousands of people every day will be the bar scene of the next 1000 years. By 2015 it will be the primary way of meeting people. By 2030 it will be the only way.

ROGERS: Relationships have changed little in the past few thousand years, and they basically will stay the same. The quick-witted will dominate the dull, and the strong will dominate the weak. A serious shortage of females is developing in the world, especially on the continent of Asia, which means women are becoming more valuable again. We have only begun to see what will happen to the status of women as this profound demographic change develops. As the shortage intensifies, women will be more selective, will delay marriage, will divorce more readily and will demand and receive better treatment. Courtship will return and so will genteelness in male-female relationships. Unfortunately this will not last forever, since all those horny guys eventually will fight wars over women. The propaganda will say the wars are for loftier reasons, but basically men will be trying to get more wives. Then, of course, the imbalances will correct themselves as men foolishly slaughter one another in the name of democracy, their god or some other ideal. Once a shortage of men develops, men's treatment of women will deteriorate yet again.

BUSINESS AND MONEY

GILDER: There's going to be a fabulous amount of wealth. When there is total material abundance, the pressures of scarcity evolve around the residual resource of time. When you can order the exact book you need from your office rather than driving to the bookstore and finding it's not there, you're saving time. Everything online is oriented toward saving the most valuable resource in the new era: time.

CELENTE: We won't see a new economy, as so many are predicting today. The world will experience new recessions and more depressions, along with good times and bad.

SCULLEY: In the old economy, producers were in control; in the new economy, customers are in control.

ROGERS: Anyone counting on the U.S. dollar as a means of transferring wealth to future generations should look back on the fate of every form of money over the past several thousand years. Even gold has had long stretches when it lost value compared to other things, and this will occur again.

NEGROPONTE: Disintermediation will abound to an extreme where all manufacturers sell directly to consumers. Payments will be made with digital cash. In the long run, it will be impossible to compute the balance of trade. Concurrently, the corporate world will flatten, hierarchies will fade and decentralization will prevail. Huge companies will find competition where they least expected it, and small companies will find great advantage in remaining small. By the middle of the next millennium, the world's largest employer will be self-employment.

OZZIE: Global, instant telecommunications will bring about the collapse of producer-controlled markets. The individual will triumph. Auctions, group purchasing, differential pricing and other dynamic mechanisms will reshape the basic nature of commerce between and among businesses as well as consumers.

RUNDGREN: There will be a further collapse of the barriers to efficiency and productivity that keep vast parts of the planet artificially poor. Mankind, or at least the part of it that you and I are likely to run into, has an innate fear of poverty—always better to have too much than not enough. The Prozac for this anxiety has been capitalism. Capitalism, however, is a pyramid scheme dependent on cheap labor somewhere in the world market. Unless we plan to keep all those people artificially poor, we're going to have to redefine wealth and stop using yearly income or IPO windfalls as yardsticks of well-being.

BARLOW: Most of our business is in love, friendship, security, trust, pleasure, experience, ideas and other qualities impossible to quantify. As the root of economy becomes thought rather than things, we will give up trying to measure what is immeasurable and to start exchanging value on the basis of "what goes around comes around." The economy of nouns will be replaced by an economy of verbs.

POPCORN: The future of business and money is all about relationships. The female consumer will be the most powerful consumer, and she will reject the traditional, transactional way of doing business. She'll want relationships with the brands she buys and the companies that make them. She won't purchase what she does not connect with. Direct-to-consumer will be the future of retail. I predict that 90 percent of all consumer goods will be home-delivered by 2010. Consumers won't have the time to go to the store, to the gas station or car showroom.

DVORAK: In the never-ending trend toward better understanding the individual customer, a nonstop invasion of privacy in the guise of marketing will commence. Privacy-rights advocates will eventually be shouted down. Databases with massive amounts of erroneous information and mistakes will ruin more lives than ever. By 2030, money will become fully virtual with smart cards, whereby all spending will be tracked in one way or another.

LEA: In the early part of the millennium, an increasing trend toward small companies and individual consultants will appear to break the stranglehold that large corporations have on the world economy. However, as the complexity of a highly integrated world economy continues to progress, large corporations will reassert themselves. Rather than mimicking today's rigid structures, they will essentially be knowledge corporations. These will combine aspects of highly individualistic workers forming loose affiliations within an overall structure to achieve tasks. As the century progresses these corporations will come to dominate the world economy, widening the divide between the First and Third Worlds. For the majority of U.S. citizens such companies will replace the notion of state in terms of allegiance. Money will disappear as a tangible entity and will become one of many items bartered. Electronic transactions will allow bartering to flourish, enabling individuals to trade not only for money but also for goods and personal skills and services. This will lead to a reinvention of the notion of rich that will recapture the Greek notion of richness of spirit, thus allowing a shift from today's physical materialism to a more spiritual materialism.

GIBSON: Our singularity might well be some functional form of nanotechnology, which would in effect be the discovery of the philosopher's stone of the alchemists. If we can make gold out of shit, literally, and at no cost, and make hamburgers out of gold, or out of anything else, where will that leave the concept of wealth, or of value? Nowhere, probably. Remember the ancient (and perhaps apocryphal) Chinese curse: "May you live in interesting times."

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HUGH M. HEFNER

(continued from page 80)

power in the relationship. But offices are where you meet members of the opposite sex. You may become emotionally involved. Why not? One of the sad things that happens when you get out of school is that you don't have that kind of natural setting where you can meet people—there's no more community of people with common interests. One of the few places that you find people with common interests is in the office. And it really doesn't matter if it's an office in Des Moines or the White House in Washington, D.C.

PLAYBOY: One of the most famous presidential philanderers was John F. Kennedy. Did you ever meet him?

HEFNER: I was a supporter and I went to his Inaugural Ball at the invitation of Sammy Davis Jr. But the only Kennedy I really knew was the father, Joe. I had been in California with Tony Curtis, attending Sammy's bachelor party before his marriage to May Britt. All the guys were there: Frank, Dean, Peter Lawford, the whole Rat Pack. Joe Kennedy called not long after because he'd had dinner with Tony and he'd expressed interest in meeting me. But when he called they didn't put the call through because they didn't know who Joe Kennedy was [*laughs*]. When I returned the call he said, "You're more difficult to reach than the President of the United States." I said, "You would know." When he came to Chicago for some business related to the Merchandise Mart, we had dinner together at the Drake Hotel. He had two sons running the country, the President and the Attorney General, yet he spent much of the evening talking about the son who had died during the war, Joe Kennedy Jr. That family's tragic history began much earlier than many people realize. It was Joe Jr. who the father hoped would one day become President. That night we went to the Playboy Club to see Burns and Carlin—George Carlin had a partner at the start of his career. Their act included a parody of John Kennedy. Joe Kennedy was not amused.

PLAYBOY: Did he want to do business with you?

HEFNER: No. I think he was attracted to me for the same reason his son was attracted to Sinatra. He wanted to be where the action was.

PLAYBOY: Tell us about your friendship with Frank Sinatra.

HEFNER: We were friendly, but not close. He became a popular band singer when I was in high school. I was a huge fan. I fantasized about being a singer like Sinatra, because the chicks all dug the crooners [*smiles*]. I started the magazine in 1953, the same year Sinatra began his second career. He changed record labels, started recording for Capitol, and won an Oscar for *From Here to Eternity* that year. I always admired his style and talent and how his songs supplied the words and music to our dreams and yearnings. Sinatra really was *the* voice of our time. I met him first at the Fontainebleau when he was making a movie in Miami in 1959. He came to the Chicago Mansion for the first time in 1960. I saw him from time to time thereafter in Chicago and LA.

PLAYBOY: Didn't you throw a party for Sinatra?

HEFNER: I did. We spent most of the evening in a corner talking about starting a show business trade publication to compete with *Variety* and *The Hollywood Reporter*. He had an uneasy relationship with the press back then and I don't think he liked some of the stuff they had printed about him. He also found time that night to hit on Joni Mattis, who I was dating at the time. Actually, he hit on her *because* she was my girlfriend. He was troubled, I learned later, by the fact that I had all the girls.

PLAYBOY: The two great swingers of the century in tender combat? Any hard feelings?

HEFNER: I confess that I was disappointed. I would never hit on a pal's girlfriend, because I think it reflects a lack of respect. It happened in Miami, too, when I was going with Joyce Nizzari. Sinatra was competitive in a curious way, related to guys and their girls. I think it was a pattern. It's the opposite of what one would expect of him. Of course, if someone is going to try and hustle a couple of your girlfriends, it might as well be Sinatra.

PLAYBOY: When Nancy Sinatra posed for the magazine, did you and she talk about her dad?

HEFNER: Nancy and I have been friends since the Sixties. She once said she thought that the two guys who had the greatest influence on society in her lifetime were her father and me.

PLAYBOY: Bob Greene wrote a column suggesting the two most influential Americans in the second half of the 20th century were you and Elvis.

HEFNER: And a rock musician once told me he thought it was Hefner and the Beatles. It's an honor to be in such company.

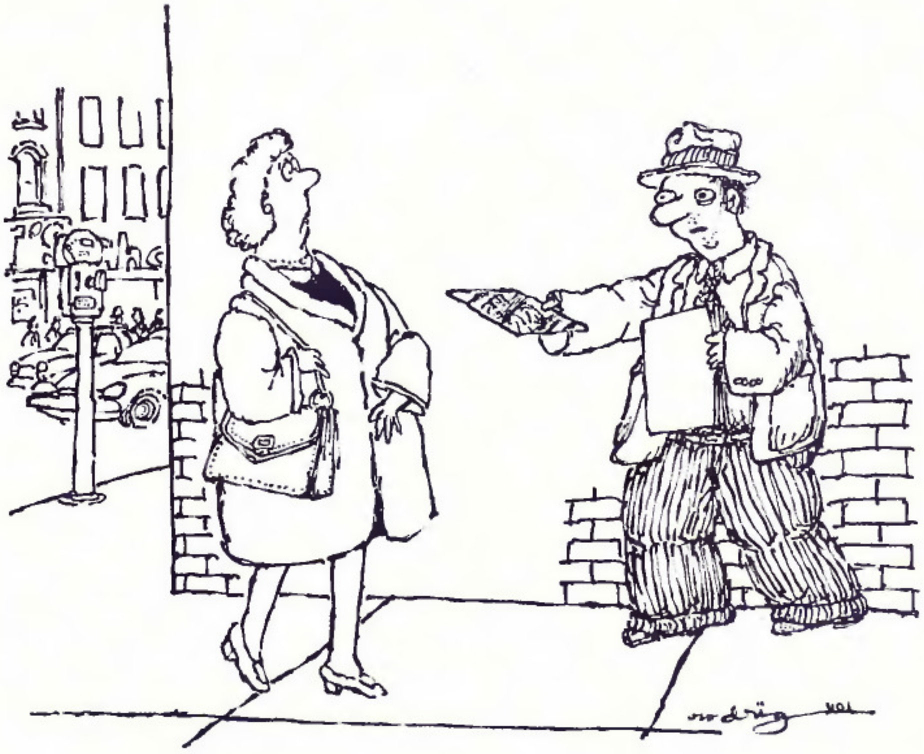
PLAYBOY: Did Elvis ever make it to the Mansion?

HEFNER: No, but Elvis was a fan. He even chartered the *Big Bunny* for a cross-country trip. Sonny and Cher chartered it too. I met Elvis in Vegas when Barbi was performing there in the Seventies.

PLAYBOY: Were you an Elvis fan?

HEFNER: It wasn't my favorite form of music, but the phenomenon was compelling. I enjoyed Elvis' early recordings and saw two or three of his shows in Vegas. And we did have something in common in the Fifties. The enemies of PLAYBOY were also the enemies of rock and roll. It was literally suggested that the magazine and the music were some kind of Communist plot to corrupt the morals of youth in America.

PLAYBOY: I know the Beatles have visited the Mansion and, according to legend, John Lennon put out a cigarette on a



"It's free, lady—an 8"x10" glossy of me exposing myself."

Matisse in the Great Hall. Is that true?

HEFNER: He was here. I was playing backgammon in the library so I didn't see it happen. Apparently, one of my friends felt his actions were inappropriate and took serious umbrage. Words were exchanged.

PLAYBOY: Didn't Fred Dryer say, "I would have hit him with a shovel and buried him in the backyard"?

HEFNER: My friends are very protective of me [*laughs*]. I didn't really know Lennon very well. I've known Ringo better. He and Harry Nilsson used to hang out here a lot. John was around when he was separated from Yoko. It was a troubled time for him. He was drinking a great deal. He was kind of lost.

PLAYBOY: Did he damage the painting?

HEFNER: He probably made it more valuable: Matisse as interpreted by Lennon [*laughs*].

PLAYBOY: Sinatra, Elvis, the Beatles—the legendary cavalcade leads us to Marilyn Monroe, your first Playmate. How is it that you and she never met?

HEFNER: If she'd lived longer I'm sure we would have. But I spent very little time in California in the Fifties and she never spent any time in Chicago. But her appearance in that first issue will forever link us together in the public mind.

PLAYBOY: You purchased that first nude photo from a calendar company and it was reported she had posed out of economic necessity.

HEFNER: Not true. That's a story released by her studio because they were afraid of public reaction to the picture. But she made a joke about having nothing on but the radio and it made her a star. It's Marilyn Monroe who made nudity acceptable in America. Her attitude toward nudity was similar to mine. She was raised, in part, by a family that was very religious. She responded to that repression with dreams and fantasies that came right out of the movies. Nudity was a form of liberation for her. She posed nude at the very end of her career just as she had at the beginning. She OK'd the photo coverage of that final nude scene she did in the swimming pool in *Something's Got to Give*, for publication in PLAYBOY. She was also scheduled to shoot a seminude, two-sided cover for that anniversary issue. After she died we had a Playmate pose for that two-page cover in her place, but we postponed the pictorial for a year out of respect for her memory. Marilyn's death was a real heartbreaker. She was so vulnerable. I think it was that vulnerability, in combination with her sexual appeal, that made her the sex star of the century.

PLAYBOY: Does any current actress possess Monroe's appeal?

HEFNER: Pamela Anderson is the Marilyn Monroe of the Nineties. She's the most famous blonde on the planet. But she doesn't have Marilyn's screen presence or vulnerability. No one else really

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compares with Marilyn. Partly it's because the studio system doesn't exist anymore. They used to create the sex stars. Now the sex stars are mostly supermodels and Centerfolds. I'm proud of the fact that so many of the major sex stars of the century have appeared in PLAYBOY and that the magazine has played an important part in their careers. From Marilyn Monroe, Jayne Mansfield and Brigitte Bardot, Ursula Andress, Raquel Welch and Farrah Fawcett, to Bo Derek, Cindy Crawford, Pamela Anderson, Kim Basinger and Sharon Stone—they've all been in the magazine. In interviews, Pamela, Kim Basinger and Sharon Stone still talk about the part that PLAYBOY played in launching their careers.

PLAYBOY: The contrast between Marilyn Monroe and Pamela Anderson reflects the differences between the more natural Centerfolds of the Fifties and the surgically enhanced Playmates of today. Pamela once said if she stood too close to the radiator, she'd melt. Now she's had her implants removed and says it has made her feel more sexual. What's your opinion on breast implants and your personal preference?

HEFNER: I prefer natural breasts, but I have no problem with breast implants. It's like any other form of cosmetic surgery: If it improves a woman's appearance, or she feels it does, why not? All of this misinformation surrounding breast implants is bizarre. There is no scientific evidence that breast implants aren't safe. All those class action suits against the manufacturers were a real miscarriage of justice.

PLAYBOY: How many Playmates have had breast implants?

HEFNER: It depends on the time frame. They were relatively rare 30 years ago and they're commonplace today. It's not a big deal anymore.

PLAYBOY: Didn't you have a little nip and tuck yourself a few months ago?

HEFNER: Yes, but just the neck. I didn't touch the face. I've grown accustomed to the face and I rather like it. But if I didn't, I'd change it.

PLAYBOY: You've mentioned a number of the celebrities who have appeared in PLAYBOY. But not every woman in the magazine was thrilled to be there. Uma Thurman was apparently displeased when you published photos of her on a nude beach. What would you say to her?

HEFNER: If the pictures had been taken in a private setting, they would not have been published by PLAYBOY. The classic example of that is Jackie Onassis. Nude photos of the former First Lady were taken with a telescopic lens while she was sunbathing on her own patio in the Greek Isles. The pictures were offered to PLAYBOY. We refused to publish them and they wound up in *Hustler*. We refused to publish them because it was an invasion of privacy. But Uma Thurman was on a public beach. If you're nude on a public beach, all bets are off, it seems to me. That said, I obviously prefer to publish pictures that are shot specifically for PLAYBOY, but there are times when we make exceptions. If we didn't, we wouldn't have published the picture of Marilyn Monroe in the first issue and I wouldn't be here.

PLAYBOY: We understand that you've secured the vault next to Marilyn Monroe at the Westwood Memorial cemetery. Do you actually plan to spend eternity resting beside Marilyn?

HEFNER: Yes, although Jay Leno suggested that if I was going to spend that kind of money, I should actually be on top of her [*smiles*]. But to me there's something rather poetic in the fact that we'll be buried in the same place. And that cemetery also has other meanings and connections for me. Friends like Buddy Rich and Mel Tormé are buried there. So is Dorothy Stratten.

PLAYBOY: You've never publicly discussed *Star 80*, the Bob Fosse film about Dorothy's life and death. Care to now?

HEFNER: Fosse was very anxious to get my reaction and arranged a screening for me before the film was released. I had to tell him that I was very disappointed. I didn't think it had much to do with Dorothy Stratten. He had the Paul Snider character right—Eric Roberts was every bit the sleazy hustler I had seen in the real Snider. And the film was meticulous in duplicating some of the physical details of the locations; the room we're sitting in now, in fact, was copied exactly. But Fosse had the wrong Dorothy. She was one of the most special ladies I have ever met. She came here when she was just 18, but in a single year she grew into a remarkable, self-assured woman. Everybody loved her. Mariel Hemingway is a very good actress, but she was not Dorothy Stratten. Dorothy would walk into a room and the room would light up. [*A light flickers in the Library.*] That may be Dorothy's ghost right now.

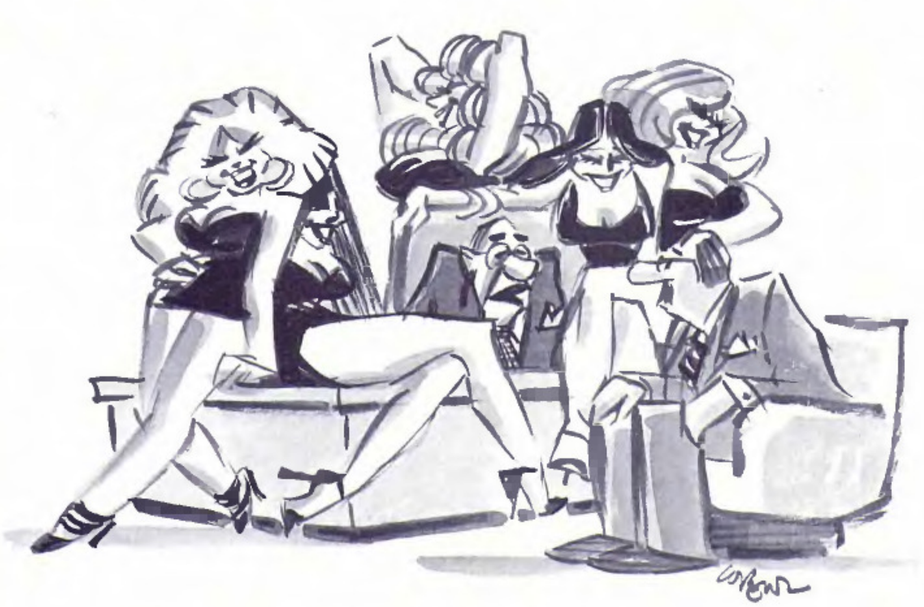
PLAYBOY: How well did the film interpret her extramarital affair with director Peter Bogdanovich—the affair that precipitated the tragedy?

HEFNER: Her relationship with Bogdanovich was a variation on the relationship with Snider—and none of that was in the film. Because Dorothy was raised without a father she had a father fixation. That's what the relationship with Snider and Bogdanovich was all about—and, to an extent, that's what her relationship with me was all about. She came to me, as she would to a father, to tell me she was going to marry Snider. I urged her to wait; perhaps I didn't urge her as strongly as I should have. But she had this tremendous sense of honor and felt she owed him a debt, felt he was responsible for her coming here and becoming a Playmate and the Playmate of the Year. Fosse, meanwhile, fearing litigation, changed Peter's name and character, making him a very compassionate, passive person. Peter was, and is, anything but passive. Like Snider, he's very controlling.

PLAYBOY: How would you characterize Bogdanovich's reaction to Dorothy's death?

HEFNER: He was consumed by it. It became an obsession. In trying to deal with his own sense of guilt and grief, he pursued Dorothy's family after her death. He broke up her mother's marriage and seduced the teenage sister, Louise, and eventually married her. All that resulted in an estrangement between him and me. Then he wrote that preposterous book about me that had nothing to do with reality.

PLAYBOY: Have you had any contact with Dorothy's family since her death?



"I took everything out of equities and put it all in bimbos."

HEFNER: Peter made that impossible until a few months ago when, quite unexpectedly, I heard from Louise, who is now separated from Bogdanovich. She contacted me to say how much she regretted the hurt Bogdanovich had caused, and that she felt culpable. She said she knew how much Dorothy cared about me and how happy she had been at PLAYBOY. She said she hoped that we could reconnect. That means a great deal to me.

PLAYBOY: Now that Ron Howard and Brian Grazer are planning a major motion picture at Universal about your life, do you have any casting suggestions? If you could pick an actor from any era to play you, who would it be?

HEFNER: It would have to be someone who could capture the boyish romantic, because that's really who I am. It's the story of a Midwestern, Methodist boy, raised in repression, who dreamed impossible dreams and, against all odds, made them come true. In the old days, it would be a Jimmy Stewart or a Henry Fonda. You can see a little bit of my story in *Mr. Smith Goes to Washington* and several other Capra films. But I'm also Cary Grant in *The Awful Truth*.

PLAYBOY: If the movie deals with your childhood, might we learn how Hugh Hefner himself learned about the birds and the bees?

HEFNER: My mother was a well-educated woman who told us about reproduction, but not about sex. My brother and I were actually the first kids on the block who knew where babies came from, but sex was never mentioned in our home. I learned about sex from my peers.

PLAYBOY: Have you discussed the subject with Marston and Cooper?

HEFNER: No subject is taboo in our home. If you make a subject taboo, you create a false sense of fascination. And, as we know, sex is fascinating enough without anyone's help [*smiles*]. If you let taboos break down the communication between you and your children when they're young, then when they become adolescents you pay the price—and so do the children. What we try to do is create an environment where, when they have questions about anything, they get answers, and the answers are true.

PLAYBOY: In that spirit, we have some questions about the one subject we have not yet discussed, your marriage with and separation from Kimberley.

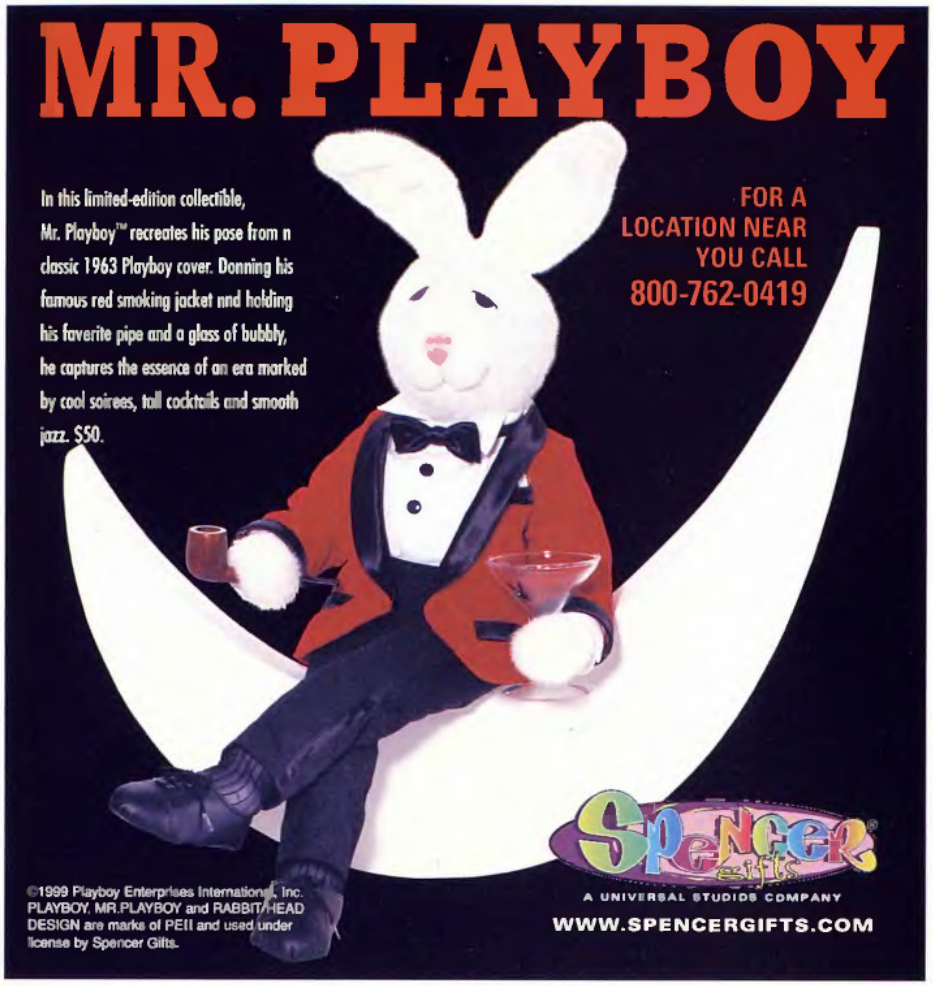
HEFNER: Fair enough.

PLAYBOY: How are you handling the separation?

HEFNER: I'm still in love with the girl next door, but I'm much happier now than I was when we were married.

PLAYBOY: How are the boys dealing with the situation?

HEFNER: They make very clear to Mommy, in particular, that they want us back together, which is to be expected. And at the same time, there has been very little trauma, because they are here almost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every day. I've kept their room intact at the Mansion, and I see them constantly.

PLAYBOY: How are you dealing with it emotionally?

HEFNER: Kimberley and I have remained very close, which makes it easier for both of us. The most painful period came before the separation, but I've discovered that for some, myself included, marriage is not the final answer. I worked very hard at the marriage. I had no trouble being faithful to it for ten years. But was it a natural state for me? All I can say is, I'm happier now. I think my ideas about love and romance are stronger than my notions of "happily ever after." I loved Kimberley then and I love her now. I always will. And she loves me. In fact, she probably loves me more now than she did when we were married.

PLAYBOY: Why do you say that?

HEFNER: Sometimes a little distance adds perspective.

PLAYBOY: Have you done a postmortem on your marriage to figure out what went wrong?

HEFNER: Oh, yes. One thing I expressed before we got married was, "I don't want my life to change dramatically. You know, I don't want to stop seeing my friends." Years had gone into the creation of this life and I'm a very fortunate fellow to have it. It's like when I was a kid. Mine was the home where all the children came to play. In part, that's still what my life is about today. There were occasions, understandably, when Kimberley wished there weren't so many friends around. But the truth of the matter is that the second half of every evening we were always alone.

PLAYBOY: What did you do with that time?

HEFNER: Too often we were alone then, too. [*Pauses*] The things that made the marriage fail were rooted in different interests and different emotional sensibilities. I'm intensely romantic and I think Kimberley, to some extent, is afraid of that kind of emotional commitment. I also think the marriage was, for me, a safe harbor not unlike my parents' marriage. The Eighties were a very difficult time for me, both personally and for the company. My marriage reflected those times, and then the times, and those needs, changed.

PLAYBOY: Did you go to counseling?

HEFNER: We did, off and on for three or four years, and not only at the end. But I really didn't need a counselor to explain what went wrong. In retrospect, I think the fact that we were not better suited for our marriage is because neither of us is well suited for marriage, period. Quite apart from my own particular needs, I don't think that Kimberley is capable of a really lasting marital relationship. I doubt very much that she will ever marry anybody else. I doubt that she will ever love anybody as much as she loved me.

PLAYBOY: What makes you so sure?

HEFNER: What's missing is the ability to make an emotional commitment because of the fear that somehow it'll be taken away. For Kimberley, I think it comes from the insecurities of her own childhood; she came from a broken home. I knew that at the outset and it made me feel closer to her. It added to my love. Later, it made me feel that I had to try to make things work for her and the children, even more than for me. That's why I'm here for them now and always, and why they live in this wonderful estate next door with an open gate between the two properties. Both she and the children know that we're still a family and always will be.

PLAYBOY: Have your girlfriends met Kimberley?

HEFNER: They've met her but not together with me. Kimberley is over here regularly with the children and she uses the gym every day.

PLAYBOY: What if you're in the Grotto with someone when she drops by? It's just one wall away from her house. Wouldn't that feel peculiar?

HEFNER: It would be uncomfortable for me in any party setting. I don't want to flaunt the situation or hurt anyone on either side. Honestly, I feel fortunate that it's working as well as it is now, and I want to try to keep it that way as much as possible—for Kim, for the girls and for the children.

PLAYBOY: How do you feel about Kimberley's boyfriends in your children's lives—and being right next door?

HEFNER: Kimberley doesn't date a great deal, but some boyfriends have been over there. There was at least one occasion when she was dating Rod Stewart, when his children and our children, with my approval, came over and swam in the pool. But I haven't had to deal with the situation where she's seriously emotionally involved as yet.

PLAYBOY: And when that happens?

HEFNER: I'll deal with it when the time comes. For now, Kimberley has said her heart isn't open for another relationship. She's devoted to the children now. The press suggested that there was something more serious with Rod, but it wasn't that way for her at all. She didn't like the scene.

PLAYBOY: How did you feel about her dating Donald Trump?

HEFNER: She did that to get my attention. The Donald might like it to be something more, but they're just good friends.

PLAYBOY: Although you married Kimberley, some people think it should have been Barbi Benton—that she was the perfect wife you never married.

HEFNER: I know, but that relationship ended because it was clear that I didn't want to make the commitment. Quite obviously, in any retelling of my life, Barbi is important. In the late Sixties, I started coming to California regularly to host *Playboy After Dark*, and I first met her on the set of that show. She was the one who found the property that became Playboy Mansion West. When I got the *Big Bunny* jet, we traveled the world together. And Barbi was there during the bizarre drug investigation that led to the death of my secretary Bobbie Arnstein. These were major events in my life. And they came at a time when Barbi's own star was on the rise as a successful country-and-western singer.

PLAYBOY: You have said that that relationship had special significance for you.

HEFNER: Yes. I think that Barbi was the romanticized, Hollywood reincarnation of my great unrequited love in high school, a girl named Betty Conklin. There are even physical similarities. With Barbi, I got to complete a relationship that never was.

PLAYBOY: How fond was Kimberley of hearing Barbi's name?

HEFNER: Not much. She wasn't jealous of Barbi, but she didn't like all the attention Barbi received in those documentaries. But that's how it happened. Meanwhile, I married Kimberley and had children with her, not Barbi.

PLAYBOY: After the separation from Kimberley, what did it feel like the first time you took another woman to bed?

HEFNER: Strange.

PLAYBOY: Any guilt?

HEFNER: No. It just seemed unnatural. Kimberley just went away and it really wasn't an official separation; she decided she wanted to take the kids to Hawaii for New Year's Eve. I said, "Why do you want to go away during the holidays and not be together?" But her family was going, so she went. The separation became official afterward, in January and February of 1998. It was March or April before I really began dating. Lo and behold, in the beginning of April, Viagra arrived. Talk about timing.

PLAYBOY: And then you met Brande, Sandy and Mandy.

HEFNER: Yes. And timing really is everything. I'm a most lucky fellow.

PLAYBOY: Several close friends have died this past year—Mel Tormé, Shel Silverstein, and most recently, your secretary Joni Mattis. Do you fear death?

HEFNER: No. I'm very comfortable with the nature of life and death, and that we come to an end. What's most difficult to imagine is that those dreams and early yearnings and desires of childhood and adolescence will also disappear. But who knows? Maybe they become part of the eternal whatever.

PLAYBOY: What do you believe happens after death?

HEFNER: I haven't a clue. I'm always struck by the people who think they *do* have a clue. It's perfectly clear to me that religion is a myth. It's something we have invented to explain the inexplicable. My religion and the spiritual side of my life come from a sense of connection to humankind and nature on this planet and in the universe. I am in overwhelming awe of it all: It is so fantastic, so complex, so beyond comprehension. What does it all mean—if it has meaning at all? But how can it all exist if it doesn't have some kind of meaning? I think anyone who suggests that they have the answer is motivated by the need to invent answers, because we have no answers.

PLAYBOY: So worrying about it is useless?

HEFNER: That's a given. Woody Allen pointed it out in *Annie Hall*—and I'm paraphrasing: "How can you be happy when you know that in a billion years the sun is going to explode?" Then, in *Manhattan*, he thinks about those things that make life sweet: *Potato Head Blues* by Louis Armstrong, Groucho Marx. We all have our own little list.

PLAYBOY: What's on yours?

HEFNER: The memories of childhood. Dreaming my dreams. The Montclare Theater and those images on the silver screen. Bix Beiderbecke's *I'll Be a Friend With Pleasure*. Alice Faye's smile. The corniest things, I'm afraid [*smiles*]. One reason I love the Playboy Mansion property is because it's so close to nature. I'm able to walk among the trees and the flowers and the birds, and have that sense of a universal connection. My religion is a perfect day or a wonderful evening here in the backyard where I can hear the crickets as I did in childhood. I watch hummingbirds come to the feeders outside the windows of my office in the attic. A couple sparrows have built a nest right inside the bedroom window. From very early on, it was easier for me to connect to nature and to animals than it was to people.

PLAYBOY: How so?

HEFNER: The myth of Tarzan and his mate: Those films about a man and his mate alone in the jungle, connected to nature, had a great influence. Civilization and the white hunter were the enemy who wanted to intrude and destroy that idyllic, Edenesque life.

PLAYBOY: When people look at your life, is there a single lesson you hope they can learn?

HEFNER: If it represents anything, my life is an example of how you don't have to live by somebody else's rules. You don't have to be limited by preconceived ideas about sex or age or anything. We are handed a life by our parents. It is shaped by our peers and society as a whole. You can accept that life and simply walk in march step to that particular drummer, or you can find your own way, reinvent yourself and become who you want to be. Life is such a wondrous adventure if you take it into your own hands and pursue your own dreams. If you don't do that, you will never know what might have been. You will never know.

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CITIES on the MOON

(continued from page 168)

Internet research? No! Step into a real library, swim in the aquarium of time, touch the books, open the books, smell the books, dog-ear the damned wondrous things with your canines. Wander the shadowed stacks, meet the Wizard and John Carter and Blind Pew coming the other way. Climb the stacks like an ape. Meet Verne on his way to the Moon, the first Sherpa on Everest, or Nemo. What's he doing up here at the Bottom of the Sea? Lug ten books home, with their scent of baking bread and their bright eyes and lively tongues.

•

Glancing back at the 20th century and promising that the 21st will be better, let's review some truths.

Since 1900, the automobile truly hit ground and, lo! the highways fused sea to shining sea. And with that invention, and the roads to cozen it, the slaves were freed. The cotton patches of the South were trampled by field hands in flight.

Without the invented car and its freedom gas, there would have been no Great Escape. Minus the sounds of distant occupations broadcast on crystal and heterodyne radios the bust-out north, east and west would have been stillborn. Moviehouse flickers showed what radios could not: far towns paved with gold, orange groves in which to hide the past, live for futures. Independence declared lay doggo until radio said, "Go! Get! Become!" Newsreels affirmed, and a promise of highways so fresh you left tiremarks in tar. The pre–World War I trickle became the hallelujah midcentury scramble.

For the grumpers who say let's remake the 20th century and do it right, let me list our virtues:

Dr. Salk's vaccine, which vanquished parents' dread when July arrived and children were crippled or killed by polio.

Destroyed en masse, all the other major diseases that decimated millions. Influenza, chicken pox, measles, scarlet fever, tuberculosis, gone. Almost forever. TB has returned but will be gone again.

In counterbalance? AIDS, syphilis, gonorrhea. But these will disappear by 2099.

Human beings will not, repeat not, be cloned in the new millennium. We already have twins. Who wants more?

All major American cities will be reconceived, rebuilt. We know *how* and will *do*.

State capitals could well relocate on Iroquois, Havasupi and Algonquin casino reservations.

An Indian or Native American (your choice) will be president of the United States. Vice president will be a person of color whose ancestors stoked the Mississippi steamboats.

At long last, education will be arm-wrestled free of the Washington spoilers and pass into the creative hands of not yokels but locals.

As any half-bright student, mom or "Teach" knows, education is a hand-to-hand, in-your-face dialogue. Distant Washington elves and fairy horns do not drift downwind to waft over your typical schoolhouse, they are lost in static paper-snow blizzards. Education should not descend from the top but arise from the bottom. Its escalation will be given lift by inspired teachers, alert parents, and students who wander into class bearing unfamiliar books, destined to be read at Canaveral, Moonbase and New Chicago Mars. Quoting Admiral Byrd on his way to the South Pole: "Jules Verne leads me." Arthur C. Clarke, Robert Heinlein, Isaac Asimov and others born in space never to return will teach nonreaders how and why to read. Their premise: Live forever. The suddenly sit-upright student response: Yeah!

On a lesser level, consider that newborn vaudevillian: the videocassette. It will seize and dominate all future political campaigns. Realizing that the hourly bombardment of opinion is beyond funding, the various parties, right and left, will Mardi Gras a downslide of cassettes, light and dark, to flood our eyes and ears and tempt our blind paws to vote. The superb truth in dispensing videocassettes is that you trade your untruths with your neighbor and watch his window to see if it's played, then borrow *his* spin to cook your TV set and twitch your surfing finger. These trumpet-and-bray tapes, distributed, will be *el cheapo* compared to cable or satellite charges. Best of all, the outraged truths of vapid politicos can be saved for generations and rerun late-nights to remind the sainted left and right that they are walking wounded. Hurling their crutches aside, they will try to protest their lies and be vote-tossed out the side exits.

In the midst of this, with a confederation of astronautical nations and the unlimited Universe above, the Greatest War will occur. The Third World War, actually, a war against space, time and eternity, a war of creation rather than destruction, at the end of which some few will have suffered, others died, but most prevailed to inhabit the air and populate alien worlds.

With a space station built on the good gray foundation ground of the Moon, we will send celebratory fireworks to at last landfall Mars, not to photo-scan but step-forth flesh-and-blood astronauts on the rim of that grand abyss, longer and wider than the U.S.A., and stare deep in its mirror to spy more futures.

In an essay published years ago, I described our destiny as *we are the carpenters of an invisible cathedral*, seen first with our intuition and then rocket-assembled in place. An architecture of belief in future life that speaks this motto:

Carpe diem, seize the day. But more: *Witness and celebrate*. We will ask ourselves why we were Earthborn in ignorance to lift our intelligence and outpace death. To what purpose?

An old question repeated like a celebratory prayer wheel. Why is mankind on Earth, faced with monkey puzzle genetics? The answer is this:

The Universe needs to be seen. It cannot exist without us. If *we* vanish, the Cosmos vanishes.

Our ego speaks a superb lie to urge us to persist, to conquer time and its meltdown of flesh.

Our souls cry thanks to the Universe, the Cosmos, the Godhead, for our birth and being. We need to prayerfully cry that thanks.

Space travel then is a Thanksgiving journey with a Vatican-Shinto-Muslim-Baptist choir to outpace Beethoven and shake the stars in their gyres.

We see, we know, we cry gratitudes and save the Universe from darkness by saving it with our sight, banking it in our souls and speaking it in tongues. We do not go gentle into that good night, we go raving with joy and will settle for nothing less than reciprocal gratitude from the Cosmos.

Alexander Pope's *Rape of the Lock* puts it thusly:

Now lakes of liquid gold, Elysian scenes
And crystal domes and angels in
machines.

The angels and devils in machines will be us—on our way to Doomsday, or headlong for Heaven, and that Heaven's name is Moon, Mars and the Universe beyond, so small it nests in the human heart, so vast it explodes the human soul.

And by the end of the third millennium, what?

We will have footprinted the Moon, migrated to Mars, ricocheted off Saturn's rings to reach out and touch a hoped-for world circumnavigating Alpha Centauri.

We will do just that to seed the Universe with bad and good, hope and despair, carrying the memory of Hitler and the promise of Christ.

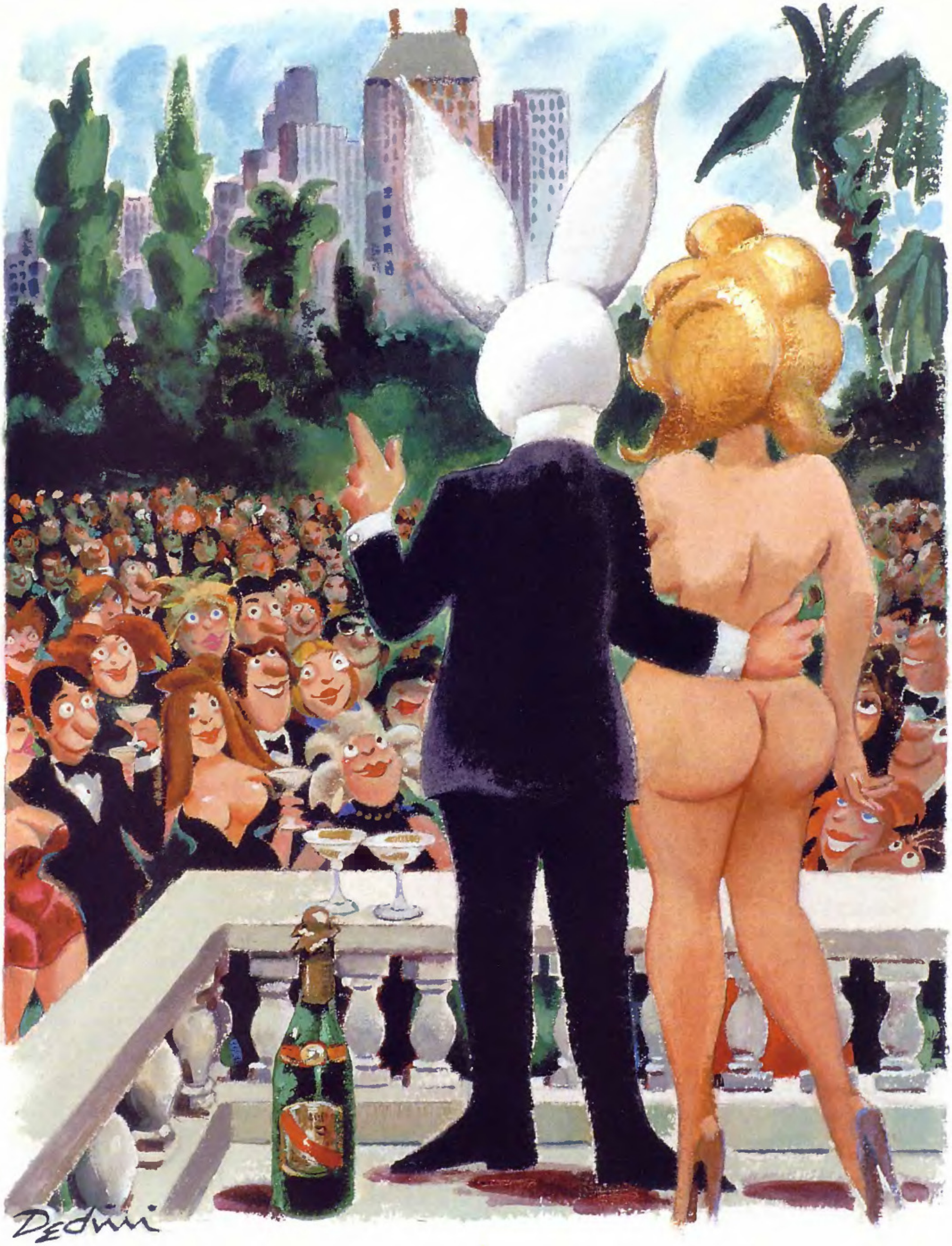
We defy old Shakespeare's cry that we are just sound and fury signifying nothing. Our sounding fury will signify *something*. A silent Universe speaks because we speak. A blind Universe sees because we see. An unknowing Universe knows because we know.

Who says? I say.

So *you* will say it, and your children's children's children.

We will outlive war and shout-claim the Universe.

And live forever, or a million years. Whichever comes first.



"And my message for the next millennium—keep it up!"

No Space Like Home

(continued from page 192)

Mead's vision for the luxury living space of the future evokes the early 20th century private railroad car.

use in the Seventies as a viewing aid for automobile design (among other things), allows a true three-dimensional presentation without the need for cumbersome two-channel glasses. The image appears to float in full walk-around dimension from any angle tangent to the edge of a 200-degree concave screen.

If entertainment plans call for formal dining, the host ship offers an extensive choice of full-course meals, with delivery and cleanup services provided by ship personnel. For casual dining and everyday eating, there is a food preparation nook tucked behind the waterfall that serves as a complete kitchen. Eight food modules nesting against the wall can be moved by programmable traction sliders to reconfigure into the selected dispensing arrangements. Two of the modules dispense hot and cold hors d'oeuvres, which are stored frozen and then can be flash-thawed when desired. Two other modules dispense hot and cold liquids, including filtered water, soft drinks, coffees and teas. The remaining four modules dispense fruit and crudités, sauces and dips, and, because some male food habits never change, a wide selection of snacks. For late-night noshing, the modules can be sent to the upper level by remote-controlled elevator.

Adjacent to the food area is a two-story, 12-foot-diameter wet-core cylinder that regulates water circulation functions throughout the unit. On this level, the cylinder contains a toilet, the wet functions of the food prep area, sink and disposal, waste chute and a washer and drier.

ZOOTTAT
Y2K

The walls and ceiling in this area of the unit are holographic display panels that create the illusion of a stylized grove of foliage gently swaying in the breeze. The random silhouettes of leaf and limb serve as a reminder of earth's natural beauty.

In the RGB lounge, directly behind the stairs, pneumatic seating provides an infinite arrangement of shapes and patterns. Programmable electroluminescent fabrics shift in pattern and intensity to suit any mood. A holographic projection screen makes that early 21st century home entertainment center, with its 52-inch digital TV, a quaint memory. Too bad there's no more NFL.

Now on to the upper level. The office area at the top of the stairs is the electronic nexus that brings our pod to life. A marble-topped desk and pneumatic chair that contours to individual postures are there along with a voice-link command system that enables instantaneous interuniversal communication. And when you don't feel like speaking to anyone, you can put all calls on hold with a voice command.

Beyond the office area is the curved perimeter of the spacious bedroom and the upper section of the wet-core cylinder, which houses an environmental chamber. This facility combines the functions of shower, Jacuzzi, steam room, tanning bed and fitness gym. In other words, you'll save a fortune on health club fees. The pneumatic couches, of course, change shape on request to form a chaise or to match the contours of the Jacuzzi. Included are his and her toilets and washstand compartments.

The doorway of the environmental chamber leads into the bedroom and the oversize double queen bed. At each corner of the foot of the bed is an ottoman that slides out at the touch of a button to allow for seating against the softly textured walls. Overhead, an animated RGB tapestry is programmed to play out classic scenes from history. The mirrored surface behind the bed presents moving patterns that duplicate orbital projections of earlier space exploration, and softly-lit mirrored walls along the side of it produce shadowy reflections accented by randomly shifting RGB routines.

While these programmable enhancements combine to produce a stimulating atmosphere, the real delight is derived from a natural source: the awesome sights in space through the window-paned ceiling. Alone, or with someone special, it's easy to relax while contemplating the universe, bringing to mind the mantra of real-estate selection—location, location, location.

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- Barry T., Contractor

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FUTURE OF VICE

(continued from page 98)

of Student Affairs for Northwestern University. The second match was the 1998 Who's Who in the Men's and Boys' Wear Industry. (Confidential to the Men's and Boys' Wear Industry: You might want to give Northernlight.com a call about your listing.)

I pressed on, narrowing my search to the promising-sounding Personal Pages folder provided by the search engine. I was rewarded with 179,635 vicious items. But as I cleansed my already fogged glasses in anticipation of several hours of delightful research—what a great assignment—I found that the first five listings included a roster of agricultural organizations and the bylaws of the American Philatelic Society.

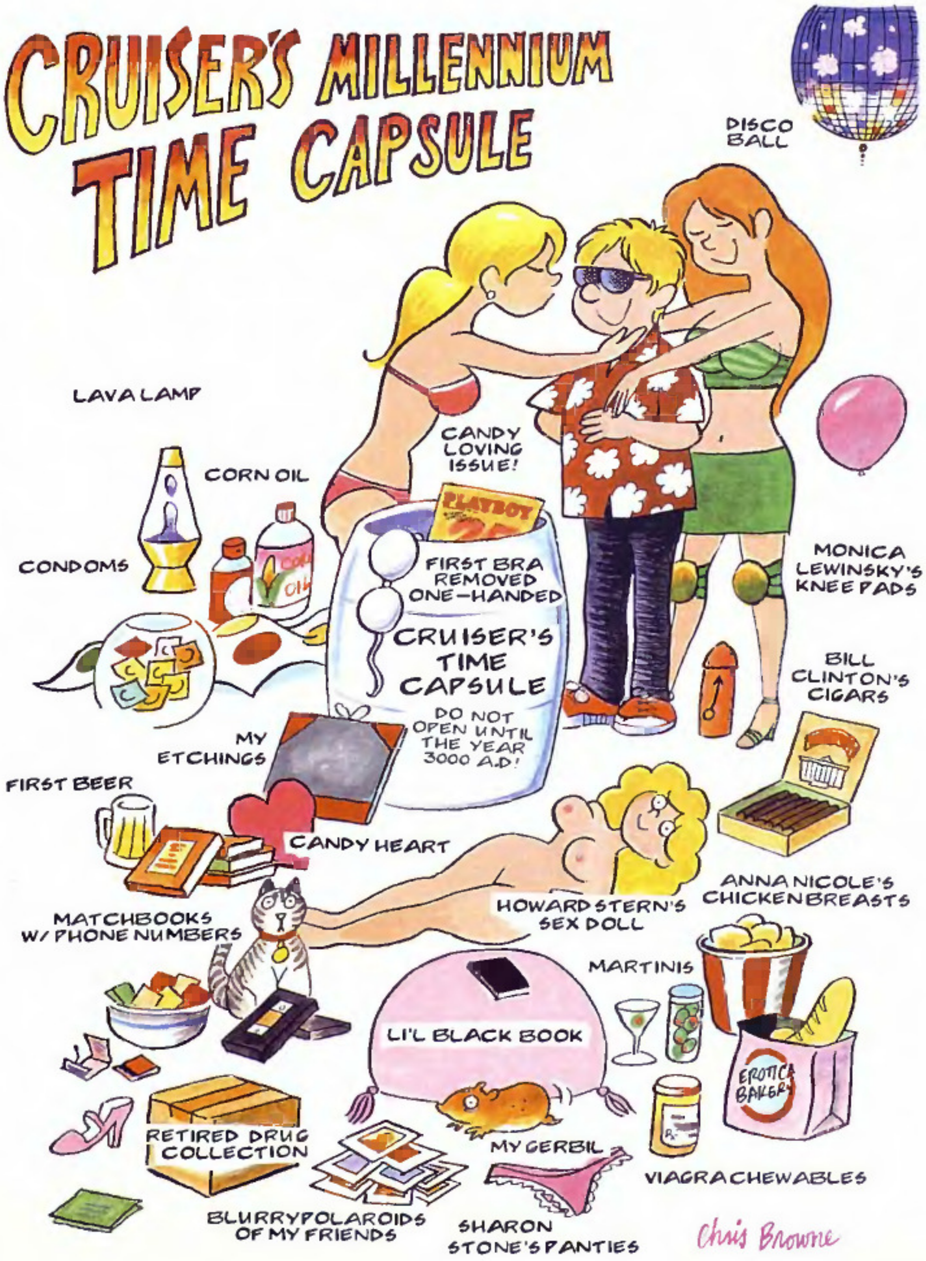
As a youngster, I collected stamps, and I can recall nothing vicious in it. Had there been developments in the gentle, even noble field of philately since I had put down the magnifying glass? Or had some non-English-speaking data enterer in Malaysia aurally confused the words philately and fellatio? I puzzled, eventually deciding that the only link between the two pursuits was the repeated administration of a fleshy organ of the mouth. Among the top-ranked vice sites, the only listing that seemed worthy of the category was the Bylaws of Kappa Omicron Chapter, Alpha Phi Omega.

I then instructed Northernlight.com to search its capacious hippocampus for listings of the word virtue. Thus we arrive at the bad news: There were a mere 470,923 listings in this category. This amounts to a vice-to-virtue ratio of about ten to one. To be honest, I did not peruse the half-million entries under this frankly boring category. I did make it through several hundred of the vice listings, and finally did have to go stand under an icy shower. When I returned to my desk, I found that I had forgotten to log off and my hard drive was very hard indeed.

What does this inquiry tell us? Not much, to be honest, though it was fun surfing through it all. A little more rummaging produced, courtesy of the Vancouver Public Library's Fort Knox–like quotation bank, the following gem by the great Unitarian Ralph Waldo Emerson: "Men wish to be saved from the mischief of their vices, but not from their vices." Elsewhere, Emerson wrote that we recognized in the words of all great men our own stolen thoughts. So it seemed, once again, as I stared as this sagacious nugget on my screen.

Still, this told me nothing of the future of vice. I decided to look at vice's past as a predictor of its future. I scanned more words by the wise. Finally, I came to this, courtesy of Tacitus, the Roman historian (A.D. 55–117): "There will be vice as long as there are men." It's taking nothing away from Tacitus to say, *No kidding*. His is not an altogether elegant or even original thought, even for something uttered 2000 years ago. But then Tacitus managed to survive the parlous reigns of some of the most spectacularly vicious emperors of human history—Tiberius, whose indulgences in his pleasure villas on the isle of Capri included using little babies as, well, never mind; Nero, whose later reign included, among other felicitous innovations, the practice of using members of the new Jesus sect as streetlamps; and Vespasian, who inaugurated his new coliseum with an opening day slaughter of 5000 animals (the number of humans slaughtered that day does not, oddly, survive). Given his times, Tacitus' somewhat stern, moralizing tone in his histories should at least be placed in context.

Who's to say that the old scold might not look at the Rome of today, whose symbol is not a depraved or fiddling emperor but a frail, stooped old man in white, standing on a balcony every Sunday at 11:00, blessing the crowd gathered below, wishing peace to the world beyond the square, and conclude that even if vice is going to be with us as long as there are men, some definite changes had taken place during the sanguinary two millennia since his sandals trod the stones of the Eternal City? Two thousand years ago, the most powerful ruler on earth could do whatever he wanted in private. Today, the most powerful man on earth can do—whatever he wants to in private. But if he gets caught, we get to make fun of him, and he can't use us for streetlights. That's progress. Meanwhile, something simply must be done about those reprobates at the American Philatelic Society.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MATCHBOOKS W/ PHONE NUMBERS
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RETIRED DRUG COLLECTION
MY GERBIL
VIAGRA CHEWABLES
BLURRY POLAROIDS OF MY FRIENDS
SHARON STONE'S PANTIES
Chris Browne

Millennium Express

(continued from page 106)

of a portly man with the florid jowly face of a Roman Caesar. "What's going on? Where's the fire?"

"A bomb," the man gasped. "In the Sistine Chapel!"

"No," cried Vulpius. "Impossible! Unthinkable!"

"The church will go next. Run!" He broke free of Vulpius' grasp and went sprinting away.

Vulpius, though, found himself unable to flee. He took a couple of wobbly steps toward the obelisk at the center of the plaza. The pillar of fire above the Vatican roof was growing broader. The air was stiflingly hot. It will all be destroyed, he thought, the Chapel, the Rooms of Raphael, the Vatican Library, the entire dazzling horde of treasures that he had visited only a few hours before. They have struck again, it seems. They. They.

He reached the steps at the base of the obelisk and paused there, panting in the heat. An oddly familiar face swam up out of the smoky haze: bald head, prominent nose, intensely penetrating eyes. Unforgettable eyes.

The little man from Istanbul, the day when the ruins had been destroyed.

Beside him was the other little man, the one with the thick bushy hair and moody, poetic gaze. Leaning against the obelisk itself was the very big one, the handsome man with the immense shoulders. And, next to him, the wiry, long-legged one.

The same four men Vulpius had seen at Istanbul. Staring wide-eyed, transfixed by the sight of the burning building. Their faces, red with the reflection of the fiery glow overhead, displayed a kind of grim joy, an almost ecstatic delight.

Another catastrophe, and the same four men present at it? That went beyond the possibilities of coincidence.

No. No.

Not a coincidence at all.

•

He has been pursuing them around the world ever since, traveling now not as a tourist but as a secret agent of the informal governmental police that maintains such order as is still necessary to be enforced in the world. He has seen them at their filthy work, again and again, one monstrous cataclysm after another. The trashing of the Taj Mahal, the attack on Tibet's lofty Potala, the tumbling of the Parthenon, high on its acropolis above the lake that once was Athens. They are always present at these acts of premillennial vandalism. So is he, now. He has taken care, though, not to let them see him.

By this time he knows their names.

The little one with the terrifying staring eyes is called Pablo Picasso. He had been cloned from the remains of some famous artist of a thousand years before. Vulpius has taken the trouble to look up some of the original Picasso's work: There is plenty of it in every museum, wild, stark, garish, utterly incomprehensible paintings, women shown in profile with both eyes visible at once, humanoid monsters with the heads of bulls, jumbled gaudy landscapes showing scenes not to be found anywhere in the real world. But of course this Picasso is only a clone, fabricated from a scrap of the genetic material of his ancient namesake; whatever other sins he may have committed, he cannot be blamed for the paintings. Nor does he commit new ones of the same disagreeable sort, or of any sort at all. No one paints pictures anymore.

The other little man is Albert Einstein, another clone fashioned from a man of the previous millennium—a thinker, a scientist, responsible for something called the theory of relativity. Vulpius has been unable to discover precisely what that theory was, but it hardly matters, since the present Einstein probably has no idea of its meaning either. Science itself is as obsolete as painting. All that was in need of discovering has long since been discovered.

The big husky man's name is Ernest Hemingway. He too owes his existence to a shred of DNA retrieved from the thousand-years-gone corpse of a celebrated figure, this one a writer. Vulpius has retrieved some of the first Hemingway's work from the archives. It means little to him, but perhaps it has lost something in translation into modern Anglic. And in any case the writing and reading of stories are diversions that are no longer widely practiced. The 20th century historical context that Vulpius consults indicates that in his own time, at least, Hemingway was considered an important man of letters.

Vjong Cleversmith, the fourth of the vandals, has been cloned from a man dead a little less than 200 years, which means that no grave-robbing was necessary in order to obtain the cells from which he was grown. The ancestral Cleversmith, like nearly everyone else in recent centuries, had left samples of his genetic material on deposit in the cloning vaults. The record indicates that he was an architect: The Great Singapore Tower, brought now to ruination by his own posthumous gene-bearer, was regarded as his masterwork.

The very concept of cloning makes Vulpius queasy. There is a ghoulishness about it, an eeriness, that he dislikes.

There is no way to replicate in clones the special qualities, good or bad, that distinguished the people from whom they were drawn. The resemblance is purely a physical one. Those who specify that they are to be cloned after death may believe that they are attaining

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immortality of a sort, but to Vulpius it has always seemed that what is achieved is a facsimile of the original, a kind of animated statue, a mere external simulation. Yet the practice is all but universal. In the past 500 years the people of the third millennium have come to dislike the risks and burdens of actual childbearing and child rearing. Even though a lifetime of two centuries is no longer unusual, the increasing refusal to reproduce and the slow but steady emigration to the various artificial satellite planetoids have brought the number of earth's inhabitants to its lowest level since prehistoric times. Cloning is practiced not only as an amusement but as a necessary means of fending off depopulation as well.

Vulpius himself has occasionally played with the notion that he too is a clone. He has only vague memories of his parents, who are mere blurred elongated shadows in his mind, faceless and unknowable, and sometimes he thinks he has imagined even those. There is no evidence to support this: His progenitors' names are set down in the archives, though the last contact he had with either of them was at the age of four. But again and again he finds himself toying with the thought that he could not have been conceived of man and woman in the ancient sweaty way, but instead was assembled and decanted under laboratory conditions. Many people he knows have this fantasy.

But for this quartet, these men whom Vulpius has followed across the world all this year, clonehood is no fantasy. They are genuine replicas of men who lived long ago. And now they spend their days taking a terrible revenge against the world's surviving antiquities. Why was that? What pleasure did this rampage of destruction give them? Could it be that clones were different from naturally conceived folk, that they lacked all reverence for the artifacts of other times?

Vulpius wants very much to know what drives them. More than that, they must be stopped from doing further mischief. The time has come to confront them directly, straightforwardly, and command them in the name of civilization to halt.

To do that, he supposes, he will have to hike up the flank of the Matterhorn to their secluded lodge close to the summit. He has been there once already to plant the spy-eye and found it a long and arduous walk that he is not eager to make a second time. But luck is with him. They have chosen to descend into the town of Zermatt this bright warm afternoon. Vulpius encounters Hemingway and Einstein in the cobbled, swaybacked main street, outside a pretty little shop whose dark half-timbered facade gives it a look of incalculable age: a survivor, no doubt, of that long-ago era when there were no palm trees here, when this highland valley and the mighty Alpine peak just beyond it were part of winter's bleak realm, a land eternally imprisoned in ice and snow, a playground for those who thrived on chilly pleasures.

"Excuse me," Vulpius says, approaching them boldly.

They look at him uneasily. Perhaps they realize that they have seen him more than once before.

But he intends to be nothing if not forthright with them. "Yes, you know me," he tells them. "My name is Strettin Vulpius. I was there the day Istanbul was destroyed. I was in the plaza outside St. Peter's when the Vatican burned."

"Were you, now?" says Hemingway. His eyes narrow like a sleepy cat's. "Yes, come to think of it, you do look familiar."

"Agra," Vulpius says. "Lhasa. Athens."

"He gets around," says Einstein.

"A world traveler," says Hemingway, nodding.

Picasso now has joined the group, with Cleversmith just behind him. Vulpius says, "You'll be departing soon for Paris, won't you?"

"What's that?" Cleversmith asks, looking startled.

Hemingway leans over and whispers something in his ear. Cleversmith's expression darkens.

"Let there be no pretense," says Vulpius stonily. "I know what you have in mind, but the Louvre must not be touched."

Picasso says, "There's nothing in it but a lot of dusty junk, you know."

Vulpius shakes his head. "Junk to you, perhaps. To the rest of us the things you've been destroying are precious. I say, enough is enough. You've had your fun. Now it has to stop."

Cleversmith indicates the colossal mass of the Matterhorn above the town. "You've been eavesdropping on us, have you?"

"For the past five or six days."

"That isn't polite, you know."

"And blowing up museums is?"

"Everyone's entitled to some sort of pastime," says Cleversmith. "Why do you want to interfere with ours?"

"You actually expect me to answer that?"

"It seems like a reasonable question to me."

Vulpius does not quite know, for the moment, how to reply to that. Into his silence Picasso says, "Do we really need to stand here discussing all this in the public street? We've got some excellent brandy in our lodge."

•

It does not occur to Vulpius except in the most theoretical way that he might be in danger. Touching off an eruption of Mount Vesuvius, causing the foundation of the Washington Monument to give way, dropping a turbulence bomb amid the ruins of Byzantium, all these are activities of one certain sort; actually taking human life is a different kind of thing entirely. It is not done. There has not been an instance of it in centuries.

The possibility exists, of course, that these four might well be capable of it. No one has destroyed any museums in a long time either, perhaps not since the savage and brutal 20th century in which the originals of three of these four men lived their lives. But these are not actual men of the 20th century, and, in any case, from what Vulpius knows of their originals he doubts that they themselves would have been capable of murder. He will take his chances up above.

The brandy is, in fact, superb. Picasso pours with a free hand, filling and refilling the sparkling bowl-shaped glasses. Only Hemingway refuses to partake. He is not, he explains, fond of drinking.

Vulpius is astonished by the mountaintop villa's elegance and comfort. He had visited it surreptitiously the week before, entering in the absence of the conspirators to plant his spy-eye, but stayed only long enough then to do the job. Now he has the opportunity to view it in detail. It is a magnificent aerie, a chain of seven spherical rooms clinging to a craggy out-thrust fang of the Matterhorn. Great gleaming windows everywhere provide views of the surrounding peaks and spires and the huge breathtaking chasm that separates the mountain from the town below. The air outside is moist and mild. Tropical vines and blossoming shrubs grow all about. It is hard even to imagine that this once was a place of glittering glaciers and killing cold.

"Tell us," Cleversmith says after a while, "why it is you believe that the artifacts of the former world are worthy of continued preservation. Eh, Vulpius? What do you say?"

"You have it upside down," Vulpius says. "I don't need to do any defending. You do."

"Do I? We do as we please. For us it is pleasant sport. No lives are lost. Mere useless objects are swept into nonexistence, which they deserve. What possible objection can you have to that?"

"They are the world's heritage. They are all we have to show for 10,000 years of civilization."

"Listen to him," says Einstein, laughing. "Civilization!"

"Civilization," says Hemingway, "gave us the great warming. There was ice up here once, you know. There were huge ice packs at both poles. They melted and flooded half the planet. The ancients caused that to happen. Is that something to be proud of, what they did?"

"I think it is," Vulpius says with a defiant glare. "It brought us our wonderful gentle climate. We have parks and gardens everywhere, even in these mountains. Would you prefer ice and snow?"

"Then there's war," Cleversmith says.

wedge that goes through Vulpius with shattering force. In a single frightful moment he sees that all is over, that the many months of his quest have been pointless. He has no power to thwart this kind of passionate intensity. That much is clear to him now. They are making an art form out of destruction, it seems. Very well. Let them do as they please. Let them. Let them. If this is what they need to do, he thinks, what business is it of his? There's no way his logic can be any match for their lunacy.

Cleversmith is saying, "Do you know what a train is, Vulpius?"

"A train. Yes."

"We're at the station. The train is coming, the Millennium Express. It'll take us from the toxic past to the radiant future. We don't want to miss the train, do we, Vulpius?"

"The train is coming," says Vulpius. "Yes." Picasso, irrepressible, waves yet another flask of brandy at him. Vulpius shakes him off. Outside, the first shafts of golden sunlight are cutting through the dense atmospheric vapors. Jagged Alpine peaks, mantled in jungle greenery reddened by the new day, glow in the distance, Mont Blanc to the west, the Jungfrau in the north, Monte Rosa to the east. The gray-green plains of Italy unroll southward.

"This is our last chance to save ourselves," says Cleversmith urgently. "We have to act now, before the new era can get a grasp on us and throttle us into obedience." He looms up before Vulpius, weaving in the dimness of the room like a serpent. "I ask you to help us."

"Surely you can't expect me to take part in——"

"Decide for us, at least. The Louvre has to go. That's a given. Well, then: Implosion or explosion, which is it to be?"

"Implosion," says Einstein, swaying from side to side in front of Vulpius. The soft eyes beg for his support. Behind him, Hemingway makes vociferous gestures of agreement.

"No," Picasso says. "Blow it up!" He flings his arms outward. "Boom! Boom!"

"Boom, yes," says Cleversmith very quietly. "I agree. So, Vulpius, you will cast the deciding vote."

"No. I absolutely refuse to——"

"Which? Which? One or the other?"

They march around and around him, demanding that he decide the issue for them. They will keep him here, he sees, until he yields. Well, what difference does it make—explode, implode? Destruction is destruction.

"Suppose we toss a coin for it," Cleversmith says finally, and the others nod eager agreement. Vulpius is not sure what that means, tossing a coin, but sighs in relief: Apparently he is off the hook. But then Cleversmith produces a sleek bright disk of silvery metal from his pocket and presses it into Vulpius' palm. "Here," he says. "You do it."

Coinage is long obsolete. This is an artifact, hundreds of years old, probably stolen from some museum. It bears a surging three-tailed comet on one face and the solar system symbol on the other. "Heads, we explode; tails, we implode," Einstein declares. "Go on, dear friend. Toss it and catch it and tell us which side is up." They crowd in, close up against him. Vulpius tosses the coin aloft, catches it with a desperate lunge, claps it down against the back of his left hand. Holds it covered for a moment. Reveals it. The comet is showing. But is that side heads or tails? He has no idea.

Cleversmith says sternly, "Well? Heads or tails?"

Vulpius, at the last extremity of fatigue, smiles benignly up at him. Heads or tails, what does it matter? What concern of his is any of this?

"Heads," he announces randomly. "Explosion."

"Boom!" exclaims a jubilant Picasso. "Boom! Boom! Boom!"

"My friend, you have our deepest thanks," Cleversmith says. "We are all agreed, then, that the decision is final? Ernest? Albert?"

"May I go back to my hotel now?" Vulpius asks.

They accompany him down the mountainside, see him home, wish him a fond farewell. But they are not quite done with him. He is still asleep, late that afternoon, when they come down into Zermatt to fetch him. They are leaving for Paris at once, Cleversmith informs him, and he is invited to accompany them. He must witness their deed once more; he must give it his benediction. Helplessly he watches as they pack his bag. A car is waiting outside.

"Paris," Cleversmith tells it, and off they go.

Picasso sits beside him. "Brandy?" he asks.

"Thank you, no."

"Don't mind if I do?"

Vulpius shrugs. His head is pounding. Cleversmith and Hemingway, in the front seat, are singing raucously. Picasso, a moment later, joins in, and then Einstein. Each one of them seems to be singing in a different key. Vulpius takes the flask from Picasso and pours some brandy for himself with an unsteady hand.

In Paris, Vulpius rests at their hotel, a venerable gray heap just south of the Seine, while they go about their tasks. This is the moment to report them to the authorities, he knows. Briefly he struggles to find the will to do what is necessary. But it is not there. Somehow all desire to intervene has been burned out of him. Perhaps, he thinks, the all-too-placid world needs the goad of strife that these exasperating men so gleefully provide. In any case the train is nearing the station; it's too late to halt it now.

"Come with us," Hemingway says, beckoning from the hallway.

He follows them, willy-nilly. They lead him to the highest floor of the building and through a doorway that leads onto the roof. The sky is a wondrous black star-speckled vault overhead. Heavy tropic warmth hangs over Paris this December night. Just before them lies the river, glinting by the light of a crescent moon. The row of ancient bookstalls along its rim is visible, and the bulk of the Louvre across the way, and the spires of Notre Dame far off to the right.

"What time is it?" Einstein asks.

"Almost midnight," says Picasso. "Shall we do it, Vjong?"

"As good a time as any," Cleversmith says, and touches two tiny contacts together.

For a moment nothing happens. Then there is a deafening sound and a fiery lance spurts up out of the glass pyramid in the courtyard of the museum on the far side of the river. Two straight fissures appear in the courtyard's pavement, crossing at 90-degree angles, and quickly the entire surface of the courtyard peels upward and outward along the lines of the subterranean incision, hurling two quadrants toward the river and flipping the other two backward into the streets of the Right Bank. As the explosion gathers force, the thick-walled medieval buildings of the surrounding quadrangle of the Louvre are carried high into the air, the inner walls giving way first, then the dark line of the roof. Into the air go the hoarded treasures of the ages, *Mona Lisa* and the *Winged Victory of Samothrace*, *Venus de Milo* and the *Law-Codex of Hammurabi*, Rembrandt and Botticelli, Michelangelo and Rubens, Titian and Brueghel and Bosch, all soaring grandly overhead. The citizenry of Paris, having heard that great boom, rush into the streets to watch the spectacle. The midnight sky is raining the billion fragments of a million masterpieces. The crowd is cheering.

And then an even greater cry goes up, wrung spontaneously from 10,000 throats. The hour of the new millennium has come. It is, very suddenly, the year 3000. Fireworks erupt everywhere, a dazzling sky-splitting display, brilliant reds and purples and greens forming sphere within sphere within sphere. Hemingway and Picasso are dancing together about the rooftop, the big man and the small. Einstein does a wild solo, flinging his arms about. Cleversmith stands statue still, head thrown back, face a mask of ecstasy. Vulpius, who has begun to tremble with strange excitement, is surprised to find himself cheering with all the rest. Unexpected tears of joy stream from his eyes. He is no longer able to deny the logic of these men's madness. The iron hand of the past has been flung aside. The new era will begin with a clean slate.

"Battle, bloodshed, bombs. People dying by tens of millions. We barely have tens of millions of people anymore, and they would kill off that many in no time at all in their wars. That's what the civilization you love so much accomplished. That's what all these fancy temples and museums commemorate, you know. Terror and destruction."

"The Taj Mahal, Sistine Chapel——"

"Pretty in themselves," says Einstein. "But get behind the prettiness and you find that they're just symbols of oppression, conquest, tyranny. Wherever you look in the ancient world, that's what you find: oppression, conquest, tyranny. Better that all of that is swept away, wouldn't you think?"

Vulpius is speechless.

"Have another brandy," Picasso says, and fills everyone's glass unasked.

Vulpius sips. He's already had a little too much, and perhaps there's some risk in having more just now, because he feels it already affecting his ability to respond to what they are saying. But it is awfully good.

He shakes his head to clear it and says, "Even if I were to accept what you claim, that everything beautiful left to us from the ancient world is linked in some way to the terrible crimes of the ancients, the fact is that those crimes are no longer being committed. No matter what their origin, the beautiful objects that the people of the past left behind ought to be protected and admired for their great beauty, which perhaps we're incapable of duplicating today. Whereas if you're allowed to have your way, we'll soon be left without anything that represents——"

"What did you say?" Cleversmith interrupts. "'Which perhaps we're incapable of duplicating today,' wasn't it? Yes. That's what you said. And I quite agree. It's an issue we need to consider, my friend, because it has bearing on our dispute. Where's today's great art? Or great science, for that matter? Picasso, Einstein, Hemingway—the original ones—who today can match their work?"

Vulpius says, "And don't forget your own ancestor, Cleversmith, who built the Great Singapore Tower, which you yourself turned to so much rubble."

"My point exactly. He lived 200 years ago. We still had a little creativity left, then. Now we function on the accumulated intellectual capital of the past."

"What are you talking about?" Vulpius says, bewildered.

"Come. Here. Look out this window. What do you see?"

"The mountainside. Your villa's garden, and the forest beyond."

"A garden, yes. A glorious one. And on and on right to the horizon, garden after garden. It's Eden out there, Vulpius. That's an ancient name for paradise. Eden. We live in paradise."

"Is there anything wrong with that?"

"Nothing much gets accomplished in paradise," Hemingway says. "Look at the four of us: Picasso, Hemingway, Einstein, Cleversmith. What have we created in our lives, we four, that compares with the work of the earlier men who had those names?"

"But you aren't those men. You're nothing but clones."

They seem stung by that for an instant. Then Cleversmith, recovering quickly, says, "Precisely so. We carry the genes of great ancient overachievers, but we do nothing to fulfill our own potential. We're superfluous men, mere genetic reservoirs. Where are our great works? It's as though our famous forebears have done it all and nothing's left for us to attempt.

"What would be the point of writing Hemingway's books all over again, or painting Picasso's paintings, or——

"I don't mean that. There's no need for us to do their work again, obviously, but why haven't we even done our own? I'll tell you why. Life's too easy nowadays. I mean that without strife, without challenge——"

"No," Vulpius says. "Ten minutes ago Einstein here was arguing that the Taj Mahal and the Sistine Chapel had to be destroyed because they're symbols of a bloody age of tyranny and war. That thesis made very little sense to me, but let it pass, because now you seem to be telling me that what we need most in the world is a revival of war——"

"Of challenge," says Cleversmith. He leans forward. His entire body is taut. His eyes now have taken on some of the intensity of Picasso's. In a low voice he says, "We are slaves to the past, do you know that? Out of that grisly brutal world that lies a thousand years behind us came the soft life that we all lead today, which is killing us with laziness and boredom. It's antiquity's final joke. We have to sweep it all away, Vulpius. We have to make the world risky again. Give him another drink, Pablo."

"No. I've had enough."

But Picasso pours. Vulpius drinks.

"Let me see if I understand what you are trying to say——"

•

Somewhere during the long boozy night the truth finds him like an arrow coursing through darkness: These men are fiercely resentful of being clones and want to destroy the world's past so that their own lives can at last be decoupled from it. They may be striking at the Blue Mosque and the Sistine Chapel, but their real targets are Picasso, Hemingway, Cleversmith and Einstein. And, somewhere much later in that sleepless night, just as a jade-hued dawn streaked with broad swirling swaths of scarlet and topaz is breaking over the Alps, Vulpius' own resistance to their misdeeds breaks down. He is more tipsy than he has ever been before, and weary almost to tears besides. And when Picasso suddenly says, "By the way, Vulpius, what are the great accomplishments of your life?" he collapses inwardly before the thrust.

"Mine?" he says dully, blinking in confusion.

"Yes. We're mere clones, and nothing much is to be expected from us, but what have you managed to do with your time?"

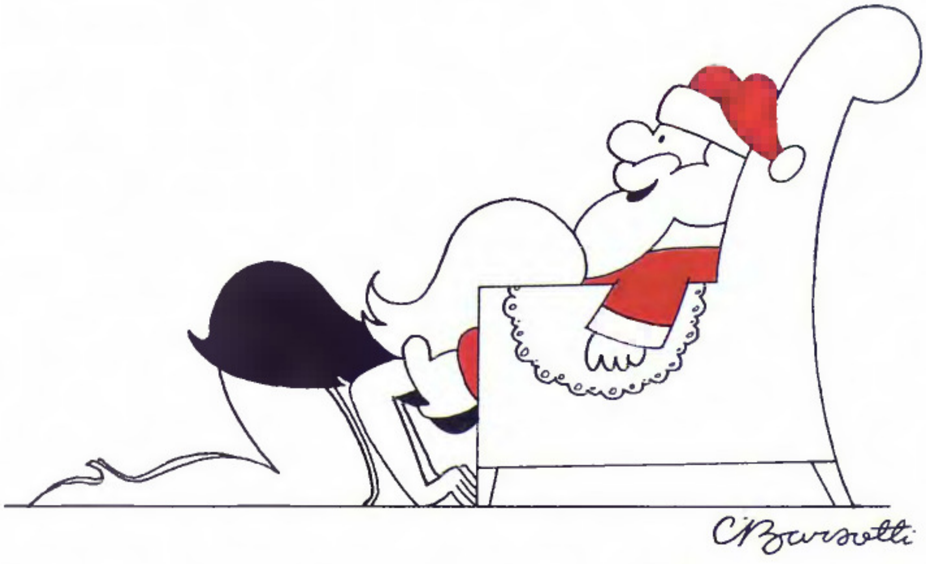
"Well, I travel, I observe, I study phenomena——"

"And then what?"

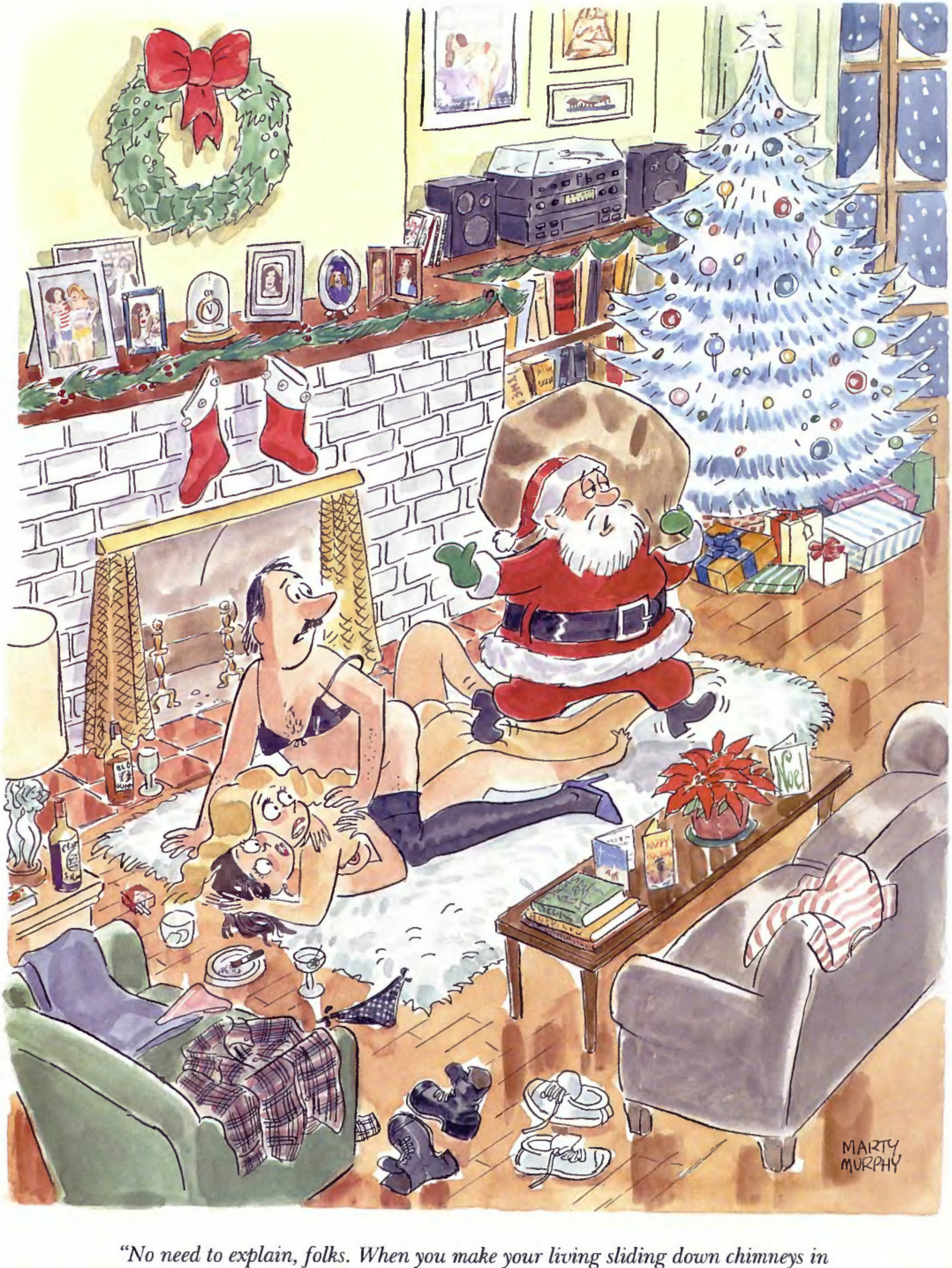
He pauses a moment. "Why, nothing. I take the next trip."

"Ah. I see."

Picasso's cold smile is diabolical, a



"Oh, I won't forget. You get a BMW convertible and your ex-husband gets a lump of coal."


Noel
MARTY MURPHY

"No need to explain, folks. When you make your living sliding down chimneys in the middle of the night, nothing surprises you!"

FUTURE OF VIRTUE

(continued from page 99)

and mother reduces their reliance on public health care); some serve moral ends (incest is an ethical taboo). To steal a horse, back when your horse was critical to your livelihood, could get you hanged. They also hanged sailors disrespectful of the (necessarily) omnipotent captain of a ship. The varying severity of sanctions imposed reflected the cultural perspectives and moral temperature of the tablet-keepers of the day. Moses ordained capital punishment for a dozen offenses; the current Pope counsels an end to capital punishment for *any* offense.

Immanuel Kant taught that we could deduce most of the commonly accepted virtues from the operative needs of social life. If you permit the theft of other people's property, your own property is forfeit. If you don't enforce a contract, commercial activity becomes problematic. If you scorn minority rights, the majority has reason to fear for its own status, suddenly transient. An acknowledgment of the rights of John is a virtue. We do not covet his goods or his wife and we love him as ourselves.

Now, rights are protected by government, actively (the robber goes to jail) or passively (Congress shall pass no law abridging free speech). But entrusting to government the protection of rights is a dodgy business inasmuch as government is a primary aggressor. H.L. Mencken called government "the enemy of every industrious and well-disposed man." There is a lot of 100-proof Mencken in that reductionism—but also a heavy dose of historical prudence. The government is, year after year, century after century, the primary predator on human freedom. So isn't the containment of government a virtue? The Bill of Rights was an explicit containment of government. Wasn't it then a "virtuous" accomplishment?

Q: You've said that the defense of others' rights is a virtue. Are you now saying that freedom is a virtue?

A: No, because freedom can activate the good as well as the bad. And freedom is subject to limitations, because it can be abused. But what is an abuse of your freedom, this side of the John–Jane kindergarten level of abuse (don't kill or steal)? Isn't it sometimes an act of *goodness*—a practice of virtue—to exert social and political duress? It is likely the next generation(s) will tell us, however meanderingly, that the progressively intimate interactions of the modern age will require proportional limitations on individual choice. A hundred years ago you didn't need traffic lights.

•

Ayn Rand wrote a book in the tradition of the utopian tract. In *Anthem*, people find themselves in isolation and devise, after a long period of experimentation, what is best for all and for one. They discover capitalism and freedom—the worship of which consumed much of Rand's life not devoted to self-worship. Her idea was interesting. She said that if people are left absolutely alone—cut off from patrimony or tradition—she knows which are the virtues that will crystallize. Aiding the orphan and visiting the infirm? No, *no*, such biblical virtues are in the discredited tradition of the Good Samaritan. Ms. Rand disdained "altruism." Altruism gets in the way of egoistic satisfactions (the pursuit of which is the primary end of life).

Altruism is what happens when one individual increases the welfare of another at the expense of his own.

SANTA'S
WORKSHOP
WOODMAN

"Shall we start with some hors d'oeuvres?"

Randism ("objectivism") bumps into a problem here because a gene complex can evidently pass through a population without requiring the survival of any one individual. As one analyst put it, "If you die to save ten close relatives, one carrier of the 'kin altruism' genetic message is lost, but a large number—those of your relatives—are saved."

This is nice, transpositivist news; but still we wonder. Would the genetically uninstructed society—gestated, born and raised without any tradition of virtuous behavior—intuit the point in going out of one's way to teach the neighbor's neglected child how to read or how to play baseball?

So, you have to ask real questions about real life. Unless we have a proper doomsday nuclear event, we won't be going through an *Anthem*-like social rebirth. We're going to depend on traditions. My guess is that the mightiest engine in promoting virtue will continue to be religion, the opposite of objectivism, inasmuch as it teaches not self-concern but self-sacrifice, and not indifference to others but a strenuous love of others. It teaches piety.

Never mind that we'll probably swim right over Y2K, maybe not even noticing more than a ripple or two. But the cyberworld looms, and life is closing in on us. That's OK. You don't need open spaces to practice virtue—you can practice virtue in a slave camp alongside an Ivan Denisovich.

But the more congested life is, the more traffic lights one has to expect. And the society is healthier that yields to traffic lights out of concern less for the law than for a genial concern for others.

These, then, are the antipodes ahead: the straitened confinement of man in modern society, hemmed in by the fruits (the computer) and the curses (the nuclear bomb) of technology—and the vindication of man through the emancipating pursuit of virtue. My generation was taught that the tightness of space in Japan induced the extraordinary courtesies associated with Asian culture. Tomorrow America will still be a land of vast uncrowded areas, but wherever we hide, the cybercloud will hover over us. We'll hear, then, the call for transcendent thought. The pursuit of happiness and the pursuit of virtue will fuse in the great meltdown of the next millennium.

So what of lying by the chief of state? Of suborning the confidence of the people? The culture that let that happen needs to be revitalized. It simply doesn't work if everybody lies and nobody cares. The old virtues are sitting around, and the challenge is to reaffirm their tenure, even as we did Clinton's in a thoughtless moment. And to remind ourselves of the high credentials of the virtues Clinton scorned.

ONE OR TWO STEPS BEHIND

(continued from page 187)

someone else who'd have to pay for it.

Who would have thought any pet could be so expensive?

At the end of the day the cab came. He bundled the cat-in-the-box in his muffler and into the cab, and the cab crawled southward, slowly southward, the box on his lap.

The cabdriver was silent. The early night—you couldn't call it evening—shut down cold and final. He was going to the beauty whom he did not love, with a gift to propitiate her after no quarrel or outward break but the assurance that she, as he, knew that it did not work.

He gave the cat to her. He marveled at her ability, her honesty, it seemed to him—at their ability to face the issue.

She looked at the gift and looked at him.

"Thank you," she said. "I'm sorry that we were not everything to each other that I'd hoped we'd be." At that instant he almost regretted and was sorry and a bit frightened that he could not regret the break.

He left her with the cat. Afraid, in the last moments, that she would return it to him—he didn't want the thing, he couldn't live with it at the hotel, and he did not want to attempt to ask the store to take it back and meet, he was sure, their refusal to do so.

He was comforted by the penance of the gift's expense. Well, he thought, that's something. . . .

He nodded at her, and, as there seemed nothing more to say, he left.

•

Years later, in New York, he saw her again.

He had been married to a woman he did not love, and had, since the first moments of marriage, been "making it work."

He'd gone for a walk to get out of the house, and on his walk he saw her.

She came over to him and smiled. She lived, it seemed, right in the neighborhood. She asked him to come up to her flat for a cup of tea.

He said he heard she had a fellow; were they still together?

"Yes," she said. "Now he's out of town."

It was a small bright apartment, looking down the avenue; so neat and pleasant. Naturally resembling her room in the other flat.

Simple and spare and clean. Like her.

She said, as it was Sunday, would he like a drink? She thought she'd make a daiquiri; would he prefer that to tea?

All right, he said, and she made daiquiris. She said, of her man, that they were not getting along so well these days, and she made some reference—he could never, as he thought back, recollect exactly what—to the man's shortcomings as a lover.

No, he was away, she said.

She asked after him. "I heard you were married," she said.

"Yes."

He drank the drink and felt mature and self-directed—two adults, accountable only to their senses of the fitting, having the unusual daylight drink. They drank the pitcher of drinks and then another.

"This is a beautiful apartment," he said.

"Yes. I like the light. Do you know why, though," she said, "the people across the way—can you see, where the shade is up? Most mornings, almost every morning, they're in there, he is in there, and making love. Almost every morning."

He looked out across the narrow street to the window that she seemed to indicate.

"Making love," she said. And they had another drink.

After a while he looked at his watch.

"Well," he said. "Well, I suppose. . . ."

They talked a short while more, and she made some reference to their affair. He left feeling adult and pleased with himself, and somewhat sorry for his friend, who had, it seemed, an unhappy time with her lover.

Such a lovely woman, he thought. Never saw a lovelier.

And he went back to his wife.

•

Years later, once again in Chicago, he was being bright and jovial at some dinner of friends, trading jokes, warm and familiar at some restaurant—in for the evening, out of the cold.

One joke prompted another and he was reminded of the old man and the way he'd broken his hip.

"Well," the old man said, "I was on the library ladder, and some book must have made me think back to my first trip to France. I was just a boy. There I was, in the hotel. And this pretty young chambermaid came in. A lovely little thing, and turned down the bed, and asked me was there anything else she could do. And I said, 'Thank you, no.'

"Well, she dusted and fussed, and asked was there anything else that I'd want. And I said no.

"And she plumped up the pillows and asked was I sure that there was nothing else she could do for me, and I said, 'Thank you, no.' And she left.

"Then," the old man said, "there I was on the ladder, and it finally dawned on me what she had been talking about the whole time, and I fell off and broke my hip."

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Rupert Everett

(continued from page 221)

about the product, analyzing why people do and don't want you, is counterproductive because most of the time you're *not* wanted. The best way to get through those times is to believe that everyone who doesn't want you is stupid and if they don't get you yet, they will.

5

PLAYBOY: You're writing a movie about a gay secret agent. What kind of special gizmos might James Bond's Q equip your character with?

EVERETT: Poison condoms [*laughs*]. But this isn't meant to be a campy movie. It's more like John Woo's version. The character I'm going to play, Tarquin Thynne, is ruthless and cold and he enjoys the violence to a certain extent—like Bond does in the books. When he knew he had to kill somebody, he wanted to do it well.

6

PLAYBOY: Bond was no slave to fashion. Are you?

EVERETT: Never. Fashion is a nice thing for women, but I think it's rather undignified for men. It's a very dodgy thing. There's nothing more queeny than this Joan Rivers–inspired obsession with male fashion. I'm embarrassed for everyone when a man attends an awards show and is forced to talk about who made his suit. I can't stand men who are too fashion-conscious. A man needs a suit if he needs a suit; otherwise, a tracksuit or a pair of jeans will do. Bond had a pristine appearance, but I don't think that has to do with following fashion. I don't get the impression that in the late Sixties he was suddenly wearing bell-bottom trousers, and in the Seventies he switched to corduroy suits. Bond wore a Saville Row suit with a white shirt and sensible tie through the Fifties, Sixties and Seventies.

7

PLAYBOY: You went to an English public school run by Benedictine monks. What was the discipline like?

EVERETT: They all smelled a bit musty, the monks, but they're actually a nice crowd. Sweet. They were pretty liberal in Catholic terms. Of course, I hated them at the time. Being in an English public school was boring because the English upper class is boring. They're bluff, tweedy bores. From an early age, I dreamed of a life on the boards, or at least a life somewhere away from where I was. The toughest discipline consisted of having to run to this town about eight miles away and then run back. I had to do it a few times before I learned I could just sit by the wayside and smoke cigarettes behind a bush. The nastiest thing about that school was the hierarchy among the kids. The monks were distracted, and they left the running of the place to the elder boys. Sort of *Lord of the Flies*, everyone vying for supremacy in a way I didn't particularly like.

8

PLAYBOY: Prince Edward has finally married. Will this be the one union among the Queen's brood that will stand the test of time? What challenges might he face after walking down the aisle?

EVERETT: I'm not a Royal botanicalist, but I believe the Queen has been disappointed with her other sons because she's been a stubborn cow. And her husband is a little upstart. Things have shifted quite a bit in England since it gave up its empire, and since the war, but there are many of my parents' generation who refuse to let go of the empire ruler mentality. Many of their kids were brought up utterly unprepared to face a modern world, and no one's done it more so than the Queen and Prince Philip. You have to look at the pictures of Prince Charles, when he was five, meeting the Queen when she came back from a long state tour. He was only allowed to shake hands with her. His are totally dysfunctional parents. They're extremely proud and arrogant, and are determined not to move into the 20th century. Their publicists are these groping brigadiers and colonels who haven't got a clue about how to work the media. From my limited royal watching, I feel that the kids are much nicer than the parents and they and their wives have had a really hard time of it, especially Prince Charles, because of the Queen's and Philip's inflexibility and their personal grandeur. Prince Philip is this stickler for tradition. I think he's a thoroughly unpleasant man. I feel sorry for those kids. Prince Edward looks like a nice guy and I hope his marriage works out well. But if I were a woman you couldn't pay me any amount to enter that family.

9

PLAYBOY: What's the difference between the English and American usage of the word cunt?

EVERETT: Simple. In England, it's a word you can use. That's all. Here it's another very good word lost to political correctness. I don't mind bad words—for instance, fuck. I think it's amazing that it's a swearword. After all, it's something most everyone likes doing. It's sweet and harmless. We've overanalyzed things to make something pejorative out of an experience that's so nice. That's a weird madness.

10

PLAYBOY: Because you're what's called an "openly gay actor," you've been deemed the ambassador to straight America. Did that please you or did the subtext of being "acceptable" ruffle your feathers?

ME CHET. YOU JANE.
DAMN. THIS GUY SWIPED MY BEST PICK-UP LINE!
McGOY

EVERETT: You're going too far. Perhaps it was in some way naive, but to tell you the truth, I didn't think twice about it. My acting career has nothing to do with my sexuality. I don't want to be a role model. I don't want to be the Shirley Temple of the gay world. If, as a homosexual man, I'm part of some movement and progress, I'm pleased. I'm not an activist, but I'm happy to stand up and be counted. I really just want to be an actor. If that means playing some gay characters, fine. I'm writing movies in which I play gay characters. But whatever I am is because of my career as an actor and nothing else. If I weren't an actor first and foremost, we wouldn't even be here talking.

11

PLAYBOY: True. What's the most pleasant legacy of having done *My Best Friend's Wedding*?

EVERETT: Talking endlessly about being gay to the media [*pauses*]. I'm being sarcastic [*sighs*]. The most pleasant legacy is the career opportunity it's given me at a point when I didn't really expect one. I had a kind of success early on and then it dispersed, partly through being in the wrong place at the wrong time, and partly because when you're a kid you don't realize that nothing is going to last forever. You put off lots of things; you don't respect events enough. When you're older you think twice before doing things. Having success at this age, I'm more aware that it's a difficult thing to come by and I want to maximize my potential. I realize that with one false move, it could disappear. I know that it's a gamble. But while I'm at the roulette table I want to play with all my might.

As for talking about being gay, if I might come back to that, the thing is that it becomes boring after a while. I was gay last year, I'm gay this year, I'll be gay next year and I just can't be bothered to go on about it all the time. There must be more interesting things than just being gay. Yet most questions come back to being gay. I'm talking about my gay projects and I'm talking about acting gay and being gay at school. You don't talk to a straight actor about their straight projects, or about their being straight in school. But I'm forced to endlessly explain all this. And I find that after a certain point it becomes frustrating. It's not that I want to avoid the fact of what I am, but I don't want my whole fucking existence to be about being gay. I don't see the point. What's also unfair is that when people read this, it looks like that's all I want to talk about. No one gets the fact that it's you asking me endlessly about the subject.

12

PLAYBOY: OK. You've been in two movies with the word monkey in the title—*Inside*

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AT NEWSSTANDS NOW

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Monkey Zetterland and *B. Monkey*—and you've acted with a monkey in *Dunston Checks In*. What are you trying to tell us?

EVERETT: [*Laughs*] Not much. However, the monkey I worked with was, quite honestly, one of my most riveting scene partners to date. Actors, onstage or on film, are pretty much thinking all the time, How can I steal this scene? What can I do? When the other actor is making a speech should I set myself on fire, so that I pull the focus? But a monkey is more of a prima donna than any actress you'll ever work with. The monkey is interested in doing three takes at the most. Also, the monkey is the most manipulative monster you'll ever come across. He will watch you until he figures out your weak spots. In *Dunston*, I wore a hairpiece with a big widow's peak. One day the monkey watched me put it on. During the scene, he bided his time until I had a line and then, poof! He pulled it off my head and stole the moment. When you act with a monkey you have to leave your own ego behind and stop worrying about how to act, because everything revolves around him. Monkeys, by the way, are not dumb animals. My co-star had the intelligence of a four- or five-year-old child.

13

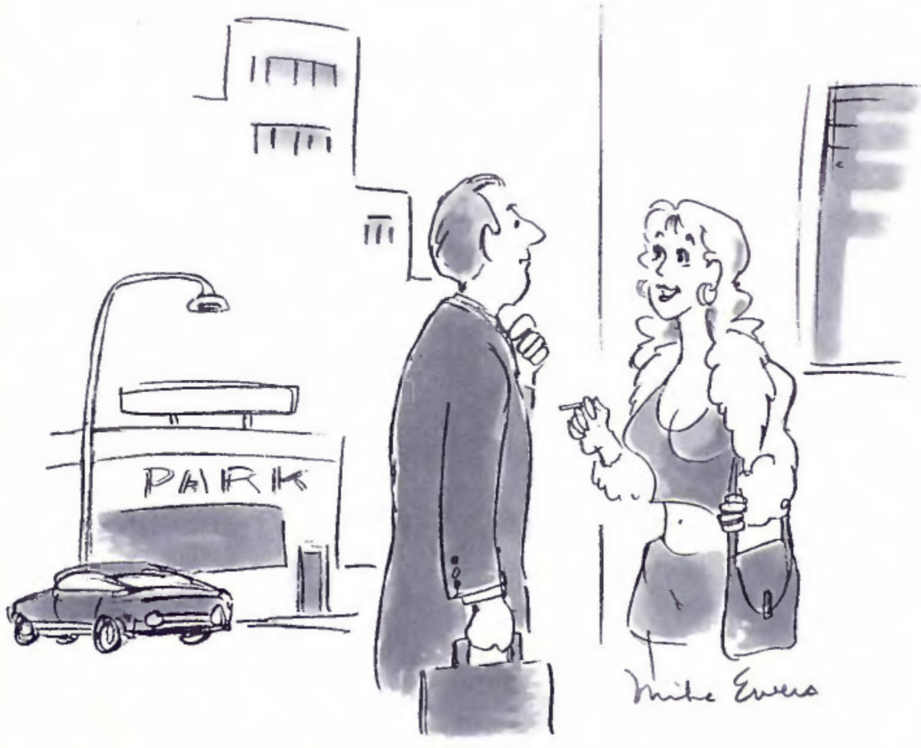
PLAYBOY: In *Dunston Checks In* you did an homage to the English comic actor Terry-Thomas. Take us through T.T.'s oeuvre, and tell us why we should appreciate this underappreciated guy.

EVERETT: Terry is famous for films like *How to Murder Your Wife*, with Jack Lemmon and Virna Lisi—I'd love to do a remake of that—but I discovered him in children's movies like *Those Magnificent Men in Their Flying Machines*. He was part of the generation of great eccentrics between the Thirties and the Sixties in England. Terry was the ultimate cad, scared stiff of everyone but putting on a front. In other words, he's a complete fake who pretends to have a moral fiber according to an old-boy code. But he gets everything wrong. And he hasn't even dealt with sex. There are very few films in which you see him make any effort with a woman because he's just too much of a tragic wimp. But he's very funny and he had the great look that included the gap between his front teeth and a mustache with a little bit cut off in the middle, which accentuated the gap. Terry could also go from lunatic, farcical acting to very tender moments in which he pulled down the facade. He had a sad ending—broke and alone with Parkinson's disease.

14

PLAYBOY: Some scholars believe Christopher Marlowe wrote some of Shakespeare's best plays. You played Marlowe in *Shakespeare in Love* yet went uncredited on screen. Was that a tongue-in-cheek gesture?

EVERETT: Oh my God, I wish I'd thought of that. No, it wasn't really. My uncredited performance came about only because I didn't really see the point of being credited for such a tiny part. Also, I remember seeing *The Boy Friend* by Ken Russell. Glenda Jackson makes an uncredited appearance in the first scene. So you spend the rest of the film going, "Was that Glenda?" It's a good moment, kind of a glamorous thing. It's fun, and better than being listed and pissing off someone who then expects more of you in the film.



"Prices vary. How many resolutions did you want to break?"

15

PLAYBOY: You spent a year and a half in Russia making a miniseries of the classic *And Quiet Flows the Don*. Care to give us the dos and don'ts for touring the former Evil Empire?

EVERETT: Of course, Russia has completely changed since I was there. I arrived a week before the Yeltsin coup against Gorbachev. I was working with this 70-year-old director who'd also made the definitive version of *War and Peace*. I played a folk hero, Grigory Melekhov. There's no equivalent anywhere in the world to this character; everyone has a picture of him in their car, he's so famous. And, speaking of being gay, when the director realized that he'd hired a homosexual actor to play this biggest of folk heroes, his world fell apart [*laughs*].

Being in Russia was the most fantastic experience. And, luckily, because of my public school upbringing, I was really the only person who could deal with it. You're not just cauterized in public schools, in some ways it's like you're in prison. You live in this huge, freezing cold dormitory with iron beds. You use sink rooms—rooms with a million sinks and toilets. It's a very spartan life. So the first morning I woke up in Russia in my luxury apartment covered in red welts from the bed bugs, I thought nothing of it. For the first few weeks there was no hot water. The first week our next-door neighbor burned to death. His body, as well as all his furniture, was carried out at four in the morning and dumped on the street. The mattress and blankets, a chest of drawers, his bedside lamp. It was summer. When autumn came the leaves fell on the mattress, which had a big hole burned in the middle. In winter, snow fell and you could see the outline of the gutted lampshade. Spring came and thawed it all.

I also had a guy cooking for me, and he served me porridge every morning. If any were left over he'd put it outside for the birds. My neighbors found out and tried to stab him, because their lives were so extreme that feeding the birds was insulting.

16

PLAYBOY: You've played moody, sulking characters. Can you explain Montgomery Clift?

EVERETT: He came from an era when everyone celebrated suffering in and for art. That was the iconography of the Seventies, as I was growing up. I read about Clift and James Dean crashing their cars. It was all about Baudelaire and Rimbaud. One's aim in life was to suffer; you wanted to be in a relationship that made you miserable. That's how you discovered the contours of life. The Eighties brought Thatcherism and Regansim, and suffering was completely thrown by the wayside and nobody wanted to hear about anything apart from positive, forward thinking. Get the money and run. There's something interesting about that, too, but it's different from the world Montgomery Clift inhabited. The last actor I saw who had that in him was Eric Roberts. I felt he could shatter at any moment. I don't know if you could sell Montgomery Clift these days, because when you looked at his face you saw a great deal of conflict and an abyss of uncertainty and fear behind his eyes. It was attractive then, but not now.

17

PLAYBOY: When was the last time you were mistaken for that other English Rupert, Rupert Graves?

EVERETT: We're both constantly mistaken for each other. But it's not a surprise. No one knows who anyone is. I remember my dad coming up to my house once and seeing a picture of Johnny Rotten on the wall. He said, "Hey, when did you have that taken?"

18

PLAYBOY: You take your Labrador, Moise, everywhere. What does a plane ticket for a dog cost these days? Can he earn frequent flier miles?

EVERETT: If you put him in the hold, it doesn't cost much. But if you want to buy him a seat on the Concorde, you can. Moise can't use frequent flier miles, but he can polish off the foie gras with death-defying professionalism.

19

PLAYBOY: What's the difference between a charmer and a seducer?

EVERETT: I always think of seduction in a sexual context. Charm is more cocktail-hour stuff. Charm is easier [*pauses*]. To me, it's the difference between studio executives and agents.

20

PLAYBOY: You once said you hated the term gay. So come up with a new one.

EVERETT: I don't hate the term gay, it's just I was never bothered by those supposedly rude words like queer—which I find attractive. Gay is so fucking bourgeois. It doesn't bear any resemblance in its true meaning to the state of being homosexual. We're not all this happy little farm of munchkins. By the way, gay was also a horrible word in the Thirties, when it only meant having a good time.

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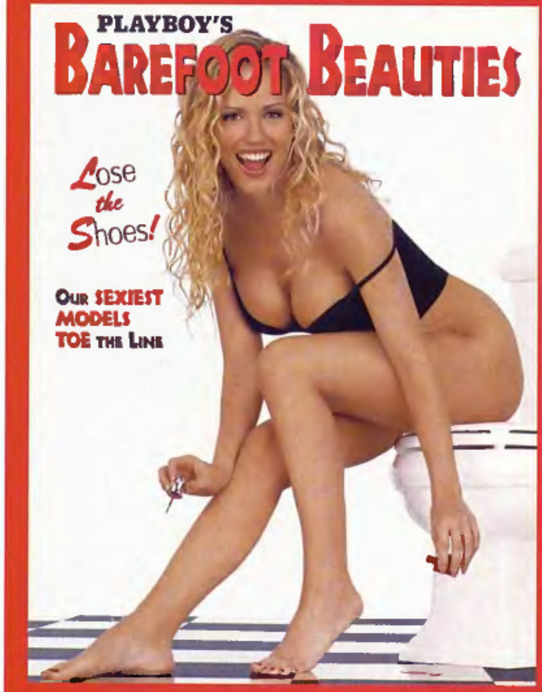

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Money 2000

(continued from page 195)

six to one on cumulative returns. But once innovation peaks and new products move mainstream with the generation's rising spending cycle, large companies tend to outperform smaller ones. Large-company stocks have beaten small by more than two to one since 1983, and they should continue to have the edge into 2008.

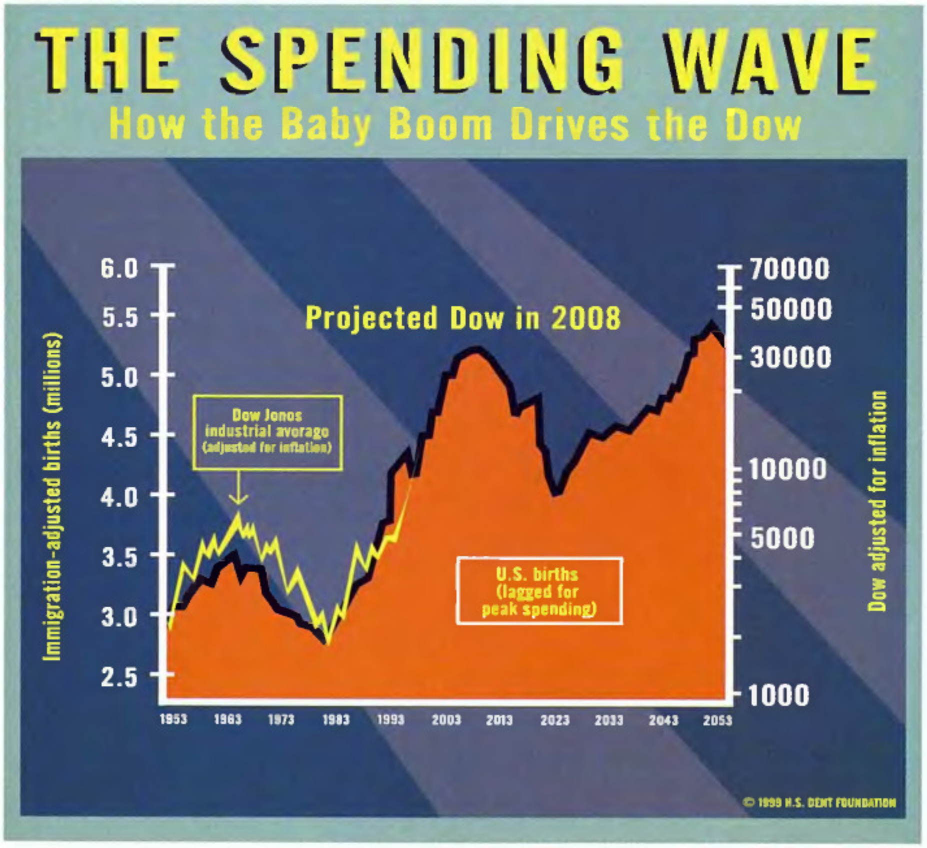
Debt trends peak around the age of 34, just after the average family buys its first home. That's why debt trends exploded into the Eighties and mid-Nineties. Since 1995 consumer debt trends peaked as a percentage of the U.S. gross national product and have since headed downward. The investment cycle accelerates in a person's mid-to-late 30s, peaks in the early 50s and continues to grow (unlike spending) into the late 60s. That means we will see the greatest flow of savings in history into stocks, and that's one reason stocks are rising to higher valuation levels than in the past.

But perhaps the most important trend in the coming decade will be the power cycle of the huge baby boom generation. Although new technologies emerge when the generation is young, the real revolution comes when the new people move into their power years, from the late 30s into the late 50s, when they are finally in charge of corporations and governments and can bring radical changes to work and organizations. This is when new business models emerge—like the assembly line from 1913 into the Roaring Twenties, when automobiles and many new technologies suddenly became affordable to the masses and created the last massive consumer and lifestyle revolution.

Think of the sudden emergence of the Internet mainstream and new direct producer-to-consumer business models such as Dell. Think of people moving from the suburbs to exurbs and resort towns, just as we shifted from the cities to the suburbs from the Twenties on. The real information revolution began in the mid-Nineties with the emergence of browser software. We are going to see a profound productivity revolution in the next decade and an economy that finally organizes around the individualized needs of consumers.

What does that mean for you and me? It means investors would be wise to focus on large, growth companies in sectors that boomers will embrace, such as financial services (stock brokerages and banks), health care (pharmaceuticals, biotechs and medical equipment) and technology (software, hardware and internet companies). And for international diversification, Asia (not Japan but South Korea, Singapore, Hong Kong and Taiwan) has the strongest generation cycle ahead.

We are about to witness the Roaring 2000s, the greatest boom in history. If you think we have seen dramatic changes in the past decade, fasten your seat belts and hold on.



THE SPENDING WAVE

How the Baby Boom Drives the Dow

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Office Of The Future

(continued from page 129)

attractiveness of the average human and the fantasy images in the goggleputer. Real people will be no competition for the fantasies. No woman will be willing to settle for a real man when she can lick a chocolate-flavored pirate while simultaneously shopping for shoes in her virtual world. And no man will want a real woman when he can experience a virtual Playmate whose quantity of breasts and their beverage contents are specified by the user.

Keyboards won't be necessary in the future because all typing will be voice controlled. But employees will still need some sort of mouse-pointing device. This is where aphrodisiacs in the air provide a second benefit. For the men, every cubicle will have a zipper hole. As the male employees manipulate their personal joysticks, the cursors in their goggles will respond accordingly. Women will use a variation on this theme—one I predict will be trademarked under the clever name TitMouse.

If you think people will be too embarrassed to use their privates as computer input devices, you haven't considered the excellent personality-altering drugs coming to the market. A drug called Paxil is already prescribed for shyness. I'm no doctor, but in theory there must be some level of medication that would make the average guy indifferent to using his johnson as a joystick. I'm sure researchers will work out those details. I have confidence in science.

Speaking of science, a new posthuman species will probably evolve rapidly in the next millennium, thanks to well-meaning but overzealous parents.

Using genetic manipulation, they'll want to create children who have the best chances of gainful employment in the information economy. The so-called knowledge workers of the new millennium won't need big muscles or abundant courage. Those qualities have no purpose in the modern workplace. Employers will prefer ever-meeker employees who don't take up much space. The ideal worker will have no sense of self-worth and will be small enough to fit inside a Pringles can. In the same fashion that dinosaurs evolved into birds, office workers will evolve into pixie-sized, incredibly horny knowledge workers with no sense of pride.

The "old," large-sized humans will try to compete in the marketplace, but they will fail. Eventually the large people will pursue their evolutionary fate and become domesticated animals for the superior pixie species.

I hope that I live long enough to enjoy the virtual grotto—but not long enough to become a pony ride at a pixie picnic.

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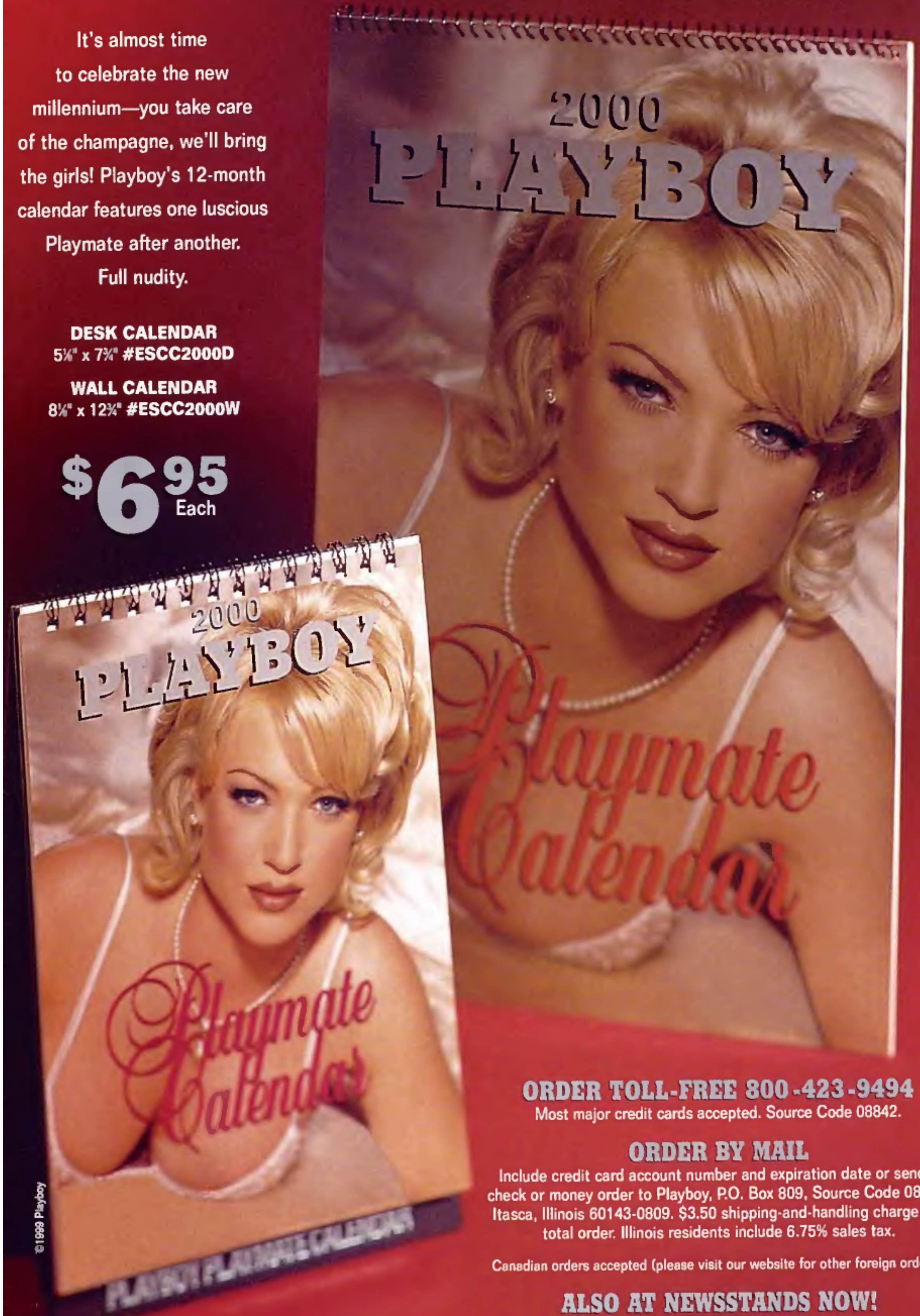

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From top: Dahm Triplets, Jami Ferrell, Angela Little, Vanessa Gleason, Stacy Fuson, Alexandria Karlsen, Laura Cover, Lisa Dergan, Tishara Cousino, Jaime Bergman, Tiffany Taylor, Heather Kozar (also on cover)

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INNOVATIONS

(continued from page 218)

eight-track tapes, the car radio provides a soundtrack to the greatest movie of all: just driving around, taking in the landscape, the endless mystery of the American road. It's also part of one of the most serene moments in cinema, when Sissy Spacek and Martin Sheen, as the two young killers in *Badlands*, stop on a back road and dance together in the headlights to Nat "King" Cole on their car radio.

BACKYARD BARBECUE GRILL

By-products of the GI Bill, the barbecue and the backyard came along together. Standing by his grill, flipping burgers or grilling steaks (bacon that *he* brought home), a man easily imagines himself squire of his estate. The barbecue reestablished man's place as the original cook, drawing on skills that date back to the Cro-Magnon caves, his own culinary domain. You may be Barney Fife around the kitchen stove, but you're Dirty Fucking Harry at the barbecue.

PANTIES

The evolution from the ponderous epic poem of bloomers to the exquisite haiku of panties is one of the most sublime and delightful developments of the century. No other refinement has so captured the male psyche. The glorious paradox of panties is that a woman is sexier in them than in nothing at all, more naked with them than without. That the verb "to pant" has insinuated itself into the word is clearly no accident.

BIKINI

After the advances in science and medicine, the bikini is unquestionably the most important invention of the century. It was introduced by two French designers in 1946 and it immediately swept Europe. Puritanical America was late in catching on, needing the insipid beach movies of the Sixties to provide inspiration. But once it arrived, the bikini indelibly changed the landscape of every beach and swimming pool in the nation. Fortunately, with few exceptions, bikinis are beholden to their own natural selection. Those who can wear them, do. And those who do, wear them well, leading one to conclude that, like champagne and Elmore Leonard novels, there is no such thing as a bad bikini.

WOMEN'S BEACH VOLLEYBALL

An important aesthetic evolution can be seen in the transition from roller derby to women's beach volleyball. These are majestic athletes—tall, lithe, skilled and powerful. The demands of the sport seem in collusion with a fan's desire to see the players stretch, leap and dive, the sand sticking to their firm, glistening thighs. There is no other sport like it, no other spectacle of feminine strength and agility. These are our 20th century Xenas, our Dianas, goddesses of the hunt.

INSTANT REPLAY

Once television became the primary stage of sporting events in America, something had to replace the fresh air, the smell of spilled beer and the roar of the crowd. It came about in the early Seventies with instant replay, which changed the way we look at any sporting event. Even at the stadium, we feel cheated if we can't see that slide into home a second time. Some argue that the instant replay radically alters the zeitgeist of sport, the sense of immediacy, the temporal nature of competition. On the other hand, it took years for the newsreels to glorify Willie Mays' catch of Vic Wertz' fly. But Carlton Fisk, waving his ball fair in the 1975 Series, became an icon in only one night.

REMOTE KEY

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SNEAKERS

Keds were the first in 1916. Converse followed not long after. They were shoes designed just for sports. Now you would be hard-pressed to find a person without a pair. Sneakers have become a sociopolitical statement, a billion-dollar industry. And though each generation of "athletic shoe" reflects advances in design and material, Wilt Chamberlain

"Every year, just for the hell of it, we invite one couple at random from the phone book."

PLAYBOY

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averaged 50 points a game in one season, and Rod Laver won the Grand Slam, in nothing but canvas, cotton laces and rubber soles.

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STEP-IN SKI BINDINGS

It's no coincidence that after the invention of step-in bindings, skiing became the dominant winter sport—and excuse for meeting cute girls. Fewer broken bones, more maneuverability, ease of engagement.

SCUBA GEAR

The Self-Contained Underwater Breathing Apparatus was invented in 1943 by Jacques Cousteau. Scuba tanks have enabled millions of people to experience the undersea world. They also gave us Jacqueline Bisset swimming in *The Deep*, the ultimate wet T-shirt.

PAPERBACK BOOK

You don't read Kerouac in hardcover. Or Richard Farina. Or Brautigan. You can't shove a hardcover into the back pocket of your jeans or in the storage space under the seat of your motorcycle. Paperbacks made reading more egalitarian. In the Forties and Fifties lurid covers adorned books by every writer, from Flaubert to Raymond Chandler. Like all those impenetrable Gallic intellectuals, paperbacks did not distinguish between high and low culture. Nabokov's *Lolita* first appeared in paperback. Need we say more?

ELECTRIC GUITAR

If one icon represents everything American in this century, it may well be the solid-body electric guitar. Les Paul invented it, and soon the guitar became the symbol of cool. Slung over the shoulder, the pickups hanging somewhere around your crotch, the guitar was the great equalizer, transcending every ethnic and social boundary. Before the electric guitar, music was about talent. After, it was about attitude. All you needed was an amp, three chords and a dream.

TELEVISION REMOTE CONTROL

Sociologists used to worry that the television would control us as we sat passively in its mesmerizing grip. Now, we control TV. With the remote, we concoct our own programs—a collage assembled from what's being broadcast at that moment. Television now is about juking and feinting around commercials and bad shows like a Walter Payton dodging linebackers. How can women call that passive?

WHERE & HOW TO BUY

FITNESS

Page 42: "Great White Way": "The Gear": At sporting goods stores nationwide. "Snowshoe": *Green Mountain Club*, 802-244-7037; *Superior Hiking Trail*, 218-663-7280. *Vail and Beaver Creek Resorts*, 970-845-5313.

MANTRACK

Page 47: "NFL Players' Party:" 888-65-PARTY. "Italian Connection:" 215-830-3300. Page 48: "New Ball Game:" 310-644-2244. "Guys Are Talking About": **Watch,** 800-321-4832. **Car care,** 800-782-3329. **Racquet,** 800-HEAD-USA. **Razor,** 877-427-2067. **Car rental,** 877-387-3682.

FASHION

Page 156: **Suit** by *Nicole Farhi*, NYC, 212-223-8811. Page 157: **Jacket** by *Fiorella Venezia*, at Neiman Marcus, Beverly Hills. **T-shirt,** at Dolce & Gabbana boutiques. **Pants** by *Verri*, at Tyrone's, Roslyn, NY, 516-484-3330. Pages 158-159: **Jacket** by *Joseph Abboud*, 800-999-0600. **Shirt** by *Donna Karan*, at select Saks. **Tie** by *Robert Talbott*, 800-747-8778. **Jacket** by *Krizia Uomo*, NYC, 212-879-1211. **Tuxedo pants** and **tuxedo** at Dolce & Gabbana boutiques. **Shirt** by *Gene Meyer*, at Heun, NYC. **Top hat** by *New York Hat Co.*, at Hot Topic. **Tuxedo** by *Verri*, at Syd Jerome, Chicago. **Shirt** by *Gene Meyer*, at Oddity, Atlanta, 404-685-9573. **Tie** by *Mondo di Marco*, at Bloomingdale's. Page 160: **Jacket** and **pants** by *Paul Smith*, NYC, 212-627-9770. **Shirt** by *Donna Karan*, at Saks Fifth Avenue. **Tie** by *Mondo di Marco*, at Bloomingdale's. Page 161: **Jacket** and **pants** by *Krizia Uomo*, NYC. **Shirt** at Dolce & Gabbana boutiques.

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GLOBAL SHOCK

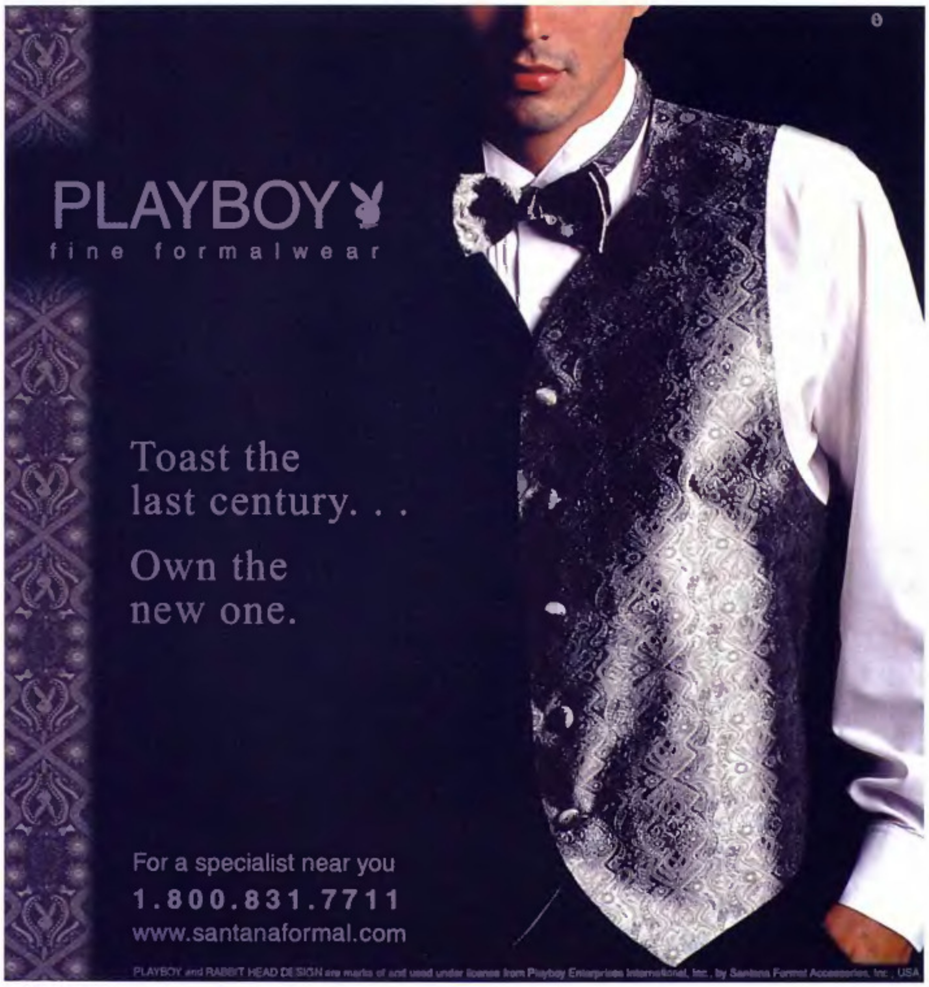
(continued from page 223)

unreliable buffers against surprises.

This is contrary to the expectations we held when the biggest surprise of all kicked off the 20th century's last decade. Surely we were entering a hopeful era if Soviet authoritarianism and communism could expire and vassal states be released without a shot being fired. And surely, troublemakers would pay added attention to U.S. interests once America stood unrivaled in the accumulation of economic, political and military might.

Saddam Hussein quickly turned that assumption on its head when, in 1990, he overran Kuwait and appeared poised to roll up Saudi Arabia. The Iraqi dictator's chutzpah was breathtaking. No clearer U.S. interest could have been targeted than the fuel supplies of America, Western Europe and Japan.

Surprise followed surprise. Hussein didn't lose his head, much less his job, after a crushing military defeat. Across the Mediterranean, Serbian strongman Slobodan Milosevic wasn't cowed by the display of American military prowess in the Gulf. For what remained of the decade, Milosevic employed the barbaric tools of ethnic cleansing in futile efforts to create a greater Serbia at the expense of other Balkan ethnic groups. His comeuppance in Kosovo at the hands of the U.S. and its NATO allies was also full of surprises: Air raids didn't immediately bring him to heel as the Clinton administration expected. NATO didn't divide as Milosevic anticipated. And despite his atrocities and ultimate military defeat, Milosevic didn't immediately lose his head or his job either.



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Halfway round the globe, India exploded a nuclear device. Pakistan answered with similar weapons tests. The U.S. was not only surprised—it felt deceived by India's camouflaged expansion of the nuclear weapons club. In Central Africa, several outbreaks of genocidal conflict caught both the region and the international community off guard. Elsewhere, ethnic hostilities simmered with occasional outbursts of violence.

Russian kleptocrats subverted the transition to Western norms by stealing their country blind and siphoning foreign aid into Swiss bank accounts. To the West's dismay, Russians then blamed it for denying their country a place in the sun. Throughout the decade, China ferreted out U.S. nuclear weapons secrets and set about strengthening a missile threat against Taiwan. Iran continued nuclear and missile development despite American measures to constrain it.

In many quarters—not just among disillusioned Russians, Chinese nationalists and Islamic fundamentalists—resistance grew to the American version of a stable world.

If postcolonial rage is an underappreciated generator of instability, it isn't the only one. Surprise is inherent in the anarchic nature of the sovereign state system. Competing interests and covetous leaders can never be fully aligned in mutual satisfaction. Power shifts. Rising nations revive ancient hurts to fuel new ambitions. Declining states are riven by disaffected groups. Competitors often hide their real intentions. To forearm themselves, incoming political leaders ask experienced advisors to identify hot spots. Usually, the experts round off their lists with a word of warning about the trickiness of unexpected crises.

Human nature is also a factor. A citizenry's interest in far-off places and people is limited when its own security and well-being don't appear to be at stake.

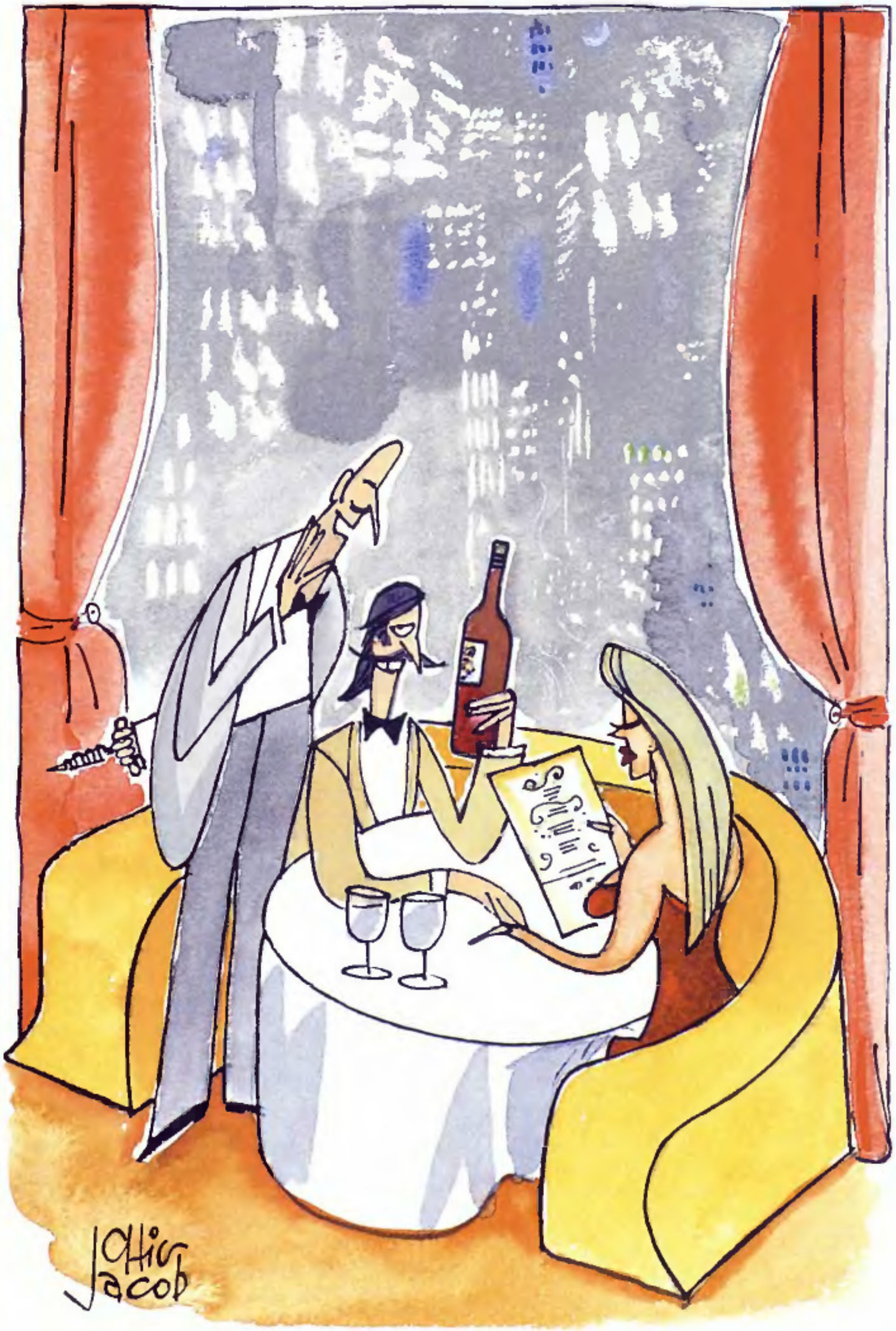
Too often, human beings filter what they see and hear to match their desires. Leaders do too. How else to explain the frequent gaps between the assessments of intelligence services and the actions of leaders? One of the starkest examples makes this point. Israeli political leaders, convinced that neighboring Arab states wouldn't resort to arms so soon after their 1967 rout, discounted crucial intelligence reports of troop movements just prior to Egypt's surprise attack in 1973. The current era's instability attests that as the number of trouble spots increases, so does the likelihood of such miscalculations.

The chances for surprise are increased if political leadership is inattentive and disinterested. In 1992 President Clinton came into office with too little appreciation for the pitfalls of international affairs. Unlike his Cold War predecessors, Clinton downgraded foreign policy among his concerns. He met infrequently with key foreign policy and security officials. He left to them the day-to-day management of international issues. Little in the way of guidance came down from the Oval Office. When unavoidable, White House decisions were often delayed and heavily influenced by domestic politics.

Congressional and public support were belatedly sought on important engagements such as the North American Free Trade Agreement and the NATO campaign in Kosovo. As late in his tenure as 1999, Clinton struck visiting aides of British prime minister Tony Blair as not fully engaged in Kosovo issues. Clinton governed as he campaigned, with constant attention to domestic affairs and little to foreign policy.

Not surprisingly, an underinformed public was bewildered by the clashes and eruptions that took place on the international scene. It felt the absence of a coherent strategy for assessing U.S. interests and guiding U.S. actions. Meanwhile, Congress took advantage of the leadership vacuum to score points on foreign policy issues with domestic constituencies and to launch micromanagement initiatives that added little to clarity.

For the next century, one of the great challenges will be moderating postcolonial resentments made more dangerous by the rising capabilities of non-Western states. The global rebalancing of power that is already causing disruptions is gradual. For some time, the U.S. will remain a predominant (but not omnipotent) power. Currently, we use too much of that power to politically and financially undermine the United Nations and to attach unilateral conditions to international regulatory efforts. We ought to find a way (to date we have not) to cooperate in the banning of land mines, the establishment of an international criminal court and the containment of global warming. A wiser use of our "unipolar" moment would focus on creating stronger, more representative international institutions and multilateral processes. They, in turn would suit the multipolar world that is in the making and improve the chances that others will follow America's search for a stable world. Along the way, there might be the dividend of fewer disturbing surprises.



"The wine has an intriguing aftertaste that will linger long after it has got the lady into your bed, sir!"

when nothing was the same

(continued from page 184)

graduation, did an apprenticeship and paid your dues before you were duly rewarded. The concept of being duly rewarded was much more modest. There was no such thing as a baby millionaire or billionaire. Millions of Americans were entering the middle class, but they were doing it tentatively, more than a little unsure of their way.

I was always convinced that no small part of PLAYBOY's success in its early years, in addition to its being a precursor of the energies and curiosities which would be part of the sexual revolution, was that it served as a guide to middle-class life. To me *The Playboy Advisor* was one of the most important parts of the magazine, telling young men who were the first members of their families to graduate from college how to enjoy the fruits of their new success, how to behave in a restaurant and which wine to order with which courses.

The sense of limited ceilings, particularly financial ones, was very much a part of the assumptions of my generation. I remember clearly the moment in 1954, my junior year in college, when my classmates and I began to talk seriously about career choices. We would sit around in the *Harvard Crimson* newsroom discussing whether or not we should enter journalism, which was not yet a profession and which was still trying to escape the image, created by contemporary fiction and movies, of a bunch of canny but unscrupulous police reporters.

Back and forth we would go—Jack Langguth, Tony Lukas, Dick Ullman, Dick Burgheim and myself. Could journalism be a respectable enough career? Could we make a decent middle-class living? We decided that the target salary for a decent living would be about $5000 a year and the timetable called for making it some five years after graduation. I remember that in my fifth year out of college and my fourth on the Nashville *Tennessean*, publisher Silliman Evans raised me from $95 a week to $125, which put me over the magical $5000 mark right on deadline.

Journalism turned out to be an ascending profession. As America sought its role as a great international power, better-educated reporters were required to write for better-educated readers. Tony Lukas went on to a distinguished career and won two Pulitzer Prizes; Jack Langguth worked for *The New York Times* in Saigon, wrote books and later taught at USC; Dick Ullman became more of an academic than a journalist, though he did, for a while, write editorials for the *Times*; and Dick Burgheim became executive editor of *People*.

Gender lines were sharply drawn 50 years ago. Bright young women went to

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college, more often than not got better grades than men and upon graduation married young men often less gifted than they. These women ended up with several children, driving station wagons in America's burgeoning new suburbs. They often wondered about the choices they had made.

In 1950 Betty Friedan had not yet had her second child nor moved to the suburbs of New York, where she would find that her summa cum laude college degree was of little use and where her frustrations over the intellectual emptiness of her life were soon to mount and help ignite a revolution.

The culture was infinitely more predictable, and more settled. Young people did not yet define themselves by their musical tastes, nor did they use their music to set themselves apart from their parents. Frank Sinatra was the most popular singer for the middle-aged *and* the young.

Television sitcoms of that era were marvelously sanitized—in effect, virtual portraits of virtual families, despite the darkness and unresolved questions of love and sexuality that existed then as now. I graduated from high school in 1951 and from college in 1955, and, amazing as it seems, I did not know a single person at either place who had used drugs. Contraception was more limited and so too were the sexual mores of that time. Few of us knew men and women who lived together without being married in the years immediately after college.

If there were anxieties in those days they tended to be political rather than economic. In late August of 1949 the Soviet Union had exploded its first atomic bomb, nicknamed Joe One after Joseph Stalin. The U.S. and the Soviet Union, both essentially isolationist in the years before World War II, had been catapulted to superpower status in the atomic age. Scientists in both countries were already scrambling to create the hydrogen bomb.

Inevitably, the debate about security and who was a risk intensified with the arms race. Robert Oppenheimer, the guiding genius of America's brilliant wartime atomic effort, was found in the early Fifties (in no small part because of his lack of enthusiasm for the hydrogen bomb project) to be a security risk. Evidence of early left-wing tendencies, which had not been considered serious in a prior incarnation, became important in this new and meaner time. People debated whether or not to build bomb shelters on their property; some even debated the morality of whether or not to let their shelterless neighbors use theirs in the event of a nuclear holocaust.

From the perspective of today, midcentury America seems orderly. Vernon Presley had just moved his small family from Tupelo to Memphis, where he took a job at $38.50 a week in a paint factory and where his family lived in a federal housing project. Vernon's only son, Elvis, much maligned because of his weird name, his greasy duck's-ass haircut, geeky clothes and androgynous looks, was regarded as class sissy and was a target for the tough guys at Humes High. He was three years away from walking into a local record-it-yourself studio and cutting his first record.

The birth control pill was some 15 years away in terms of popular use. The idea that men might go to the moon seemed so distant as to be laughable. John Kennedy's election as the first Catholic president—and first television-age president—was a decade away. In 1952 the fact that Adlai Stevenson had been divorced was held against him.

Seen now, at the end of so jarring a century, when adjustment to new technological forces is so critically important, midcentury seems not only innocent but seductively simple. Life was also significantly less threatening, particularly for those in the ruling majority and those who actually exercised power. Their nerves were by and large less jangled. (Life for those who were outsiders in 1950 was harder; their nerves were jangled, but they simply did not know it.) There is for a variety of reasons a great nostalgia for that time. As for me, I have little nostalgia. I think memory is often selective, especially among Americans who want their neighbors to live as they did in the Fifties while they themselves enjoy the far greater freedoms of the Nineties.

"Wow, time really flies! It seems like only yesterday you were writing me letters asking me for Barbie dolls."

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MIDNIGHT SPECIAL

(continued from page 181)

shake until cold and strain into a martini glass. Garnish with orange slice.

APHRODISIAC SHOT
(TANTRA, MIAMI BEACH)

½ ounce Absolut vodka
¼ ounce Bacardi Silver rum
¼ ounce DeKuyper peach schnapps
¼ ounce DeKuyper crème de banane liqueur
¼ ounce cranberry juice
½ ounce pineapple juice
Splash of grenadine
1 teaspoon of a mixture of ground ginger, vanilla bean, cinnamon, anise
Dried edible flower

Combine all ingredients except flower in a blender with crushed ice, shake until smooth and pour into a large wine or cocktail glass. Garnish with flower.

THE RUBICON
(AL BIERNAT'S, DALLAS)

1½ ounces Fris vodka
½ ounce Hiram Walker black raspberry liqueur
Splash of cranberry juice
Splash of water
1 teaspoon sugar
Juice of half a lime
Lime wedge

Combine all ingredients except lime juice and wedge in a blender with crushed ice. Blend until smooth and pour into a chilled martini glass. Squeeze in the lime juice and garnish with lime wedge.

MILLENNIUM COCKTAIL
(BLACKBIRD, NEW YORK)

1½ ounces Courvoisier Millennium cognac
1½ ounces pineapple juice
¼ ounce Hiram Walker orange liqueur
2 dashes Angostura bitters
Orange twist

Combine all ingredients except twist in a shaker with ice cubes and shake until cold. Strain into a martini glass and garnish with twist.

THE COAST IS CLEAR
(CONUNDRUM, ASPEN)

3 ounces Stoli Orange vodka
1 ounce cherry juice
Juice of half a lime
Juice of quarter of an orange
Orange slice

Pour vodka over ice cubes into a cocktail or wineglass. Add juices, stir until cold and garnish with orange slice.

FIZZBOMB
(OXO TOWER, LONDON)

2 ounces passion fruit puree
1 ounce Mandarine Napoleon liqueur
½ ounce peach liqueur
4 ounces champagne
Peach slice

Combine puree and liqueurs in a shaker with ice cubes, shake until cold, strain into a flute, top with champagne and garnish with peach slice.

POMEGRANATE MARTINI
(THE BEACH HOUSE, SANTA MONICA)

3 ounces Belvedere vodka
1 ounce Chambord liqueur
½ ounce pineapple juice
½ ounce pomegranate juice
Red apple slice

Combine all ingredients except apple slice in a shaker with ice cubes, shake until cold and strain into a martini glass. Garnish with apple slice.

GRAND FASHION
(STARLIGHT ROOM, SAN FRANCISCO)

Dash of bitters
Maraschino cherry
2 blood orange slices
Sugar cube
1½ ounces Bacardi Añejo rum
1½ ounces St. Raphael Rouge aperitif

In a shaker, muddle sugar cube, bitters, cherry and one blood orange slice. Add ice, rum and aperitif. Shake and serve straight up in a martini glass. Garnish with remaining orange slice.

THE MORNING AFTER

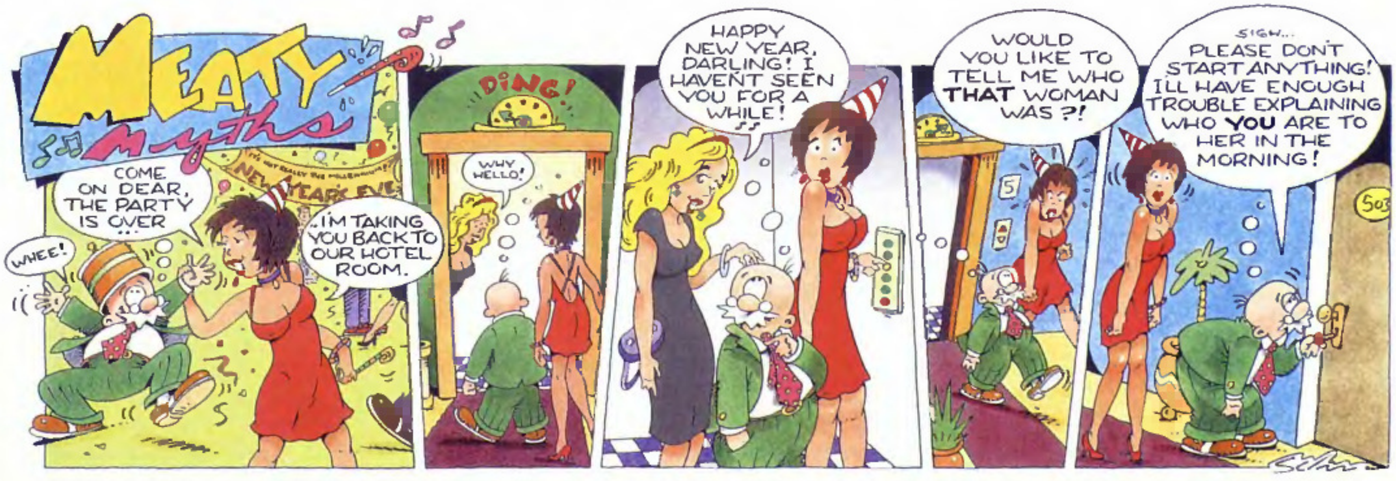
Of course, no worthy bartender would let a reveler head into the new year without a hangover remedy.

At Louie's Backyard in Key West, recovery is hastened by pouring—in exact order—one ounce of Evan Williams Single Barrel bourbon, one egg and a drizzle of hot sauce over ice cubes in a tall glass. Chug it fast and repeat the dosage if your symptoms persist.

At the Red Square in Las Vegas' Mandalay Hotel, dawn in the desert on the first day of the new millennium will be toasted with crushed ice blended with eight ounces of water, three ounces of cachaca liquor, one egg white, the juice of one lemon and two tablespoons of honey. Strain into a highball glass and garnish with a lime wedge.

Atlanta's Fusebox takes the heebie-jeebies seriously. Its millennium cure-all should be prepared two weeks in advance. Bring 12 cups of bottled spring water to a boil and add one pound of Asian shiso leaves or opal basil. Simmer for 20 minutes, then strain, discarding the leaves. Add 1½ pounds of sugar and two teaspoons of citric acid (available at a pharmacy). Stir, then let cool and pour into bottles and refrigerate for two weeks. On the morning of January 1, fill a tall glass halfway with the cure-all, stir in a teaspoon of fresh ginger juice and top off with sparkling mineral water. Serves 12.

Al Biernat, at his namesake restaurant in Dallas, says he has three levels of recovery. Level one is "Al's famous ramos": one and a half ounces of Absolut Citron vodka combined with half a cup of fresh raspberries and blueberries in a blender with ice. Mix until smooth and serve in a collins glass. Level two is the "amaretta, you get betta," made with one ounce sweet and sour mix and one ounce Absolut Citron vodka, ¼ ounce Southern Comfort, ¼ ounce amaretto, ¼ ounce Salignac brandy and one ounce of fresh orange juice. Shake with crushed ice and strain into a martini glass. Level three is Biernat's "y-bother." The victim is instructed to "just roll over in bed, take three aspirins and hope for better days ahead."


MEATY myths
IT'S NOT REALLY THE MILLENNIUM!
NEW YEAR'S EVE
COME ON DEAR, THE PARTY IS OVER ...
WHEE!
...I'M TAKING YOU BACK TO OUR HOTEL ROOM.
DING!
WHY HELLO!
HAPPY NEW YEAR, DARLING! I HAVEN'T SEEN YOU FOR A WHILE!
5
WOULD YOU LIKE TO TELL ME WHO **THAT** WOMAN WAS?!
SIGH...
PLEASE DON'T START ANYTHING! I'LL HAVE ENOUGH TROUBLE EXPLAINING WHO **YOU** ARE TO HER IN THE MORNING!
503

PLAYMATE NEWS

TUBE BABIES

Watching your favorite Playmate in action is now as easy as flipping on the tube. VH1 recently recruited Heather Kozar to host a video countdown at the Playboy Mansion. In November, Janet Lupo, Bebe Buell, Cindy Fuller and Helena Antonaccio were tapped to host the network's video review show, *Rock of Ages*. Down the dial, the Dahm triplets were part of "World Famous Twins and Triplets" on *Maury*, the nationally syndicated talk show hosted by Maury Povich. "The triplets talked about how modest they were growing up and what a wonderful experience they have had with PLAYBOY. They were a hit," says *Maury* publicist Stephanie Greenhut. And if it's a daily dose of a Centerfold you're looking for, don't miss Nikki Schieler on *The Price Is Right*. Although she claims to be "the biggest klutz in the world," Miss September 1997 was a shoo-in as one of Barker's Beauties.

Top right: *Rock of Ages* hosts Janet Lupo, Bebe Buell, Cindy Fuller and Helena Antonaccio. Top: Heather Kozar films a spot at the Mansion for VH1. Above: For one day, at least, Maury Povich was the Dahm triplets' main squeeze. Left: Bob Barker is no dummy—he chose Nikki Schieler to be the newest recruit for *The Price Is Right*.

PLAYMATE BIRTHDAYS

January 5: Miss October 1964 **Rosemarie Hillcrest**
January 12: Miss May 1974 **Marilyn Lange**
January 21: Miss May 1997 **Lynn Thomas**
January 27: Miss December 1982 **Charlotte Kemp**
January 31: Miss August 1995 **Rachel Jeán Marteen**

GLAMORAMA

Steve Sullivan, the author of *Va Va Voom: Bombshells, Pin-Ups, Sexpots and Glamour Girls* and *Bombshells: Glamour Girls of a Lifetime*, has beautiful women down pat. His latest tome, *Glamour Girls: The Illustrated Encyclopedia*, features more than 1750 beauties from the 1890s to the present, including actresses, strippers, athletes, princesses, politicians and, of course, Playmates. (Sullivan's number one glamour girl? Marilyn Monroe.) "It's the first comprehensive listing of the elemental entertainers," Sullivan says. "Each woman's photo is accompanied by a bio that lists her birth date, television appearances and more. Collectors will find this book to be a gold mine."

glamour girls
The Illustrated Encyclopedia
Steve Sullivan

20 YEARS AGO THIS MONTH

Dressed in a net bodysuit that was made for her by photographer Ken Marcus, Gig Gangel was quite a catch. "Gig is my full first name," Miss January 1980 explained in her Playmate profile. "It derives from the word giggles, because as a baby I laughed a lot." In addition to her contagious sense of humor, the resident of South Padre Island, Texas (dubbed Island Lady by us) had a soft spot for beach activities—surfing, waterskiing and running on the sand. She was also interested in studying marine biology—especially sharks, which "fascinate" her. In other words, she was wet and wild.

Gig Gangel.

MILLENNIUM GIRLS

"We took the status quo motorcycle calendar and made it really pop out," explains PLAYBOY Associate Art Director Scott Anderson, who designed *Playboy's Biker Babes 2000 Calendar*, featuring Laura Cover, Vanessa Gleason and Titan's newest bikes. "Do you think we made the bikes look as sexy as the women?" Anderson asked. Not a chance.

PLAYBOY'S
BIKER BABES
CALENDAR 2000
16 MONTH CALENDAR
TITAN

PLAYMATE NEWS

My Favorite Playmate By Ryan Stiles

I like Pamela Anderson because she comes from my hometown, Vancouver, British Columbia. There are a lot of Playmates from Vancouver. That's because it's always raining there—the air is moist, and a woman's skin doesn't dry out like it does in California. Take my mom, for example. She's 75 years old but doesn't look a day over 70.

— Joni Mattis 1938–1999 —

Miss November 1960 Joni Mattis, 60, died September 4, 1999 of complications from cancer. Joni met Hef while she was appearing on the syndicated television show *Playboy's Penthouse*, in 1959. She was a Bunny in Chicago at the first Playboy Club, a talent coordinator for the TV show *Playboy After Dark* and, finally, Hef's social secretary. "Losing Joni after a personal and professional relationship that spanned four decades is a blow to all of us who knew and loved her," Hef says.

PICKLE LADY

Patti McGuire Connors is married to tennis legend Jimmy Connors, but Miss November 1976 has made a name for herself by starting Patti's Pickledilly Pickles, a California-based business. It all began when Patti discovered a letter from her grandmother, dated October 20, 1950, that included a recipe for spicy dill pickles. Patti tried the recipe and used her family and friends as taste testers, and the business was born. "Now I find myself traveling around the country doing pickle samplings," Patti says. Are you getting hungry yet? Patti's Pickledilly Pickles can be purchased by the jar through tavolo.com or at Neiman Marcus, Balducci's and other select gourmet food retailers.

PLAYMATE TRIVIA

Q: Which Centerfold writes an advice column in the Japanese pop culture magazine *Cut*?

A: Miss November 1974 Bebe Buell.

GIRL TALK

"Call her picky, but the beautiful woman has certain requirements that are mandatory," writes Miss July 1981 Heidi Sorenson in her new electronic book, *You Can Date Me: The 25 Commandments to Dating the Woman of Your Dreams*. We checked in with the Playmate turned author:

Heidi Sorenson.

Q: Your e-book sounds cool, but what exactly is it?

A: *You Can Date Me* is an online book on how to date the woman of your dreams. If someone sends me his e-mail address and payment, I will send him the e-book and photographs. He'll also receive an e-mail address where he can ask me questions about the book.

Q: Where can people order the book?

A: They can get it on my personal page at playboy.com or by sending $14.95 and their e-mail address to Heidi Sorenson, Box 984, Malibu, California 90265.

Q: What do women want?

A: We want a man who opens the car door, makes us laugh, makes us feel, makes us crazy with desire and, before he goes, leaves a hint of pine-and-citrus cologne on our cheeks.

Q: What else have you written?

A: I'm signed with a well-known literary agent in New York. I also write for television and movies. I am currently writing two feature films.

PLAYMATE GOSSIP

LE ROY NEIMAN

Bebe Buell just recorded a four-song demo with producer Don Fleming. It's called *Free to Rock*. Her autobiography (which has the working title *Rebel Heart*) will be published by St. Martin's Press in 2001. . . . We bet you didn't know that **Heather Kozar** is a stellar volleyball player. She proved to be worth her weight in bumps, sets and spikes at Playboy's Annual Sand and Suds Volleyball Tournament. . . . **Carrie Stevens** (carriestevens.net) appears in two new movies: *Jack of All Trades* with **Antonio Sabàto Jr.** and *Head Games* with **Mekhi Phifer.** She has also been signed as the George Killian's Irish Red spokesmodel for the year 2000. . . . Sorry, guys, but **Jenny McCarthy** is off the market. She recently married **John Asher,** director of her forthcoming movie *Diamonds*. "When I introduced him to my friends and family, they all said, 'Oh my God, it's Jenny McCarthy as a man,'" Jenny told *People*. The wedding took place at the Beverly Hills Hotel. . . . **Marlene Callahan Wallace,** who appeared in front of the camera as Miss November 1957, is an accomplished photographer. Twenty-eight of Marlene's photos (including the self-portrait shown below) were featured in a show at the Local Heroes Gallery in Kittredge, Colorado. "I even had a small image of Hef in the show," Marlene says.

Heather Kozar is on the ball.

Marlene's self-portrait.

Women

(continued from page 166)

increasing significance to men's ability to provide for them emotionally rather than financially. Men will then have to cope with how to satisfy the emotional needs and expectations of the women they desire.

The cliché in which one woman turns to another and says, "He's not romantic, he's not a good lover, but he's a good provider," may well change. In the future, she's more likely to say, "I've got a great job. I don't need a provider. But he's romantic and a great lover."

As women are better able to provide for themselves, men's earning power will be less of a lure than their worth as romantic companions. Consequently, a woman's need for romance as a condition for a committed relationship will become an extremely popular topic.

Your grandmother did not expect your grandfather to surprise her with flowers. Your mother was pleased if your father remembered their anniversary and sent her flowers on Valentine's Day. What was OK back then won't cut it with the working woman who sees romance all around her.

Film and television are filled with happy romantic couples. Magazines and print ads show people smiling and holding hands. From Club Med to Centrum Silver, everyone is looking lovingly into each others' eyes and saying, "I love you." It looks good, it feels good and we want it in our own lives as well.

We as a society are becoming increasingly comfortable and open in our communication about love and sexuality. We will continue to set new and higher standards of what defines a fully romantic and sexually rewarding relationship.

Can modern man adapt? A change from provider to romancer is by no means an impossible standard for men to fulfill, even though most men have been conditioned to believe that romance begins with courting and ends with marriage. The truth is this: The ability that men have to be wonderful lovers while courting can be sustained ten, 20, 40 years into marriage.

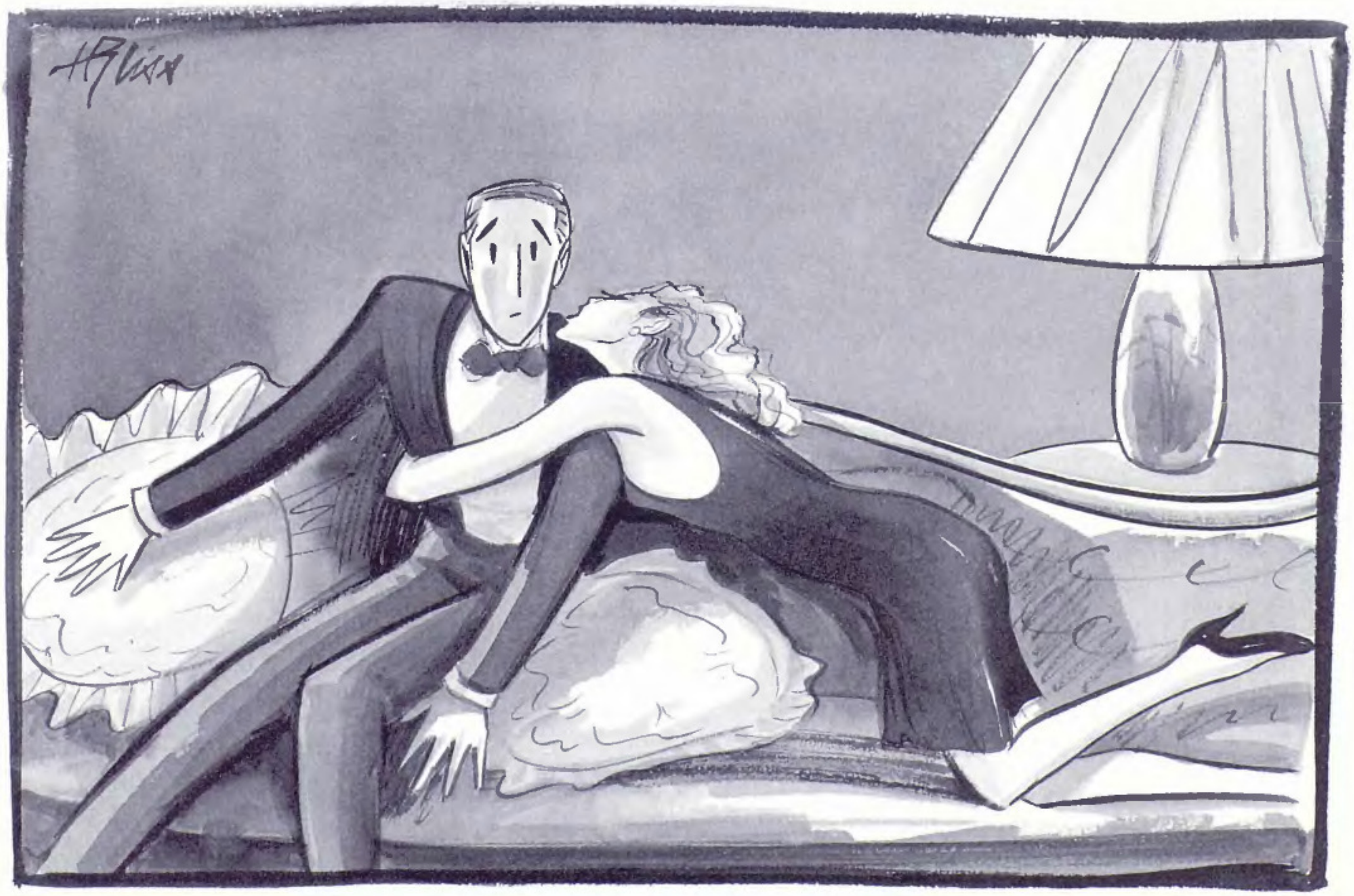
Men know how to be romantic. They simply let most of those abilities slip away. A common reason for this is that most men have had only their fathers as role models. We may say that we want to be different—and in many ways we are—but we unknowingly repeat patterns of behavior that we saw as children. If we rarely saw our fathers being romantic with our mothers, we received the subliminal message that this was not expected in marriage. In the 20th century model, courtship and marriage are two distinctly different stages of life.

Most women do not share that view. They are growing increasingly independent as providers and protectors for themselves, and they will become increasingly insistent that the men in their lives fulfill expectations as good lovers and caring companions.

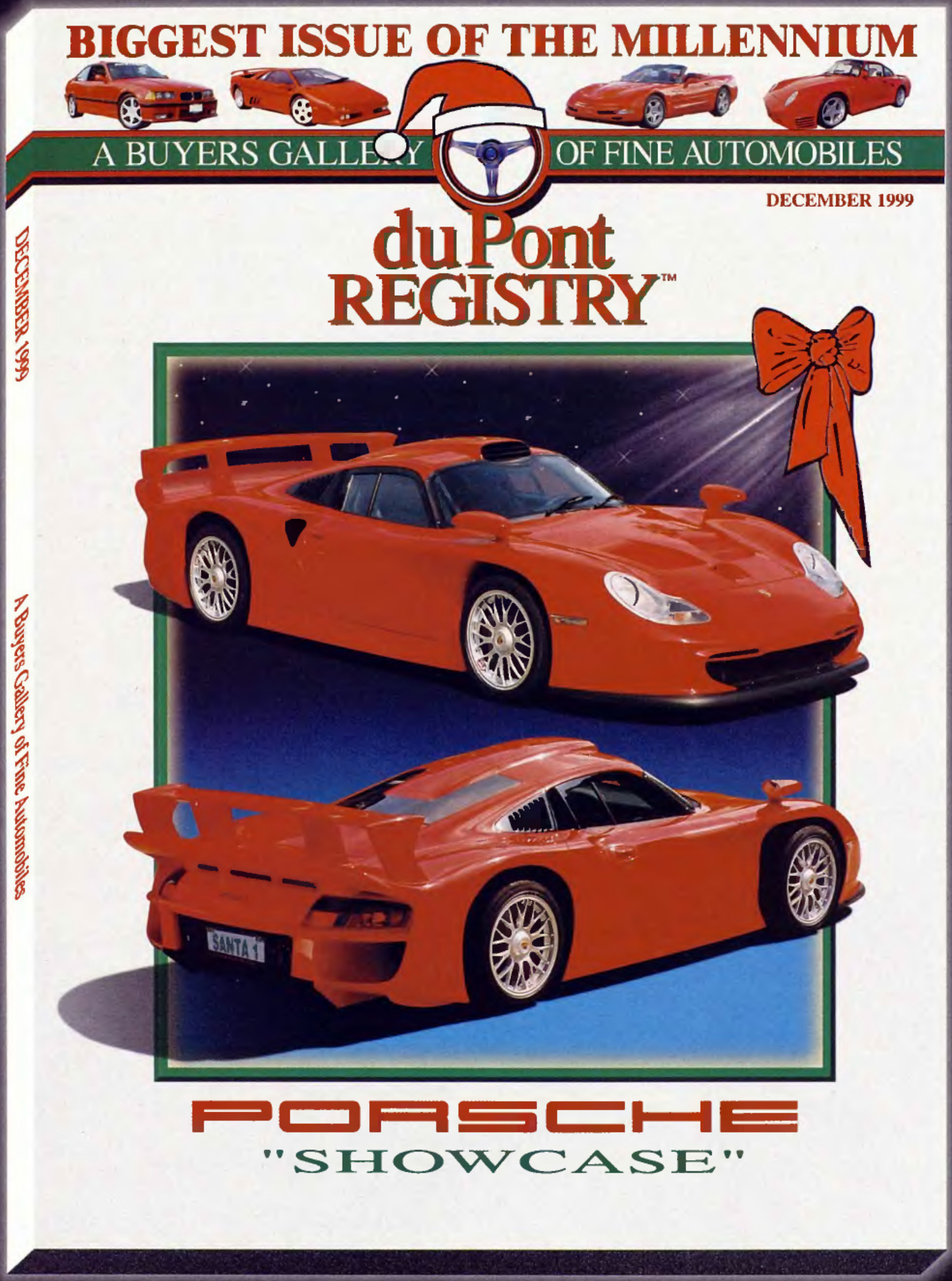
A degree of friction between men and women will continue to be part of the process of change. Our roles are evolving. Some will adjust to those changes with greater ease than others. Change brings uncertainty, but over the early decades of the new millennium that uncertainty will begin to fade.

I believe that by the midpoint of the new century, when the grandchildren and the great-grandchildren of the baby boomers are settling into committed, long-term relationships, much of that social upheaval will have dissolved. From it, a new understanding of roles and role models will emerge.

The men of 2050 will be better listeners and better lovers than their grandfathers were. The women of 2050 will have a better understanding than their grandmothers ever had of how to communicate their needs to men. Lasting love is an ideal. As we grow and learn in this new millennium, we will move closer to that ideal. And in doing so, we will make the world a happier place than the world we found.



"For heaven's sake, Philip, why must you insist on being gay?"


BIGGEST ISSUE OF THE MILLENNIUM
A BUYERS GALLERY OF FINE AUTOMOBILES
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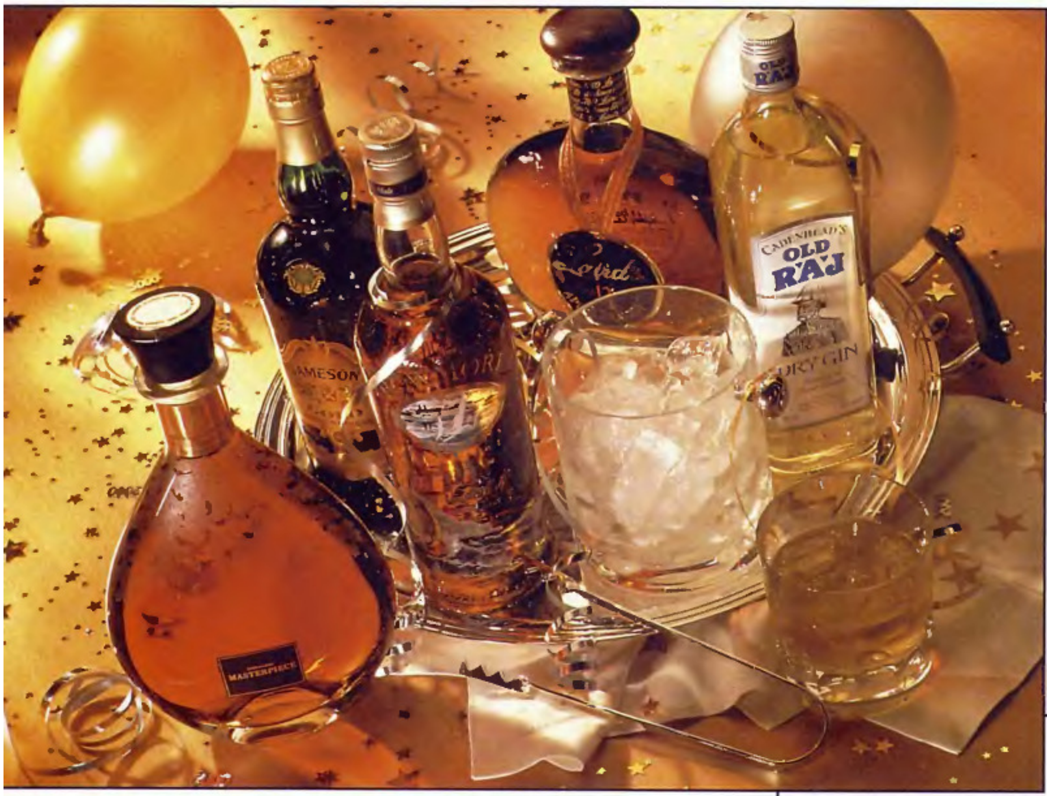
PLAYBOY on the scene

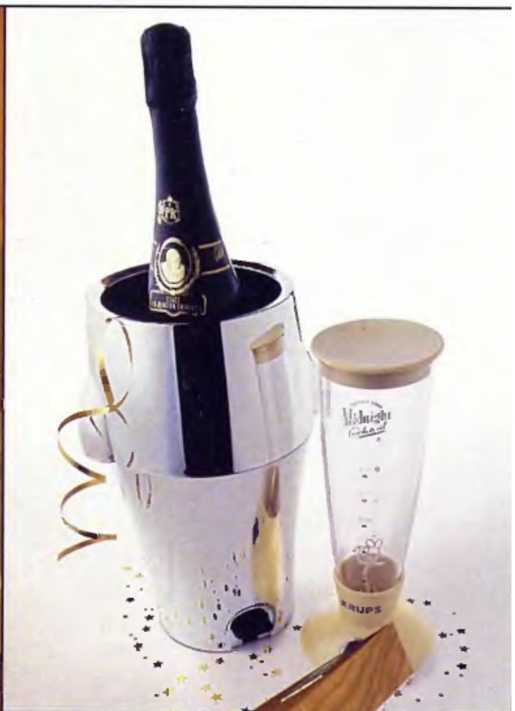
WHAT'S HAPPENING, WHERE IT'S HAPPENING AND WHO'S MAKING IT HAPPEN

POP THE WORKS

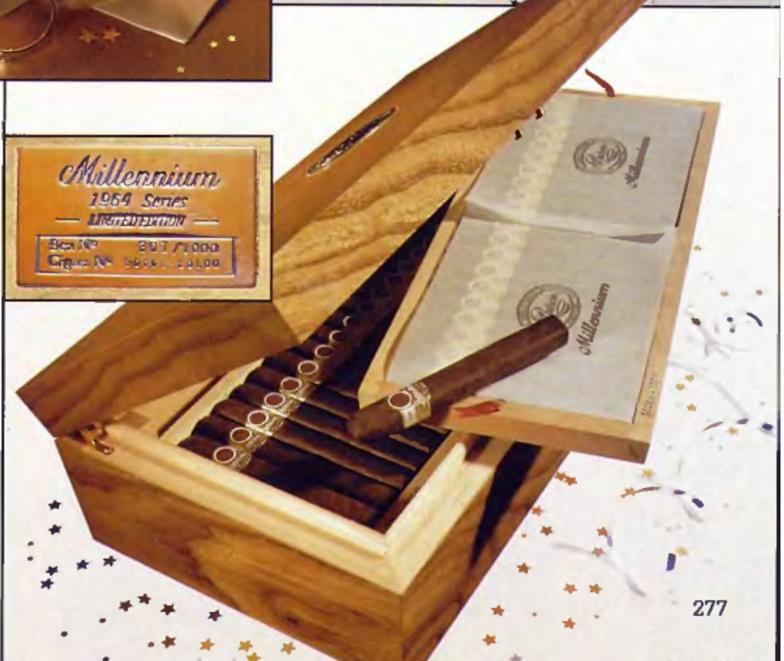
New Year's Eve 1999. The last time the world partied this hard, Leif Eriksson had just discovered North America. Sure, your bar is stocked, but this is a night to embellish it with a few special bottlings pictured here. Consider Distillers' Masterpiece, a superb 18-year-old bourbon finished in cognac casks, saffron-flavored 110-proof Old Raj gin or an apple brandy that's smoother than silk. A lot of the noise you'll hear that night will be champagne corks popping from Anchorage to Zamboanga. For the occasion, we suggest Pol Roger Cuvée Sir Winston Churchill 1988 (a robust bubbly inspired by its namesake), iced in an electric Vin Chilla bucket that does the job in minutes once you've filled it with ice and water. A battery-powered Midnight Cocktail maker helps take the work out of mixing drinks, and Padrón's Millennium humidor filled with 100 individually numbered cigars will keep your stogie-loving friends puffing happily long past midnight. —RICHARD CARLETON HACKER

Below: Winston Churchill was a notorious fan of the bubbly. No wonder Pol Roger named its 1988 cuvée after him (about $140). It's cooling in a Vin Chilla electric ice bucket with a timer that can be set for five to 20 minutes ($130). Krups' battery-powered Midnight Cocktail mixer takes the work out of mixing drinks for two. A tiny twirling barman inside the shaker does the job for you (about $15).





Above, left to right: Distillers' Masterpiece bourbon comes in a handsome etched bottle ($250). Jameson Gold Irish whiskey was formerly available only in duty-free shops ($60). Bowmore Mariner, a 15-year-old Islay single malt, is aged in sherry and bourbun casks ($45). Laird offers a limited-edition 12-year-old Rare Apple Brandy ($50). Old Raj gin from Scotland is expensive but worth it (about $50). Right: Each numbered Padrón Millennium cedar humidor holds 100 Nicaraguan cigars that have been aged about five years ($3000).



JAMES IMBROGNO

WHERE & HOW TO BUY ON PAGE 266.

© DOUGLAS STIEGLITER

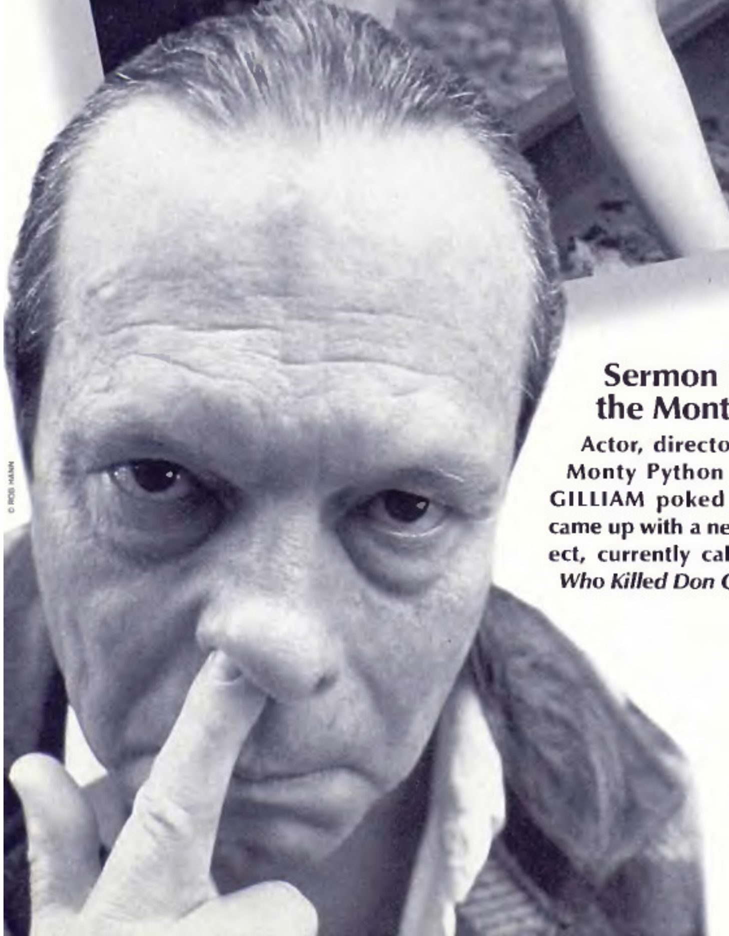
Kristina Carries No Extra Freight

KRISTINA HAMPTON is on the fast track—strolling the runway for Fila and the Limited and prowling the gym as a personal trainer. It's no sweat either way.

© STEVE TORRES

Reach for the Top

KIMBERLY PESCAIA has appeared in Reef advertisements, on Hawaiian calendars and postcards and as eye candy on *Pacific Blue* and *Baywatch*. Pretty tasty.



© ROB HANN

Sermon From the Monty

Actor, director, writer and Monty Python alum **TERRY GILLIAM** poked around and came up with a new movie project, currently called *The Man Who Killed Don Quixote.*

Moore Is Enough

You've seen **JULIANNE MOORE** in *An Ideal Husband*. Now look for her in *The End of the Affair*, *Magnolia* and this great-looking sweater.

© GILBERT FLORES/CELEBRITY PHOTO

© PAUL NATKIN PHOTO RESERVE INC

She's a Little Country and a Little Rock and Roll

KELLY WILLIS' CD *What I Deserve* caught the ears of both country and rock critics and she wowed the fans at Lilith Fair this past summer. Listen up and you'll get what you deserve.

© ROGER KARNBAD/
CELEBRITY PHOTO

Dedicated to the One I Love

MICHELLE PHILLIPS still has what it takes, in this outfit and on-screen—most recently in *Sweetwater* on VH1 and on NBC's *Providence*.

© STEVE TORRES

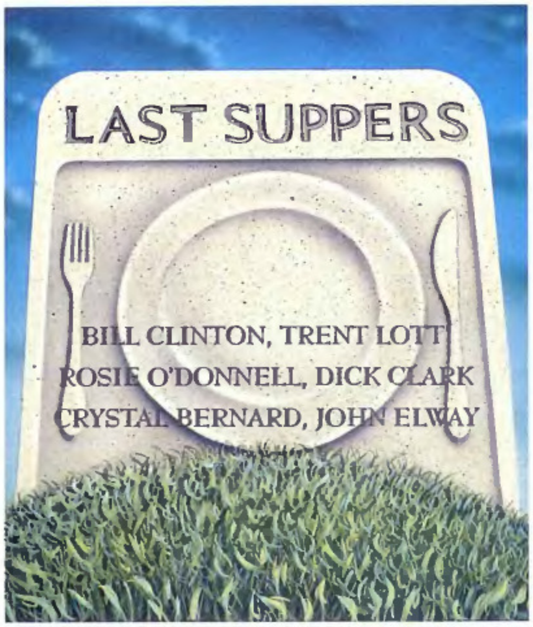
Michelle Sparkles

Her beauty definitely knows no tan lines. MICHELLE VADEN was saluted in Miss Hawaiian Tropic competitions in Las Vegas and Scotland, and in our *Girls of Hawaiian Tropic* pictorial this past July. She sizzles.

POTPOURRI

NO NEED TO DIET

"If the world were ending tomorrow, what would be your last meal?" That's the question posed by *Last Suppers*, a $24.95 hardcover containing menus and recipes from 70 notables, including 1998 Playmate of the Year Karen McDougal and President Clinton. Some of those interviewed by author James Dickerson even chose a guest list. Our favorite response comes from political commentator and author Ann Coulter. Her last supper would be margaritas. Her explanation? "I eat out a lot."



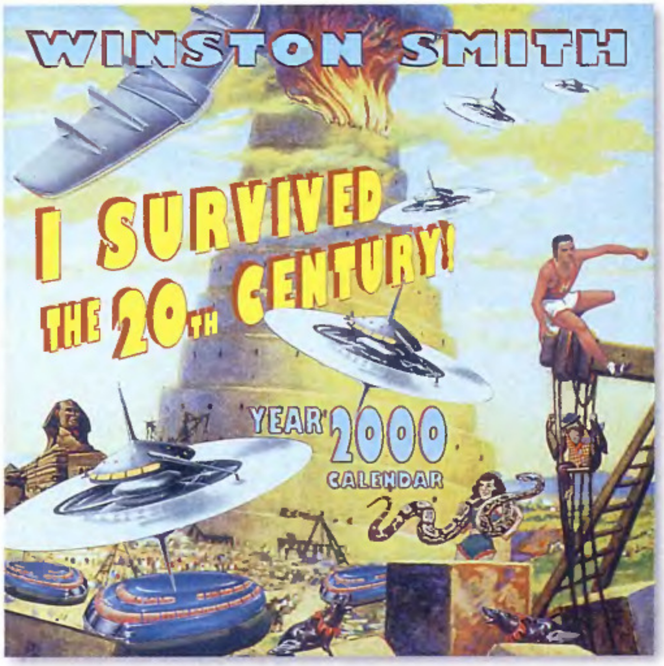
JOHN O'BRIEN

WILD ABOUT HARRY

In *Trumpet Blues: The Life of Harry James* Hef confides that "Harry was my all-time favorite big band musician. His horn was almost like a vocalist." Now, with swing's popularity soaring like a Harry James trumpet solo, Peter Levinson has written the definitive biography of this high-living and high-loving musician whose marriage to Betty Grable inspired Bob Hope to dub them "the Legs and the Lip." Look for *Trumpet Blues* in bookstores, priced at $30. Oxford University Press is the publisher.

BLOOMING LUCK

Before she can say Lingerie Bouquet's Nightblooms Leather Bouquet, you've probably coaxed her through the door. Inside the glossy black box is a leather bikini bra and thong panty, plus a pair of stay-up thigh-high fishnet stockings, all rolled into the shape of four long-stemmed roses and nestled in a bed of gold foil. (Our model happens to be wearing the outfit, in case you need a visual aid.) Price: $59.95 from 800-838-0872. A red leather Bouquet is also available, and both are one-size-fits-all. Also check out the men's bouquet that includes pepper-patterned silk boxer shorts and a matching tie and pocket square.

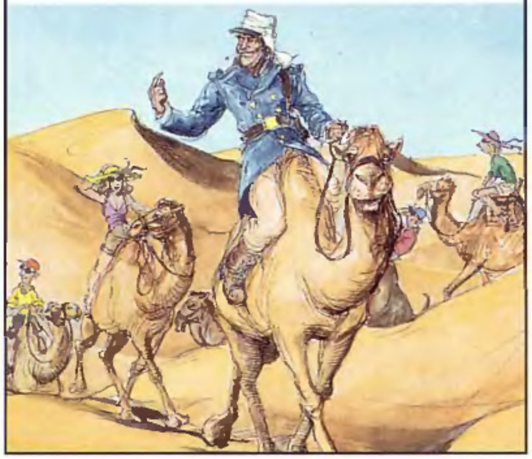


THE MILLENNIUM AND MR. SMITH

Readers of PLAYBOY are familiar with the surrealistic work of Winston Smith, an artist whose illustrations have appeared numerous times in the magazine. (See James Hoge's *Global Shock* on page 222.) Smith has now set his sights on the year 2000 with an *I Survived the 20th Century* calendar that's filled with wacky collages that have to be seen to be appreciated. Price: $15.95, from 800-848-4277. Or check out Smith's website at winstonsmith.com. Several Winston Smith books are also available.

CAMEL CARAVAN

Enlisting in the French Foreign Legion is one hard adventure. Joining Travel in Style's Saharan Caravan makes you a softie in comparison. But you'll still be camping in the desert en route to Casablanca and other Moroccan locales. The ten-day trip, which departs from New York on the first Tuesday of every month through May, costs $2485 including airfare. Call 415-440-1124.



JOHN SCHMELZER

GOOD EVENING

To celebrate Alfred Hitchcock's 100th birthday, Hasbro has introduced an Alfred Hitchcock Edition of Clue with Professor Plum and the other suspects playing the role of characters in Hitchcock movies. There are also new weapons derived from his films and a game board that's been altered to reflect familiar cinema locales (such as room one in the Bates Motel). It's about $35 in stores.

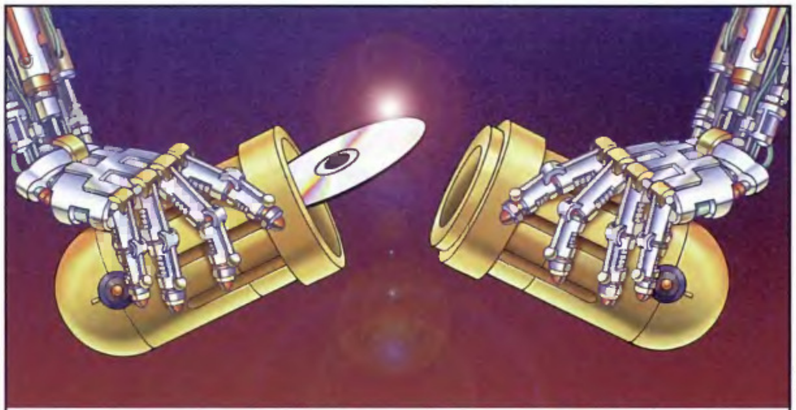
Clue
ALFRED HITCHCOCK EDITION

BORN TO LUGE

Bell Atlantic has brought back the Luge Challenge, a supervised weekend with instructors who teach novices how to go downhill safely but quickly on luge sleds. Five ski resorts in five states (Pennsylvania, West Virginia, New Hampshire, New Jersey and Vermont) will host the weekends, which run from mid-January to mid-March. (Call 518-523-2071 for specific dates and locations.) Best of all, the Challenge is free. If you'd like to own a sled and take a shot at luging on local slopes, the Laserluge model pictured here is available in sporting goods stores for $49.95.

Luge
Challenge
2000

CASEY NOVAK



RUC ROGERS

AS TIME GOES BY

Buddha Records describes its *20th Century Time Capsule* CD as "history for those with short attention spans." If you're hankering to hear sound bites from Teddy Roosevelt's 1912 address to the Boy's Progressive League, Lou Gehrig's 1939 farewell speech, Neil Armstrong's moonwalk in 1969, Mark McGwire breaking the home run record in 1998 or dozens of other stirring moments, this is the disc to buy. Price: about $10 in record stores.

LOST IN THE STARS

Collector's Press has published *Science Fiction of the 20th Century*, a $59.95 hardcover "illustrated history" containing hundreds of images of film posters, articles, covers and other ephemera relating to the world of science fiction. The *Frank Reade Weekly Magazine* from 1903 (lead story: "Six Weeks in the Clouds") is one of the earliest magazines depicted. A poster from *Star Wars: Episode 1—The Phantom Menace* is the most recent film. What author Frank M. Robinson (a former PLAYBOY editor) doesn't know about science fiction isn't worth a speck of foam on those "windswept seas of Venus." Call 800-423-1848 to order.

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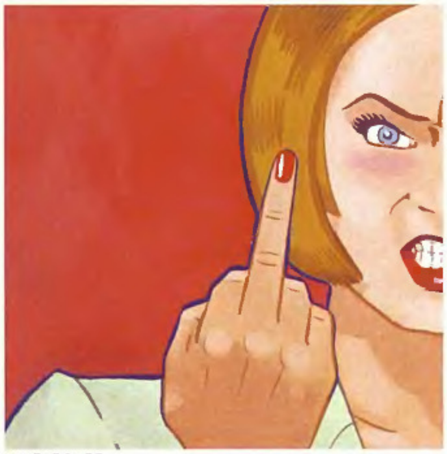
Next Month

EVERHART ATTACK

MONKEYING AROUND



ALL THE RAGE

STOKED

ANGIE EVERHART—IT'S VALENTINE'S DAY AND WE'RE IN LOVE. CHECK OUT THE FIRE-MANED FASHION MODEL TURNED ACTRESS IN AN EXCITING NEW ROLE: PLAYBOY PICTORIAL STAR. TEN HEART-THUMPING PAGES

JEFF BEZOS—THE 35-YEAR-OLD MASTERMIND OF AMAZON.COM WROTE THE BOOK ON E-COMMERCE. WILL HIS GALL ERADICATE THE MALL? INTERVIEW BY **DAVID SHEFF**

SEX MORSELS—A LIFETIME OF MUSINGS ABOUT ALL THINGS EROTIC, INCLUDING TOPLESS BARS, BLOW JOBS, KINKY AFFAIRS AND SEX WITH STARLETS. OUR REPORTER: NONE OTHER THAN THE RASCALLY **BRUCE JAY FRIEDMAN**

PLAYBOY'S TEN BEST-DRESSED MEN—WHAT DO A HIP-HOP STAR, A *CNBC* REPORTER, CINDY CRAWFORD'S HUSBAND, THE PRODUCER OF *SEX AND THE CITY* AND A TRIUMPHANT RYDER CUP TEAM MEMBER HAVE IN COMMON? ALL HAVE BEEN CROWNED 1999'S MOST DAPPER DUDES. NOW NAME THE OTHER FIVE. FASHION BY **HOLLIS WAYNE**

BARRY WHITE—THANKS TO A RECURRING ROLE ON *ALLY MCBEAL* AND A CANNILY TITLED CD (*STAYING POWER*), THE ROMANCE CROONER IS TOPS AGAIN. **JULIE BAIN** SLIDES HIM A SMOOTH 20 QUESTIONS

CHECKING IN WITH ROBERT SCHIMMEL—IF YOU DON'T KNOW HIS NAME, YOU WILL. MEET STAND-UP COMEDY'S NEXT BIG THING—A CHARMING PERVERT WITH A WIFE AND KIDS AND A BARRAGE OF FILTHY WISECRACKS. BY **CHRISTOPHER NAPOLITANO**

DON'T CROSS JOHN MCCAIN—THE MAVERICK PRESIDENTIAL CANDIDATE IS REVERED FOR HIS WAR RECORD AND CAMPAIGN FINANCE REFORM. IN ARIZONA THEY HAVE OTHER STORIES TO TELL. BY **AMY SILVERMAN**

CRIME FIGHTER—DURING HIS RISE FROM SUBWAY PATROLMAN TO DEPUTY COMMISSIONER OF THE NYPD, THIS UNORTHODOX COP LEARNED THAT IT TAKES A PREDATOR TO CATCH A PREDATOR. ARTICLE BY **JACK MAPLE** WITH **CHRIS MITCHELL**

MONKEY FOREST ROAD—IT'S ONE CALAMITY AFTER ANOTHER WHEN A LOCAL WITCH DOCTOR GETS WIND OF A HOTEL PROJECT IN BALI. FICTION BY **TOM PAINE**

PLUS: THE QUAKE COMPUTER GAME CHAMP UNDRESSES, **RAGE** GETS OUT OF HAND, PLAYBOY GOES BACKCOUNTRY SKIING, SHELBY'S FIERCE NEW COBRA, ROMANTIC BATH PRODUCTS AND PLAYMATE **SUZANNE STOKES**

Playboy (ISSN 0032-1478), January 2000, volume 47, number 1. Published monthly by Playboy in national and regional editions, Playboy, 680 North Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Illinois 60611. Periodicals postage paid at Chicago, Illinois and at additional mailing offices. Canada Post Canadian Publications Mail Sales Product Agreement No. 56162. Subscriptions: in the U.S., $29.97 for 12 issues. Postmaster: Send address change to Playboy, P.O. Box 2007, Harlan, Iowa 51537-4007. For subscription-related questions, e-mail circ@ny.playboy.com. Editorial: edit@playboy.com.

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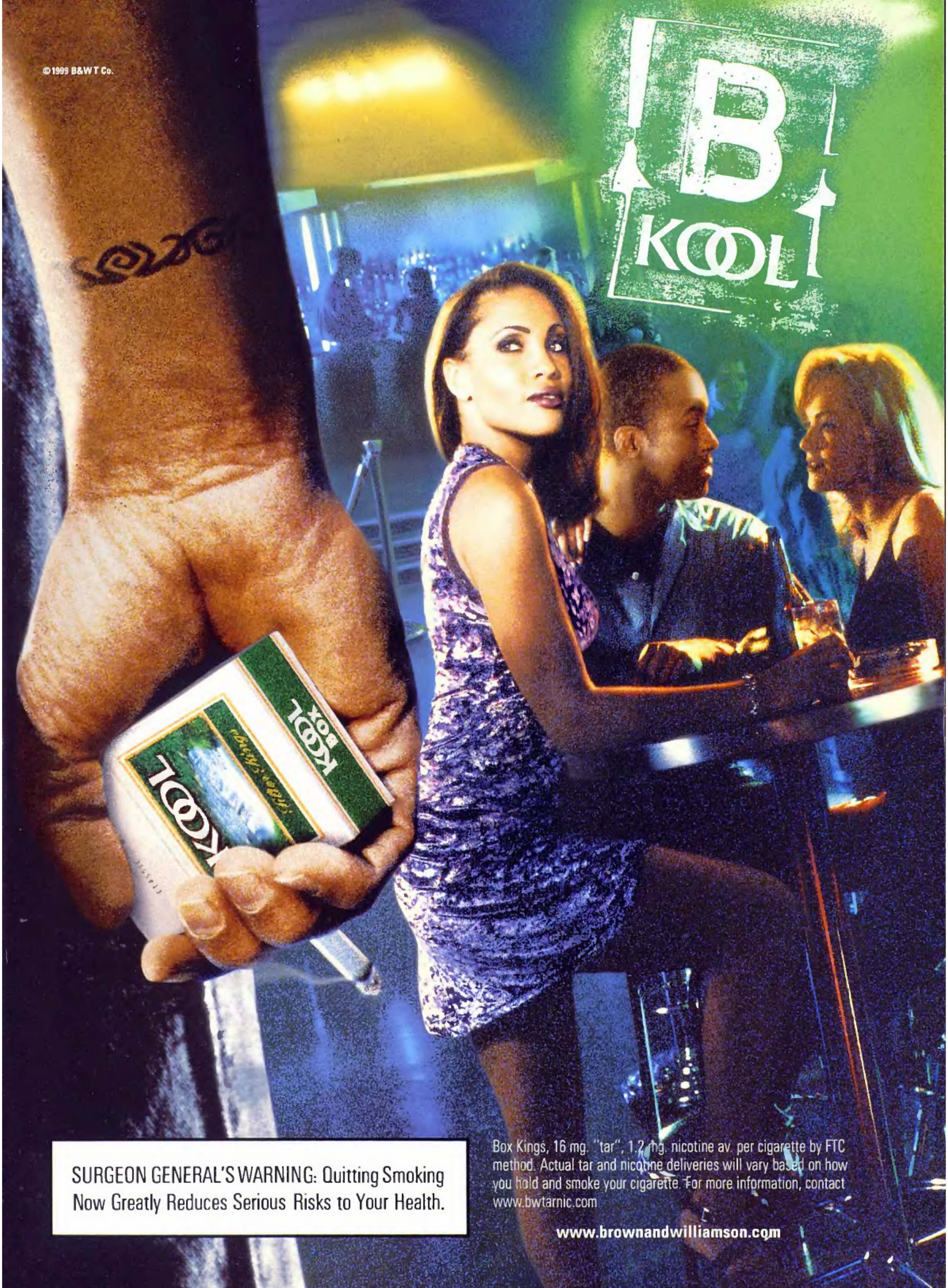

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